

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Western Canada's
Home Magazine

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HOME MONTHLY
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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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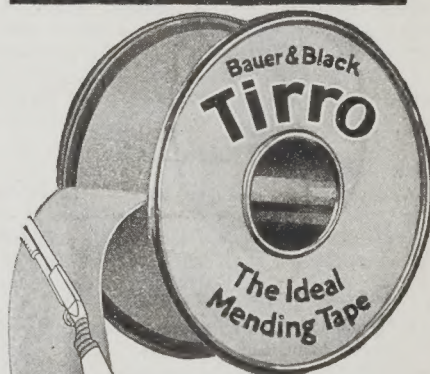
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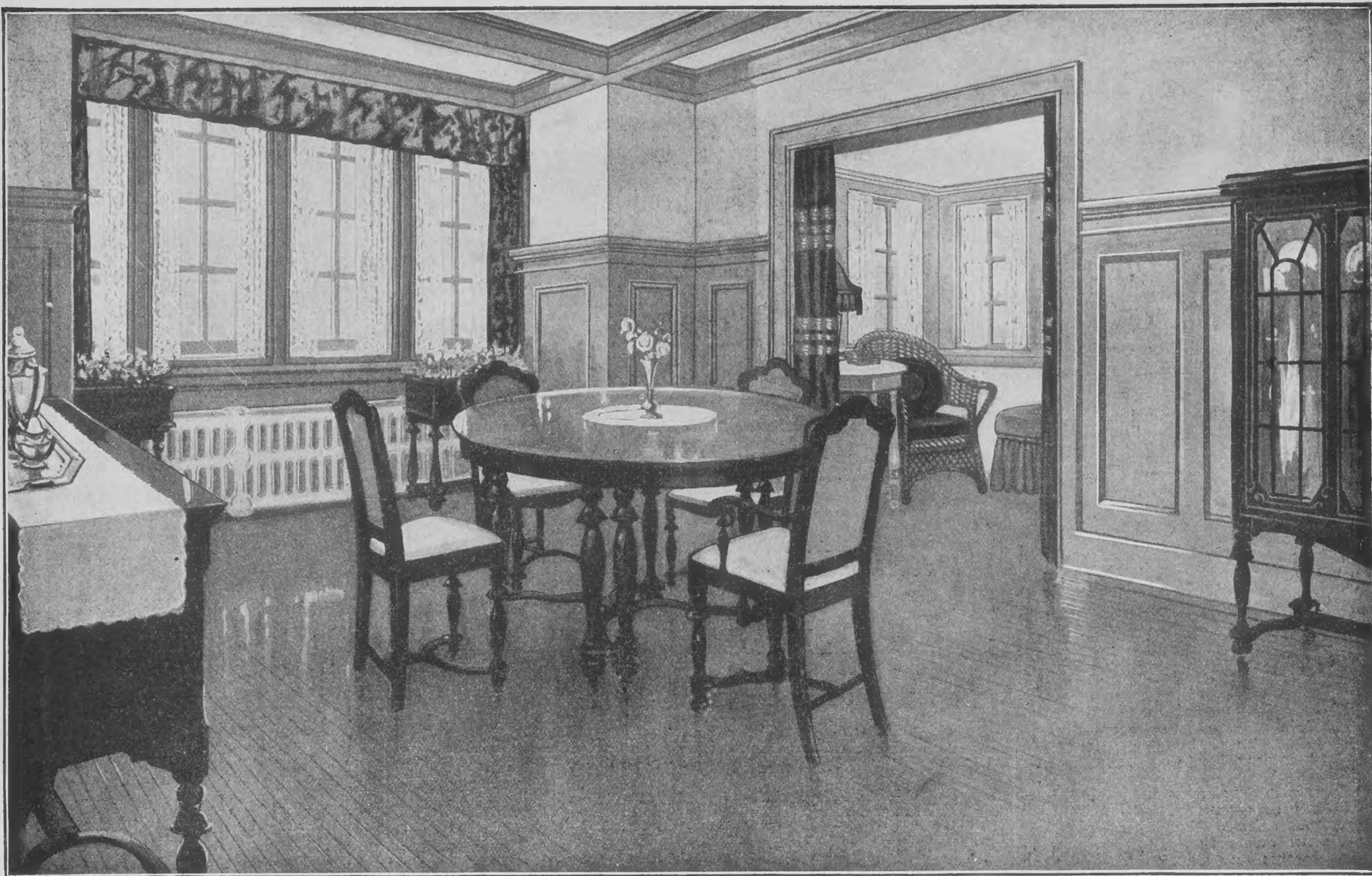
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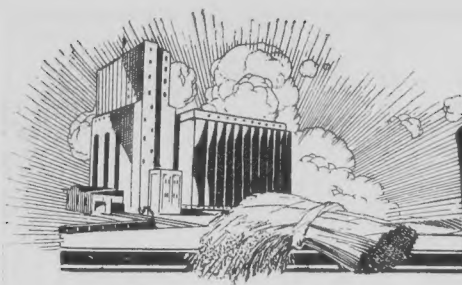
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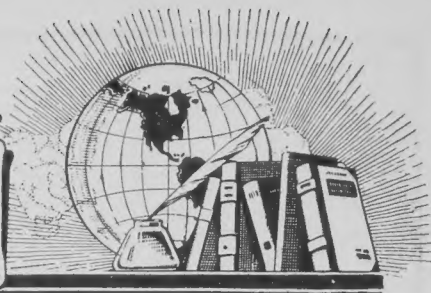
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EDITORIAL



President Harding

WHEN President Harding was nominated for office his wife said: "I am content to bask in my husband's lime-light, but I cannot see why anyone should want to be President during the next four years. I can see but one word written over the head of my husband if he is elected, and that word is 'tragedy.'" How true her premonition was, we all know. And yet of all Presidents, the placid, wholesome, winsome Harding was least likely to feel the strain of office. Yet there are times when no one can accept the gravest responsibilities without risk of life. To Lincoln, to Garfield, to McKinley, the end came by violence. Harrison and Taylor died in office shortly after their accession. Woodrow Wilson collapsed before his term was completed. And now comes Harding—worried, perplexed, over national and international problems—and his heart and brain were unable to carry their burden. So Canada sorrows with her sister nation.

There are things everybody liked in President Harding, and there is not the slightest doubt but that he would have made a greater claim to greatness had he been free from the political entanglements which hampered his movements. He was commanded by his people to shun the League of Nations; yet he knew that neither for the United States nor the world were progress and peace possible without united action. Hence the idea of a World Court. Let us say that under the conditions no one could have done more than President Harding. One of the sweetest recollections is his visit to Canada. Here he gave a fine illustration of what was in his heart and the hearts of the best of his countrymen. If it is possible for two nations to live side by side so long without friction and misunderstanding, is it not possible with all armaments done away with, for the nations of the world to live amicably for all time?

This is just what another eminent American in the other political camp has been saying. Colonel House, writing in "Foreign Affairs," says:

"In this year of our Lord, 1923, we can no more ignore other nations than one ward in a city can ignore other wards of that same community. The first ward may say that the second ward is insanitary and deserves the cholera and typhus which has come to it, and that it will do nothing to help. But when cholera and typhus spread into the first ward, then it must, in self-protection, lend its aid. This is the position of the United States today.

"It is no longer possible to kill the individual man and appropriate his property without being liable to immediate and drastic punishment. It is this intra-State code of laws and morals that the League of Nations is seeking to apply to the international situation. If law and order are good 'within' States, there can be no reason why they should not be good 'between' States. Nations were driven to adopt restrictive and restraining laws in order that their people might live and enjoy the benefits of industry, and the Great War has forced them for the same reasons to band together for mutual help and preservation. If this is not done we must perish, and, necessity being the mother of invention, we shall find the way. If the Covenant is weak in places it must be strengthened as time goes on and the exigencies of the occasion demand, but it must never cease to function if civilization is to advance and not disappear. Had Governor Cox been elected President in 1920 the French would not be in the Ruhr in 1923, and enlightened Germans are now beginning to realize this. With a President committed to a policy of keeping our hands on the plough until the furrow had been run, we could have been as powerful in winning the peace as we were in winning the war. The League of Nations has done its best towards stabilizing Europe, and could have succeeded plus our help; and that we refused. In consequence, our moral prestige has fallen throughout the world."

The best thing for the world and for the American people is for the United States to enter freely into conference with the nations now composing the League. It doesn't matter a particle what they call the conference, but it matters in every way that the great American Commonwealth is outside. Perhaps Mr. Harding's successor will have a freer hand.

Industrials and National Morality

INDIVIDUALS and nations can be measured by their ideals or dominating interests. If one listens to ordinary conversation of grown people for a week and keeps a record of the subject matter under discussion, he will not be surprised if nine-tenths of

the discourse relate to wealth or property. If he checks up the conversation of young people in the same way he will find that they are chiefly concerned with sport or amusement. There is always a saving element interested in culture in some of its forms—music, art, religion, education. But the great masses are concerned chiefly with wealth and enjoyment.

The pursuit of wealth is not wrong provided it is sought by fair means, and when obtained used for worthy ends. Enjoyment is not wrong provided it does not interfere unduly with serious occupation and provided it makes for better manhood and womanhood. Right here, of course, is the rut. Many seek to obtain wealth by unfair means, and seek it for purely selfish ends. Many seek enjoyment in a purely selfish way, sacrificing the enduring interests of life to the pleasures of the passing moment. There is only one way to right matters of this kind. It is to develop in individuals such attitudes and habits as will make them able to see in everything its universal human significance. In other words the solution is the development in individual and national life of moral character.

This raises the important practical problem of method. Naturally there are those who say the homes are responsible for moral culture, others place the burden on the church, still others on the school. The tendency of fathers is to throw the work of training on mothers, and most men are more at home finding fault with others than in doing some thing themselves.

In a matter of such moment as this all are responsible. The home can hold up ideals of honesty and righteousness just as easily as it can impress the value of money-making and foster a love for restless enjoyment. The school can emphasize right behavior as strongly as it emphasizes scholarship. The church can and usually does stand first of all for righteousness, but comparatively few people take the church seriously. Business, which is after all, the great teacher, can show its regard for truth and fairness just as easily as it can condone wrong doing and trickery. Morality is enjoined upon all and must be practised by all.

The surest way to court failure in a family or a nation, is to put lesser things before the greater. If Canada is to be first among the nations it will be so because it is first in moral character, not because it is richest in national wealth and not because its young people are having "the jazziest time."

There is good ground then for the protest against the influx of so many people who have the lower ideals, people who are money mad and who lack all moral earnestness. Those who have watched life developing in the West for many years have more than once voiced the opinion that the moral tone of the people generally is not what it was in the olden days. Certainly some of the old virtues are lacking and it is difficult to find compensating gains.

To men and women of the Canadian West there is one outstanding duty and privilege—that of maintaining in all the institutions of civilization the ideals that make for richest manhood and womanhood. There is no harvest equal to a crop of young lives rich in truth, beauty and holiness.

Corporal Punishment

FROM time to time we are treated with homilies in favor of corporal punishment as a crime-deterrent. These homilies serve the purpose of calling attention to the issue. That is all. Is flogging necessary to the training of men and animals, or is it a relic of barbarism; a savage anachronism that civilization should have abolished in the past, and will certainly abolish in a more enlightened future?

Corporal punishment stands on the defensive today. Those who advocate would be the last to wish it as a reward for their own misdeeds. The ordinary ground taken is: "I hate to punish, but must do it for your own good." Any course that has to be defended only on the ground of necessity cannot properly be defended at all, because it is really morally indefensible.

The unanswerable objection to corporal punishment is that it is the negative of moral control. Human beings ought to be managed by intellect and moral suasion, and not by appeals to the physical sense of pain. We have reached the stage where we believe that animals can be better managed by kindness and patience than by cruelty. Then why should we attempt to manage children by an appeal to bodily suffering?

There is a pretty unanimous feeling that it is wrong and cowardly to hit a woman! Why not

equally cowardly to hit a little child? In a proper school system, caning forms no part of the curriculum. It is a belief in this principle that has placed the schools of today in one respect above the schools of the past. In other respects they may have fallen behind.

The case against corporal punishment does not rest on sentiment, but on intelligence. Suitability and sentimentality are not opposed, but humane courses appeal to both heart and mind.

The Prairie Provinces

ONE of the most useful pamphlets issued by the Department of the Interior has been that on the Natural Resources of the Prairie Provinces. It deals with Climate, Lands and Agriculture, Minerals, Forests, Fisheries, Water-power, Parks, Furs and Game, and is well illustrated throughout. The book is of value to present settlers, and to those thinking of settling here. It is full of surprises to even those who have been living in the West for years, and who think they know the country well.

Alberta has 15 per cent. of the world's coal reserve, and last year mined 41 per cent. of Canada's coal production. Large deposits of copper are found in Northern Manitoba. The Flin Flon Mines contain 16,000,000 tons of low grade zinc-copper-sulphide ore. Clays and shale for brick and other purposes, and fire-clay are also found. Gold has been found in Northern Manitoba, but the amount mined is limited as yet. There is a great gypsum bed near Lake Manitoba, and other undeveloped mines are found in Alberta. Natural gas yielded over 6,400,000 cubic feet in 1922. Petroleum has been secured in Alberta, and is being drilled for in the other provinces. There are three or four extensive salt wells and deposits of soap-stone, mica, hematite ore, etc. The wealth of Northern Manitoba is as yet only guessed at.

The commercial timber stands of the three provinces range from eight to eleven million acres, and commercial saw timber from 33 to 42 billion board feet. The smaller timber of the Northern districts has possibility for pulpwood. Each province has a suitable forest reserve.

The total value of fishing in Northern Manitoba in 1920 was \$1,250,000. The other provinces have not yet developed the industry, but the wealth in the Northern lakes is fabulous.

The available water-power, 80 per cent. efficiency, is: For Manitoba, 3 million horse-power, of which about one hundred thousand horse-power is developed. Saskatchewan has waiting for development half a million horse-power, and Alberta about 80 per cent. this much. About 30,000 horse-power has been developed in the Bow River.

The fur industry licences yielded in 1921 about \$200,000. This means a fur production of great magnitude. There are 53 fur farms, and successful experiment has been made with a farm for wild fowl.

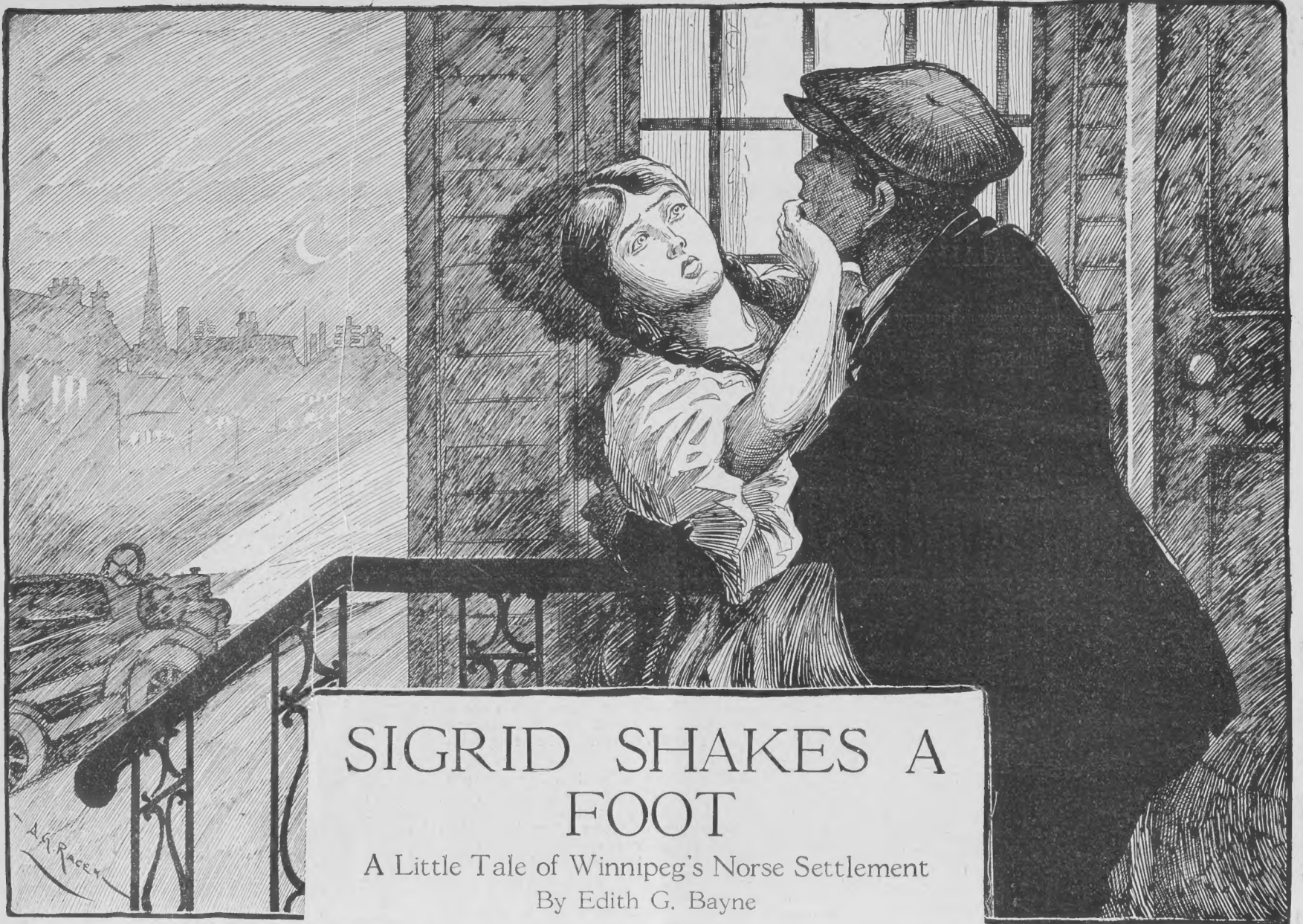
The facts with regard to grain and cattle are too well known to be quoted.

Democracy

WHAT has the world lost and gained by the war? Clearly it has lost economically and morally. Between inflations and deflations the nations are still writhing. It will take a long time before there is peace and happiness and stability. But economic disaster is as nothing compared with the fact that vindictiveness, distrust and greed are eating up the souls of men.

It was thought by some that with the dethronement of kings would come liberation for mankind. Have Lenin and Trotzky brought freedom to the Russian people? Autocracy is not gone when kings are dead. It may disappear in one form only to manifest itself in another guise. We do not get conditions right by changing names, and we do not get the world right by giving the form of government a new title. Nearly all countries today disavow the monarchical form of government and pride themselves on their democracy. Yet the most democratic land in the world today is proud to own a king.

It is not monarchy that is on trial today, but democracy and it is a grave question whether democracy will win out. The only way to make it work out is for people to fit themselves for the task of government. They must be intelligent and fair-minded. Today they are neither. They lack intelligence because they do not read and do not think. They lack fairness because they move in small circles or cliques or unions. Above all do they think nationally rather than internationally. And so misunderstandings arise and war continues, and democracy fails.



SIGRID SHAKES A FOOT

A Little Tale of Winnipeg's Norse Settlement

By Edith G. Bayne

"WHEN does he make to marry?" demanded Fru Norglum of her daughter Helga.

"He—he didn't say," answered the girl in a low voice, and went on chopping onions.

Her mother sniffed.

"Well, when the ring he gave what did he say?" she pursued.

"Nothing," returned Helga, half sulkingly.

"He gives a ring and nothing says!" the fru exclaimed. "A fine lover, and you calling yourself bound!"

"Engaged," corrected Helga.

The fru again sniffed.

"Showing off her English," she muttered as she shouldered a trayful of hot fried cakes still sizzling, and carried it to the pantry.

"Leave the child alone," said old Uncle Nels, in his mild growl, from the corner where he sat smoking and carving the wooden toys he sold. "Sigrid Ansen is slow but careful. Like his father, who was my best friend, he never hurries and he never makes a mistake."

"Does he expect my daughter to wait till her braids grow gray before he says 'Come to the church?'" asked the widow, acidly. "The girl is up in years—twenty-one last month. For shame I can hardly hold up the head when I go into the street—that I should have on my hands a girl so old!"

From Helga's hands she jerked the wooden chopping-bowl away. The girl's eyes were red and streaming.

"The onion—so strong," she gasped, wiping away the tears with her apron.

"Go, miss, and set the tables," the fru ordered. "And take note of the man in the corner-to-night. Last night you paid no attention on him. He's like to make me a better son than Sigrid Ansen with his boot-hand's pay!"

It was a pleasant little hash-house the widow ran, clean always, with food in plenty. Some flowering plants bloomed in the windows and on the walls were pictures of ships and mountains and fiords, with here and there a notice that said "Please do not smoke" or "No Spitting Allowed." By six-

thirty all the tables were filled with hungry men and Helga and her mother were busy plodding up and down the room ministering to their wants.

"The man in the corner—he smiles. Smile back!" hissed the fru, during a brief lull.

Helga started. She glanced at the man and her red lip curled slightly—but she smiled.

"He's a fresh Alec," she said.

Since Sigrid came no more, however, to eat of the widow's curd cakes and fish-pie, what was wrong with a little flirtation? So argued the girl to herself and presently she was tucking back stray locks of her ash-blonde hair and glancing in the mirror by the coat-hooks as she passed. The man in the corner pushed his chair back at last and rose.

Helga knew he would speak to her now. Swiftly she drew Sigrid's ring from her finger and slipped it into her handkerchief. She then dropped the handkerchief into the top of her blouse.

"Hello, little one," said the man, easily, as he came up. Disregarding the sign on the wall he drew out a cigarette and lighted it. Helga watched him, half fascinated. He was the only man in the room who wore a white collar. "How about a dance to-night?" he went on.

"Where?" she parried.

"There's just one place in Winnipeg I'd take a girl like you," he said. "The Classic Hall, of course."

"I—I don't know you," objected Helga.

"My name," he said, promptly, "is Eric V. Forensen, and my business is promoting. I fell for you as soon as I saw you, little one."

So they went to the dance, the fru beaming on them as she waved them out the door.

"That fella makes big money," she said to Uncle Nels. "The diamond on his finger makes more brightness than the sun on an iceberg. He wouldn't keep a girl waiting a year, either. Under his plate he leaves a tip every night—always a quarter. Think you Helga look- ed beautiful in the light green dress?"

"Helga always looks beautiful," replied Uncle Nels, calmly.

"A gentleman once told her she looked like Mary Miles Minter," the fru remarked, with no little pride. "Beauty in your daughter is like money in the bank," she added, shrewdly.

The following evening Helga went to the movies with the promoter and he bought her a box of chocolates—two whole pounds.

"The moon would turn blue before Sigrid Ansen would give her such a good time," said the widow to Uncle Nels. "The very dimes he squeezes till King George yells. What are you laughing at?" she demanded, for the old man was shaking silently with mirth.

"I was thinking," he said, "what your pretty promoter would look like on Lake Winnipeg in a storm."

"It is not refined," said the widow, "to put muscles before manners. Any animal can have strength of body. Sigrid can manage a boat but he can't bow from the waist as Mr. Forensen does nor does he understand women."

"What man does!" growled Uncle Nels.

"Sigrid poured his tea in his saucer and blew on it to cool it," Fru Norglum went on, "but Mr. Forensen is a real gentleman—he fans it with his hat."

"Somewhere I heard that joke before," said Uncle Nels, mildly. "Sigrid has been to his dead brother's family like a father. What Olaf's kids would do without him I don't know. He squeezes the dimes, yes, but not for himself. It is to finish paying for the house—" but the fru flounced away without hearing him through.

When, several evenings later, Helga went motoring with her new admirer in the spring moonlight—such "class" to the car the whole neighborhood was agape—the fru's delight knew no bounds.

"Soon a wedding—now," she nodded at Uncle Nels from the window where she was watching the pair drive away. "Mr. Forensen drives the car as a gentleman should. Do you remember how Sigrid would go out in his black

shirt with Helga and crawl along in his brother's truck at four miles an hour?"

But the old man only shook his head and sighed. The husky young sailor-man, once rather a favorite with Fru Norglum was evidently "in Dutch" for good, so what could he say or do, further? As for the fair Helga if she gave a thought to her old lover while going about with the new, nobody could have guessed it. Only once she mentioned him.

"Go a little faster," she said to Forensen. "You remind me of Sigrid when you slow down like this."

"Who's he?" demanded Forensen, who had slackened speed for the purpose of putting one arm about his companion.

"He's a friend of mine—I mean, he was," Helga replied. "Gee, he was slow!"

"Oh yeah, yeah, I've heard of that roughneck," Forensen said.

Helga didn't altogether relish this, but she let it pass.

"Step on the gas," she urged. "It's a swell night and the road's clear."

"Aw sweetie, ain'tcha gonna kiss me once?"

"You get fresh and see what happens," said Helga, whose good right arm could pack a punch. But she giggled as she spoke.

What response the promoter might have made was forestalled by a sudden blinding beam of orange light that shot its ray directly upon them as they made a turn in the road. A motor truck was standing not ten yards ahead and facing them.

The promoter swore and Helga screamed, at which a man tinkering around the engine looked up. It was Sigrid Ansen. It seemed to take him a long time to recognize the occupants of the car that purred slowly around and past him and his stalled truck. His slow-working Norse mind was a little dazed with the surprise when he did.

"That guy'll be arrested for blocking the traffic if he don't look out," growled Forensen.

Continued on page 14

BLOTTO

The Story of a Mischievous Bear-cub that will Delight Every Animal-lover.

By
H. Mortimer
Batten

OF all the wild animal pets I have known, Jimmy Standing's bear cub, Blotto, was the most amusing little cuss I ever came across. I met Jimmy when forest ranging in the Kootenays. We considered ours a pretty lonely job, but at any rate the rangers live in pairs, whereas the outpost railway men endure one man loneliness the year round, save for their visitors, which may be many or none at all according to location. And not all of their visitors are a cinch, for in those regions the railways are the only highways, and all sorts of human riff-raff, unable to pay the price of a fare, come and go by them, ever on the look out for a gratis grub ticket and a night between blankets.

Jimmy had charge of a long stretch of rightaway extending on either side of his cabin. He had no signals to mind, but it was up to him to keep the wire warm with all sorts of information concerning passing trains—about three per day—how many coaches they pulled—to make sure none had dropped off during the ascent of the mountains—and so on. Also he had to keep the line in order, to repair any defects and to report exactly how he had made same good, particularly to look out for smouldering sleepers, for in dry, hot weather a sleeper will smoulder for weeks till there is nothing left of it but a hollow shell. His work was, therefore, of a kind which kept him closely to his own patrol, but the railway people provide their men with the best of grub and blankets, and the best kind of cabin anyone could wish for. The relief train came through once a week, bringing mails, papers, grub and all necessities, and this was the only train which ever stopped at Jimmy's depot. As a matter of fact a shunt siding was provided just below the cabin, into which the old relief train was backed on each arrival to leave the line clear for the midday regular. Remember that shunt line, gentle reader, because it has an important bearing on what happened eventually.

Among Jimmy's visitors early that summer was a ragged halfbreed who possessed a wicked squint, and who carried under his arm a blackbear cub—so young as still to need its mother. When asked how he had caught the little creature the man explained that he had seen the mother drinking, and, creeping up behind her had suddenly uttered a ringing whoop. Thereupon the mother bear fell head first into the river, and proceeded at once to swim across, so alarmed that she seemed for the moment to have forgotten her cub. And he, having lost sight of her owing to her sudden immersion, ran straight to the half breed, who, giving the little creature a finger to suck, made off with him down the railway metals.

All this may sound rather foolhardy to anyone who does not know the blackbear, which is a very different beast from the grizzly. I have seen Indian children run in a mob after a mother blackbear and steal her cubs, and I have seen my own partner boost one on the seat of the trousers for muddling around our camp and getting in the way. That was after a big forest fire, when the bears were half starved and came round in bands like hungry children. Still, I have heard of black bears acting unexpectedly, and there is a great deal of truth in the woodsman's saying that there is never any telling what a bear will do.

To return to Jimmy and the halfbreed—Jimmy could see that the man had no adequate means of looking after the little creature, nor had he the foods necessary for its existence. Jimmy was a sympathetic fellow, and his heart was touched by the little creature's pretty, child-like ways, and its obvious pleadings for grub. So he gave the breed a pound of railway tobacco, a box of railway tomatoes, and a few other things, and sent him on his way rejoicing. And Jimmy retained the

Blotto was evidently a hardy little beast, for from that day on he never

looked behind him. His main support at first was evaporated milk and water, sugar, bread, and scraps of bacon fat. He had an insatiable thirst. He could drink warm milk and water till he was blown out like a balloon, and his centre of gravity became so high that he could neither sit nor stand. Then he would whimper because he could not drink more.

Every day he improved, and as he became more active no roguish puppy could have been more amusing. At first he could not tolerate the passing of the trains which shook the whole mountain side, and every time he heard one coming he would dash frenziedly into the cabin

As was only natural with two forest-marooned residents, the cub accompanied Jimmy on his daily trips of inspection, and realizing that the animal might someday have to fend for itself, returning to the status of the Wild, Jimmy, with kindly understanding, took upon himself the task of teaching the cub those lessons which it should have learnt from its mother. Life of all kinds is always to be found along the right-of-way, for it provides a sunny, open vista through the dark woods, which the wild beasts, as well as the drift of humanity, are ever ready to follow. For example, in those lands the squirrels follow the railways. (They were unknown in many parts till



Blotto and his pole

and get under the wolf skin which served Jimmy as a hearthrug. This phase, however, soon wore off, and sitting at the door, begging like a rabbit, Blotto would boldly watch the trains pass. But they moved so fast that he could not keep his gaze focussed upon them, and when the train had passed you would see him looking for it in quite the wrong place.

Day after day Blotto blundered into the same mischief and was spanked for it, but he was an astute little bear in that there was certain things which he never did twice. Only once did he eat the soap, crying and lathering all the time as he munched steadily through it, for it was a large piece of soap. Only once did he amuse himself by cuffing the pepper pot all round the cabin, only once did he hit the kettle because it spat at him, only once did he run his soft wet nose against the stove. Indeed, when he was specially hilarious, Jimmy had only to show him the pepper pot or offer him the soap or point to the kettle and Blotto would suddenly remember an appointment outside.

the railroad ran out one of its octopus arms. Then—and not until—there is an open, sunny pathway for the squirrels to follow, often strewn with golden grain fallen from the trucks filled at the elevators way back in prairie country. Thus, on the completion of the railway, squirrels have made their appearance about outlying settlements where hitherto their race has been unknown, and what applies to the squirrels applies to many of the wild folk, particularly the light-loving birds. During his daily trips, indeed, Jimmy saw scores of birds which were to be found nowhere in that land save along the sunny slopes of the right-of-way. Many of them he could not identify, but he knew that they were rare adventurers from the sunny south.

Similarly rare beetles, butterflies, insects of all kinds, and snakes were to be found by the million along Jimmy's patrol, just as the adder and certain moths and dragon flies, rare elsewhere, are to be found along the elevated railway embankments of the Old Country; and

Jimmy, a born naturalist, never felt his loneliness. He had a thousand interests, and now, with the cub as companion, he was a king in his own setting.

So Jimmy taught Blotto how to hunt ants by turning over the stones, how to hunt beetles by nosing up the moss; he taught him by example, how it was best to step back from certain small and brightly-colored snakes, which move like greased lightning, but that it was safe to place one's foot on the large and slow moving brown snakes, which were by far the most numerous. And one day, Jimmy, hammer in hand, found a wild bees' nest, and with his hammer he split open the tree trunk, then ran for his life, leaving Blotto to nose out the honey. And Blotto nosed it out, though he was stung on the nose a dozen times, and never in his life did he enjoy a feast so much as that delicious, dripping globe of honey.

Thereafter Blotto spent most of his time hunting for honey, and when he found a nest which he could not obtain he set up such a caterwaul that Jimmy was immediately attracted to the place. And after dusk the man, armed with his axe, would steal forth and steal the honey, and since not Blotto only but Jimmy himself, loved honey, the little cub at least did something materially to pay his keep.

But, as a matter of fact, Blotto's maintenance was a very light item these days, for accompanying Jimmy every day he found enough grub to keep himself going, and such scraps as Jimmy tossed him during meal times were all that he looked for from his man friend. Yet he stuck closely to that friend, and truly may it be said that a very real companionship existed between them, as between a lonely man and his dog.

But, of all his hobbies and pastimes, Blotto had one which stood paramount and most beloved. Just beyond the cabin a single sun-dried branch stood up from the sunbaked earth, in which its parent limb was buried. It was strong as wire and just about as hard, and holding it between his forepaws, Blotto, grunting in time with his movements, would swing back and forth for hours on end. Thus he worked off his superfluous energy and Jimmy, passing the place, would point to the branch and cry—"Pump, Blotto! Pump!" And the louder Jimmy urged the harder Blotto pumped, till often they finished up with Jimmy leaping wildly into the air in time with Blotto's pumping. And Blotto, finally losing his grip, would somersault half a dozen paces while the branch sprang back, trembling, to the vertical; then, wiping the sweat out of his eyes, Jimmy would retire to the cabin, leaving poor Blotto regretfully rubbing his scalp and regarding the stump with a reproachful eye.

One day, however, Jimmy obtained an inkling as to how this strange craze of Blotto's had come to be, for Blotto was a born mimic, and often Jimmy found in his clumsy humour a faint echo of some act of his own. One week when the relief train arrived, and Jimmy, having secured his stores, gave orders to the driver to reverse into the siding, he ran as usual to the point control, and shifting the locking pin, threw his weight on the long lever to shift over the points. So the goods train sidled in, but scarcely had it come to rest when Blotto was seen to clutch the lever, and to throw his weight upon it, just as he did with his own beloved tree stump.

The driver, rather a surly individual, looked at Jimmy and nodded gravely. "You want to watch that cub," said he. "Someday you'll forget to put the pin back, and he'll shift over the points, throwing one of the regular trains into the siding. And that will be a pretty mess!"

Certainly the idea gave Jimmy a start. Nothing of the kind had ever previously occurred to him. "It's the first time I've seen him touch the points," said

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GOLDEN FEATHERS

By William Warren



YOUR deal, I believe." Crandall edged the bridge deck toward Masterson, whose fingers closed firmly around it as the cards flew over the green felt. The smoke from cigars hung in coils above the table and spread murkily through the low-ceilinged card room of the club, now filled and talkative. It was just past five o'clock, the hour between office and home, when city men for a brief respite shake off the responsibilities of both and loiter and collect the gossip of their kind.

Masterson, picking up his cards, sorted them sluggishly. His heavy, determined face seemed, for a man who should just have shaken off the business cares of the day, to be rather deep in thought. A suggestion of tenseness lurked about the eyes and the chin that had about it the combativeness typical of the man who has fought his way upward in the world unaided, was firm and set.

Dell, Masterson's partner, slow as usual to estimate the value of his hand, was keeping up the off-and-on conversation with which he invariably accompanied his bridge. Last-minute stock quotations, baseball, the newest musical comedy, the things that are popularly supposed to—and do—interest the tired business man.

"One no trump," bid Masterson abruptly.

"For a first night," continued Dell, "The Pekin Princess" turned out a remarkable crowd. Almost everybody you know."

The bid passed around the table, unopposed, to Crandall on Masterson's right.

"Wasn't it," he drawled lazily. "Missed you there, Masterson, but your wife upheld the honor of the family. Even Mrs. Crandall had to admit she is one of the best-dressed women in New York. . . . I bid two hearts over your no trump."

Masterson's jaw was tightening as he scanned his hand. It was weak but luck and nerve might pull it through. No, he could not bid two no trumps even though the success of that bid, as the score stood, would mean the winning of the rubber. In his pleasure as in business he prided himself on being sound and conservative. Crandall could have his two hearts.

"With the Bellinghams, wasn't she?" pursued Crandall, toying with his cigarette. "Nile green most certainly is her color, Mat. But don't let my wife ever see her in one of those Paret creations again. Turned her fairly ill with envy and I can't afford Paret at twelve hundred a gown. The real estate business for you," he added with the careless jocularity of an old friend, "must be picking up. Always say I can tell how prosperous my friends are by their wives' golden feathers."

The face of Masterson, lips compressed, flushed swiftly but so faintly as to be hardly noticeable. The ace of spades centered among his cards became suddenly a flaring red spot. His voice when he spoke was level but savage, a challenge direct.

"I bid three no trumps. Beat that, Crandall!"

Crandall did not beat it. Crandall, a scant hour later, handed Masterson a cheque for thirty-six dollars and watched him pass abruptly through the club entrance and out to the curbing where the doorman bowed him into a taxi.

"Something must have gotten into our ordinarily quiet friend Mat," he confided to Dell, over the ruin of scattered cards and score leaves. "Wildest nerve I ever saw. Crazy bids, crazy hands, crazy luck. Impossible to beat him. Rather think I ought to congratulate myself on being only thirty-six losers."

As a matter of fact, Masterson, rolling homeward through the motor traffic of Fifth Avenue, at that moment would gladly have taken from Crandall the last cent he owned in the world. The knuckles of his fists, quiet on his knees, were clenched white. The thoughtless word spoken in jest can carry as keen a barb as the cut intentional. It needed no whipping of the imagination for Masterson to visualize just what would be awaiting him at home tonight as on all other nights. Admittedly "one of the best-dressed women in New York," flawless from netted coiffure to French heels, a woman brought up to spend money with both slim hands and spurn it with dancing feet. And this was in the heart of the year 1921, to be referred to during the next decade as "the year when business was so bad."

As he mounted the brownstone steps that led up to the door of home Masterson drew out his watch. Twenty minutes past six. Sheila should be in her room dressing for dinner, sitting in front of her toilet table, busy with powders and scents and small enamelled boxes of every description, of whose use he could not conjure up the remotest idea. But Sheila considered them necessary, which, he moodily admitted, was quite enough reason for their presence. It was time he talked with her, not about enamelled toilet boxes, but of other things for which the luxurious litter of her dressing table stood as the symbol.

"Mrs. Masterson in her room?" he demanded of the maid who appeared to take his hat and coat.

"No, sir, Mrs. Masterson has not yet come in from her shopping."

In the mirror above the hall table Masterson saw a face, his own, brows drawn together blackly, eyes burning. He had had that morning an interview with the president of the bank with which he did his business. The interview had not been at his own request. So that was what he looked like; nervous strain showing in every line of the face that scowled back to him out of the glass.

"Shall I tell Mrs. Masterson you wish to see her when she comes in?"

"No," said Masterson harshly. "But you might tell her that I have asked for dinner at seven sharp."

From the hall lounge as he passed a pile of gaudily wrapped boxes seemed to leap out of the half-twilight to assail his eyes. The first fruits of a still uncompleted tour of the Fifth Avenue shops. That black and white striped paper around the hat box he had seen before; it would be another of those

"confections" from Laclede's. "Golden feathers." He heard again Crandall's cool, humorous voice. Masterson struck his hand into his palm and went upstairs, his feet heavy on the steps.

Sheila Masterson wore that night, not Nile green, but black satin. Across the dining room table in the soft glow of the shaded candles her poised, blonde loveliness seemed that of a picture in a perfect frame. Masterson in somber quiet watched her throughout the meal, casting off now and then casual sentences in a monotone, the kind of conversation that a husband seeks refuge in when he is not in the mood for talk with his wife but feels that he owes it to the conventions to at least make pretence. Masterson had never seen before the soft shimmer of that satin, nor the single pear pearl that swung from the thin golden chain just below Sheila's throat. It was enough to keep him silent; drive him to thinking.

"Coffee in the library," he told the maid at last and thrust back his chair.

In the rich quiet of the room with the book-lined walls and the dark tapestried furnishings Masterson faced his wife, choosing his words with care.

"Another new dress, Sheila?" he asked quietly.

Sheila regarded him from the lounge, fragile coffee cup halfway to her lips. "Yes, indeed, Philip," she said gaily.

"You like it, I hope?"

"It is pretty."

"Of course, it's pretty. All my things are pretty." She shrugged slender shoulders provocatively and sipped coffee. "Is that all you have to say about it?"

"Pretty things cost money, Sheila, especially when they are charged on Fifth Avenue." At the seriousness in her husband's voice (Sheila Masterson looked up, half-startled, then her lips curved in a smile and her ringed hand went out to place her coffee cup on the low stand beside the lounge.

"What else is there to do in New York besides shop?" she asked, it seemed to Masterson, defiantly. "You know I always buy things, attractive things I see in the windows. I can't get along without them." Her white fingers caressed the pearl at her throat as she spoke and Masterson thrust forward until he was standing directly above her.

"You'll have to get along without them, Sheila."

"And why?" she asked, eyebrows arched.

"Business." His eyes bored into the clear blue of hers. "Business, Sheila."

Into his wife's eyes came a look that Masterson could not fathom. Nor did he care to fathom it; it was enough that the look was one rather of curiosity than of complete understanding. He drew a deep breath like that of a diver about to take the plunge.

"I was sent for at the bank this morning," he said curtly. "It is calling in my loan. Tonight I get home to find what? That you have been out all day on a shopping tour that must have cost

me at least fifteen hundred dollars. And you have known for months that I have been losing money."

"Not fifteen hundred," said a cool voice, "thirteen hundred, Philip. I have it all down on paper upstairs."

Masterson's temples throbbed, yet his voice was steady. "Thirteen hundred or fifteen hundred, it is all the same. You cannot go on like this, Sheila."

His wife appeared to be studying him quite coolly. Words, hot, reckless, tumbled from his lips and he saw her upraised eyes widen slightly.

"We are on the edge of ruin, Sheila. What I have told you in the past has not been the penny-pinching caution you have seemed to take it for. Every cent we have in the bank, every cent I could raise on a mortgage on this roof over our heads, every cent I could scrape up or borrow has had to go into that Long Island development project. If it fails—" his hands flung out in a gesture of hopelessness—"we are done."

Sheila Masterson said nothing. Only her fine eyebrows drew together in a delicate frown.

"The Burroughs' syndicate in Chicago is my—is our last hope. If they close the deal for the property we will come out on top with a margin that we can run on for years, at least until this business depression passes. I am going to Chicago tomorrow to put the proposition squarely before them."

"The Burroughs' syndicate?" said Sheila, slowly, in a questioning voice.

"Yes," said Masterson, dully. "I have told you again and again that they were dickering with me but, Sheila, you simply do not seem to take the slightest interest in my business. Perhaps you will, now that you know everything we own is staked on this trip. Either I sell the property outright to the syndicate on my own terms or I cannot meet my loan at the bank and one more failure gets into the newspapers."

The woman on the lounge stirred slightly as though at last Masterson's words had driven home. "Is it as bad as that?" she asked.

"It is. You have been told often enough to appreciate it by now. Who," said Masterson suddenly, his eyes blazing as he leaned down to touch the black richness of satin, "will pay for a gown like this if I fail at Chicago? Where is the money coming from for the silks and the laces and the jewelry, the 'pretty things you can't get along without?' Do you know that while I have been scrimping and borrowing and begging money from the bank for months to keep us afloat you have been travelling Fifth Avenue, uptown and downtown, spending thousands on—" he paused, "on what Ned Crandall at bridge today called your 'golden feathers.' Golden feathers! I could have broken his head, but he spoke the truth!"

"How much did you make him pay for that remark?" said Sheila, swiftly.

Continued on page 9



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YOU remember Androcles—a tramp in the wilderness, a limping lion, a thorn, a tender heart. And a year or so later, an arena, a maddened, hungry lion turned loose, Androcles uneaten, Nero dumbfounded, the animal given a cage of honor and Androcles a new toga! And you remember the moral—Gratitude. A touching example, it will live forever because it has virtue.

Of course, had Androcles been a justly condemned criminal instead of a mild amusement for the Roman holiday, the lion, being a dumb beast, would have acted just the same. Had Androcles, on the other hand, been so unlucky as to draw a gladiator instead, both would probably have carried out their parts of the program, even though Androcles had extracted a full dozen aching teeth from the same gladiator the night before.

That's the difference between brute gratitude and gratitude within reason. How many of us can rise high with the lion?

Life is but a debt we owe. We owe it to those who brought us into the world and nourished us in babyhood and cared for us in youth to manhood. It is a debt we owe to those with whom we have agreed to share the future. If there is really anything to gratitude and to the payment it demands, then life insurance provides an open doorway through which we can look with certainty and contentment.



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BLOTTO—Continued from page 5

he. "And anyway, I aren't likely to forget to put the pin back. What d'you think I'm paid for?"

That evening, Jimmy, accompanied by Blotto, went down to the point lever, and treated it to a shower bath of Cayenne pepper. And Blotto, looking on, also received a dose of Cayenne pepper, at which he fled homewards, while Jimmy bawled after him—"Now then! Just you leave that there ding-dong lever alone!"

And arriving back at the cabin, Jimmy found Blotto pumping wildly, and sneezing wildly while he pumped, the tears streaming down his face to mingle with the trodden dust.

It was at about this time that the two rangers arrived, and one of them asked—"What do you intend to do with the bear eventually? He will grow too big and strong to remain a safe pet, for a wild animal never knows its strength. There is, indeed, no wild animal more dangerous to man than one which has become tame."

Jimmy did not know. He had never thought about it. He hoped something would turn up for Blotto, because he had formed a very real affection for the little beast. But exactly what—he did not know.

"I suppose something will turn up for him," said one of the rangers rather

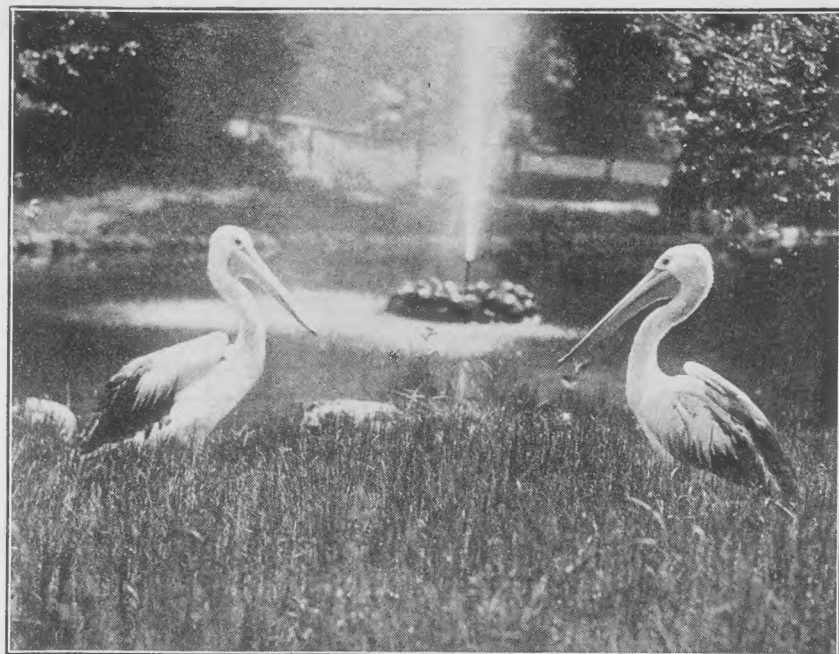
prove the happy exception which proves the rule. Kindly pass the Blue Nose."

Blue Nose being, gentle reader, a species of salt butter served out in tins, and very excellent butter too!

So the rangers plied their paddles again, waving to the railway man and to the black-fur-clad blob which sat beside him till the heavily laden canoe disappeared round the bend of the river which, for many a winding league, the railway follows. Perhaps they would return by this route when the snows lay white upon the land, perhaps they would not, for the wilderness has many ways though no highway, and the day takes what fortune offers.

Thereafter Jimmy watched the growth of his cub with an apprehensive rather than an approving eye. One evening Blotto carried a huge boulder into the cabin in order to lick three minute ants from the underside of it—a boulder so large that Jimmy had to bring in the crowbar in order to get it out. Blotto had evidently expected him to share the feast, to eat at least one of the ants, and he was much offended when Jimmy insisted on depositing the rock outside.

Another evening, hunting for a mouse inside the cabin, Blotto lent able assistance and once, when the mouse dashed across the floor, Blotto aimed a blow at it which would have felled an ox. Incidentally the blow missed the mouse by



Pelicans at Stanley Park, Vancouver

sadly. "A strong collar and a chain most likely. Haven't we seen scores of them about the northern trading posts? The darling of all, fondled by everyone, during their cubhood. Then, as, through no fault of their own, they grow old, there is nothing for it but the indignity of a chain and collar. Old friends forget them, only the cookee, whose job it is, finds grub for them. Mangy, neglected, captives, that's what most of them become. What are you going to do with your cub, Jimmy Standings, when he grows up?" added the ranger significantly.

"I don't know," Jimmy answered. Then, after a pause he added—"I hope Blotto will take to the wild when autumn comes. I hope he will return to his own people. I shall do my best to make him, for he's been a good pet, and I shall be sorry to lose him."

The ranger nodded sympathetically. "If you take my tip, Jimmy," said he, "you'll buy a cat or a dog. It's the best plan. We can't interfere with the wild beasts without bringing loss and sorrow to them. Their worlds and ours are far apart, and sad as it seems, their sorrows generally begin with and end with their associations with man."

"I have spoken!" remarked the other ranger.

But Jimmy was still grave. "Thanks for bringing that to mind," said he. "I know it all, but life is not made up of what we know, but of that knowledge which we remember at the right time. As for Blotto and me—I hope we shall

at least two yards, but it knocked Jimmy's legs clean from under him and sent him spinning, half stunned into a corner. Also it broke Jimmy's only chair and brought down a veritable avalanche of culinary goods from behind the stove. But, while Jimmy was slowly recovering, Blotto sat on the mouse in one corner while smelling for it in another, and finally he ambled out to do his pumping with the mouse stuck to the seat of his trousers.

Quite clearly Blotto was already too big and strong for a household pet, but he was so good-natured, so well-meaning, that save for his size and strength he had everything to recommend him. The first rush of summer was over now, and much as Jimmy would miss Blotto, he wished very heartily that he would find a mate and amble off into the woods.

But Fate ever plays her cards with a judicious hand, and she had still the deuce to deal. One evening Jimmy decided that the points of the shunt line needed oiling, so out he went with his oil-can, leaving Blotto looking for bees. But when Jimmy came to oil the points he decided that the whole thing needed attention, so taking his spanner he set to work.

But there was one bolt he could not shift. He threw his weight to the end of the long handled spanner, when suddenly the bolt broke. So Jimmy careered backwards, caught his heel on the second line, and ere he knew where he was he was crashing backwards down the steep embankment towards the river.

BLOTTO—Continued from page 8

For sixty feet Jimmy fell, and when he tried to rise he could not. His right hip seemed to be out of place, he felt paralysed from the hips downward, and taking hold of his hip between his hands, he felt the horrible grating of fractured bones!

Well, this was a nice mess if you like; Jimmy's hip was broken, and there was no shifting himself from his present position. On the whole, however, he might have been worse off. The men down line, finding the wire dead, would in due course send someone along to see what was the matter with him or with the wire. That would be—yes, tomorrow morning. The next train came down the mountain from the west within an hour. Yes, within an hour! Jimmy drew out his watch. Within thirty minutes, indeed! He must have been unconscious.

Turning these points slowly over in his mind, a dreadful realization suddenly dawned upon Jimmy. He had left the point in such a position that the next train due, heading down the mountain face, would be switched into the siding, to crash over the single log which served as a buffer, and thence down the rocky embankment to the river seventy feet below!

No need to enlarge upon the terrible-ness of that realization. It fell upon Jimmy like an icy blanket. His eyes stared, as though he were looking into the bruised and shattered faces of those who, very shortly, would be hurled to their doom through his own foolish misadventure. He writhed and struggled, and by superhuman effort gained a boulder near. He could now just see the top of the long lever, and assuredly it was leaning in the wrong direction. So his fears were confirmed. Within twenty-five minutes from now a Trans-Continental railway smash would occur which would shock the civilized world, and which the government which paid him would gladly lay down thousands to divert. Jimmy groaned, and impotently covered his face, but do anything he could not. Ruin, disgrace, and something a thousand times worse stared him in the face.

But just then he heard a high pitched "Kia-wa-wa!" echoing along the slope. Blotto had discovered a bees' nest out of reach, and had, of course, been stung on the nose by the queen of all the bees. Blotto—but of what use was Blotto?

Then, of a sudden, a wild idea occurred to Jimmy. "Blotto!" he shouted. "Hi! Come here, Blotto!"

Again and again he shouted, but it seemed an eternity ere Blotto came, waddling on his hind legs and searching every bush. But presently, his woolly head appearing from the right-of-way above, he

looked down at Jimmy with his little pig eyes.

"Pump, Blotto! Pump!" cried Jimmy. Blotto looked round and saw the big lever. He clutched it between his fore-paws and began to work back and forth, while the points clanked together and disengaged in time with Blotto's pumping. At length he looked down to enquire of Jimmy if that were enough, but Jimmy saw that he had left the lever as he had found it—in the wrong position.

"Pump, Blotto! Pump!" he fairly shrieked, for now he could hear the thunder of the night train approaching down the slope. Nearer and nearer it drew, then again Blotto clutched the lever and threw his weight upon it. He gave it an odd jerk or two, clearly fearful of Cayenne pepper, then paused to rub his nose, and Jimmy, looking up, saw that the lever was where it should be.

"Ants, Blotto!" he howled. "Ants—honey—slugs—soap—come here Blotto!" And as Jimmy lapsed off into unconsciousness Blotto came tumbling down the slope in his eagerness, and that same moment there was a thunder of wheels as the night train passed safely above.

Next morning they found Jimmy, and loaded him aboard the train which was to convey him to a distant hospital. Blotto of course helped, and when the train started away with Jimmy aboard, Blotto fell in behind it.

Two hours later another outpost railway man saw a large bear cub go ambling past his cabin, still in pursuit of the train, now fifty miles ahead. The men at Cracado saw-mills also saw him, late in the afternoon, still doggedly pursuing the train, which was then heading down the opposite slopes of the Rockies. They saw him go to the stream and drink gallons and gallons, after which he proceeded at a more leisurely speed, looking like an animated beer barrel. And when dusk settled with the plaintive call of the moose birds, Blotto was seen yet again, this time at Korora landing, where the railway line ceases and where the whole train is shunted aboard the river steamer. They said that Blotto's tongue hung out at least a foot, and he had run so far that he had evidently forgotten how to stop, with the result that, coming to the end of the line, he fell over the edge and flopped into the lake, twelve feet below. And, nothing daunted, he then struck out for the opposite shore, over a mile away, and beyond that shore lay the unending wilderness, dim, wild and untrodden—the home of Blotto's people.

So Jimmy's hopes were realized, and Blotto proved the exception which proves the rule, for he had returned to the wild, with only honour attached to his name.

GOLDEN FEATHERS—Continued from page 6

"Thirty-six dollars. I won five rubbers straight. I wish it had been twenty."

The faint flicker of a smile appeared to lift the corners of Sheila Masterson's lips. "I thought so," she said, her level gaze taking in the stormy wrath before her. "When you are angry, Philip, you always win. Nothing in heaven or earth can stop you then, can it?"

"No," he said harshly. A silence fell between them, electric, Masterson felt, with the tension that thrills a home before an open rupture. A false word from the cool loveliness his eyes blazed upon and there would be debacle. Masterson had had all that he could stand.

It was a long time before Sheila Masterson broke that silence. Uncertain seconds trembled into minutes and still she sat immobile and perfectly-poised, studying the man whose wife she was, her level glance keen with thought. When words came, they were merely a repetition of those which he himself had uttered moments before.

"Golden feathers. I suppose so, Philip. But you knew that when you married me."

"I did," said Masterson, "but when I married you I did not know that golden feathers would become your life. I did not know that they would come between

us like a wall, that they would cause you to lose all interest in my affairs, in my business that has given you the means to make these Fifth Avenue shop-keepers truckle at your entrance to buy your 'pretty things.' You never have helped me over the rough places in the past, I do not think that you will help me over the hardest going of all—when I meet Burroughs and his partners in Chicago the day after tomorrow." His anger had left him now; only an utter weariness possessed him, staring upon a cool, untroubled face. In his heart he was glad that it was so, that no crash had come tonight. But a bitterness that he could not conceal crept into his voice as he turned away.

"Once I had hoped that you could be an inspiration to me in my work, Sheila." Confession fell suddenly from his lips, baring the strain of months of silent struggle. "The lone hand is not the best hand after all."

"I may help you yet, Philip," she said evenly.

He turned swiftly, hope flashing in his eyes. "You'll come to Chicago with me, Sheila? You'll be with me to the minute I enter the conference?"

"I do not think," said Sheila Masterson in a level, almost whiplike voice,

Continued on page 10



Prettier Teeth If you fight the film

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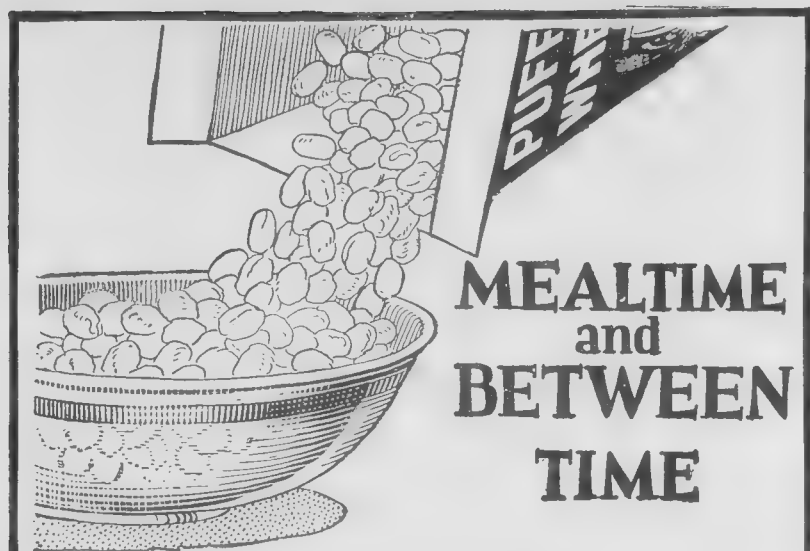
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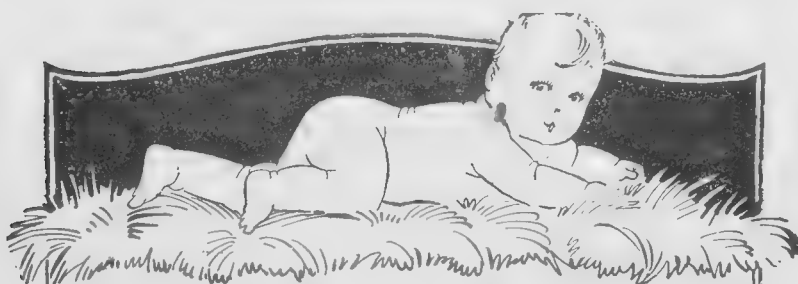
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GOLDEN FEATHERS—Continued from page 9

"that that will be necessary." Her gaze sought and held his as she went on. "It will be a long trip and I have a great many engagements here in New York in the next few days. The Bellinghams are giving another—"

"Stop!" grated Masterson furiously.

"Dinner and theatre party," continued Sheila, unmoved, "on Wednesday night that I promised Adelaide I would not miss. It will be at seven. Will you be back from Chicago in time to go to it?"

"I will be back from Chicago about quarter of seven o'clock Wednesday evening," Masterson fairly hurled at her. "But I will not go to Adelaide Bellingham's theatre party. Go, and have your usual good time at it. As soon as I get home I shall pack another bag and go away somewhere to rest. And I am going, Sheila—" utter finally threaded his voice—"alone."

Masterson's last view of her as he strode from the room showed her still at her comfort on the broad lounge. He thought she was reaching for a cigarette from the box on the stand as he passed up the stairs, brain surging, to his room. That night a bag was packed as no bag should be packed whose owner thinks either of the orderliness or care of its contents.

The monotony of Ohio and Indiana flatlands fitted in with the dullness of Masterson's thoughts within the next twenty-four hours. He was en-route for a conference at which he would need all the skill argument could master backed by files of ordered facts and figures to convince a cold-brained syndicate that a Long Island development was their



In the rich quiet of the room with the book-lined walls and the dark tapestried furnishings, Masterson faced his wife, choosing his words with care.

buy. Of the issue he only dared to think at odd moments when he let his eyes wander from his sheaves of papers. Of Sheila he dared not think at all. She had had her breakfast sent to her room the morning of his departure. He had not knocked at her door before he left. She was out of it.

Chicago found him still plunged in a mass of figures that to him seemed to hold cold conviction but to lack the breath of optimism that must give life to every business deal. In the final analysis, if he was to win, it must be by his own words, the words which he would give voice to on his feet before a circle of men, open to argument but never swayed by emotion.

His facts and his figures were before them within six hours of his arrival in Chicago. The soft sunshine of a summer morning streamed through open windows and struck warmly on the polished surface of the round table in the conference room when Masterson faced his men after a night that had been a torment of feverish restlessness that showed in hot eyes and drooping lids. The staccato notes of the traffic clanging up from the streets of the Loop below struck now and then into his tired brain. With almost an effort Masterson brought his gaze back to the faces of the four men about the table.

"Last night, Mr. Masterson, we went over your proposition thoroughly." It was the cold-eyed Burroughs speaking, the fingers of one hand resting on the sheaf of papers Masterson had placed in his hands only the day before. "Its value in normal times we are frank to admit, but I am sorry to say these are not normal times. We turn down daily

scores of propositions which are as sound and promise as adequate a return."

He paused and his three associates, alertness in their faces, nodded assent. Burroughs, as usual, spoke for all. The dull gonging of a surface car from below seemed knell-like in the hush.

"Your figures here," went on Burroughs crisply, "are, on the whole, satisfactory. A year ago we might have come to an agreement on the price named. But, as I have said before, these are not the best days for taking up propositions on a large scale. Perhaps if business conditions improve and at the end of six months you would care to come to us again—"

The cold face of Burroughs seemed to Masterson suspended before him in a kind of haze. He felt tired, worn to exhaustion in body and mind, utterly fagged. Within him were no words with which to answer, to pluck victory from defeat. This was, then, the end, the crash. He hardly noticed that a clerk from the outer office had come into the room and that Burroughs' voice had fallen silent as he took from the man a yellow envelope and glanced at its cover.

"For you, Mr. Masterson," he said, passing it across the table.

Masterson's hands fumbled for the telegram and his fingers clumsily tore open the flap. The message was addressed to him care of the company in whose conference room he sat and it was well over the ten-word economy limit.

"While in Chicago stop at Brown's, Michigan Boulevard, and bring me one pair of your tan riding gloves. You know my size."

It was signed "Sheila."

The yellow slip cracked into a wadded ball in Masterson's palm, his fingernails piercing its firm texture. One thought only flamed in his brain; that Sheila had been true to herself to the last moment. While their house went down about their heads in this office brilliant with sunshine, she sat a thousand miles away and, knowing all, still thought of pretty things. In another moment something would burst, must burst if he were to remain sane.

The voice of Burroughs came to him as though from a great distance, fine, penetrating.

"Unless you can convince us that there is some special merit in your proposition, Mr. Masterson—"

Masterson unrolled the ball of paper in hand and let his eyes rest upon it, although every word it contained was already seared into memory. Then he was on his feet, head up, shoulders back, eyes flashing, a figure that could not be denied.

"There is, Mr. Burroughs. This deal will close today or not at all," said Masterson's voice, ringing with strength. "I will give you my proposition straight from the shoulder."

Masterson began to speak.

In New York the twilight comes late in early summer to the quiet sidestreets of the upper Sixties. Masterson found the last of the sunset still gilding the street when the taxicab left him at the door of his home, and swooped off for more prey. The bag in his hand was heavy and his shoulders drooped. The train had set him down in the station at seven o'clock and the taxicab had taken a quarter of an hour to spirit him up to the house. By eight o'clock he should have another bag packed and be on his way again. He wanted rest, wanted it as he had never wanted anything before.

The door unexpectedly swung open on to a dusky hall as he stood before it fumbling for his latchkey and he passed into the house, wearily. Without even a glance toward the maid, he took off his hat and held it out. It was taken from his hand.

"Mrs. Masterson had gone to the Bellinghams?" he stated rather than asked, running both hands dully back over his forehead. "Tell her when she returns that I have left a note for her in the library. I am leaving town again." His voice was sombre and almost menacing.

"Mrs. Masterson has not gone to the

MISTRESS CURRIE

By Lyn Tallman

IT seemed as if we had come to Scotland when we moved into the furnished house. The owners were holidaying in the Old Land but the place seemed much theirs in spite of our occupation of it. A modest roomy house, it had every kind of cooking utensil known to housewives. It was a clean, most comfortable and uncluttered house, and with it came the services of Mary's mother, Mrs. Currie.

Mrs. Currie had helped Mistress Chalmers in a neighborly way once upon occasion of an emergency, years before. She found her help so acceptable to a lady of refinement with two small children, she had continued to be the good fairy of the household.

It was a comforting revelation when she came in on Mondays and Fridays to find that Mrs. Currie thought it suitable etiquette for a married girl relaxing from her thumping a typewriter, to go out into the backyard to loll on the grass with a cup of tea and a magazine, with hair hanging and wearing old clothes. It was even all right for one writing to let the potatoes boil dry. Such a young woman might be expected to not hear feckless remarks always. She could be depended upon to leave Sunday's dishes unwashed; to come out and wipe them for one in an apologetic way.

One day, Sunday's dishes were not left unwashed. Mrs. Currie, although genial, showed by a reluctance to gossip and tell her little stories, that she considered her friendly routine had been disturbed.

She had so many "cracks" about this and that, I cannot, exploring memory, track all to their pungent conclusions.

She said: "Aye, they say Burns was a great one wi' the lasses but I dinna think he wis a' to blame. He was a fair handsome mon!" (She had lived in Ayr.)

"Will ye hev your tea the noo?"

Would I! Her rosy face across from me, I would sip tea with a relish that did not so surely come upon every occasion of the lyric muttering of orange pekoe into pretty cups.

It became plain, in spite of her respect for my trade as a writer with sanguineous expectations and happy intent, added to that of housewife with aspirations to a higher degree of proficiency in the art of sweep, dust, wash, polish, pick up, and

put down, that Mrs. Currie, mother by nature and habit, was taking to mothering me. She adopted a tone, half-devoted, half-chiding. She brought me priceless flowers from her own garden. She confided her literary taste. She liked the "verse, of that man, Guest."

She also told me all about how hard the struggle had been to keep up the home and care for their three girls when her mon was at the front.

Mrs. Currie's advice decided common-sense transactions such as buying from a vegetable man or shopping for house dresses.

Friends were coming to afternoon tea.

I said: "Won't you stay and have a cup of tea, now, Mrs. Currie?"

"Oh, no. I wouldna be knowing what to say to they ladies."

"Yes, you would."

She laughed, put on her neat tweed coat and blue sailor hat, and left.

One day she had Mary, her youngest girl call for her, as they had planned an afternoon up town together. Mrs. Currie always accompanied Mary to the beach and places of recreation within the city. They were "chums," she said. Mary turned out to be a rosy, shy, smiling little girl of fifteen.

Now, my new shoes would not fit me although I coaxed them. I had an idea they would fit Mary. I brought them downstairs and the child tried them on when she had mother's permission. They were a fit; but gracious!

The following week, Mary's mother would not accept payment for her work in that polished house on account of the shoes. This unusual independence presented us with a riddle. It was explained to Mary's mother her cheerful presence gave us pleasure and her work was worth more than I could explain, and I hoped she would continue to help me bag the good opportunity to try to put a few words on paper and not make us feel, meanwhile, ungenerous.

We arrived at a difficult compromise.

In the beautiful coast city, one had, luckily, made a few charming friends; but the one who had given the most jolly companionship and the privilege of meeting a bonny, sonsie, unspoiled girl of this generation, my "best" friend, was Mistress Currie—frae Ayr.

GOLDEN FEATHERS—Continued from page 10

Bellinghams'," said a cool voice. "Mrs. Masterson had been waiting at the door for an hour for Mr. Masterson to return. Tell me, Philip, what is in that note?"

It was Sheila standing beside him, Sheila, and in her hand the hat that he had held out so blindly in hurt homecoming. Nowhere in the hall was there a sign of a maid.

"Sheila!"

"Yes, Philip?" She smiled at him, a figure of slender blonde grace in a blue tailored suit of the simplest lines. For a moment his eyes, blinded by mounting anger, could take in nothing. One thought only seethed in his mind.

"You sent a telegram, a silly foolish telegram asking me for a pair of riding gloves. It was all you could think of when our whole future was at stake. It reached me at the worst possible moment, just when they were about to turn me down."

"I'm glad of that," said Sheila.

"You are glad of that?" grated Masterson, his voice deep with anger. "That telegram, Sheila, nearly drove me mad."

"And you won," said his wife. "You put the deal through, Philip."

"How did you know? I neither wrote nor wired you."

A soft hand slipped into the crook of Masterson's arm. "When you are angry, Philip, nothing in heaven or earth can stop you. Am I right?"

"You are," said Masterson grimly.

"Then," she smiled, "think why I sent that telegram."

"Sheila!" Hope fought with amazement in Masterson's voice. "You sent it to—"

"To nearly drive you mad, Philip. To make you fight for us as you never fought before. I've been married to you a long time, Philip, and I know you. I wanted to send you to Chicago fighting mad and to spur you to the heights when you reached there. Men," said Sheila Masterson, "are awfully stupid sometimes. That's one reason I love you, Philip."

He caught her to him and there was silence in the hall broken after blissful moments, by a triumphant laugh that rang through a house united. "They took my terms, Sheila. We can have anything we want. Fifth Avenue tomorrow. Get out your newest and we celebrate tonight."

"There isn't any newest," she said quietly, drawing away from him. "They've all been sent back. This one—" her hand smoothed the skirt of the blue tailored suit—"is last year's and it's going to be this year's too."

"You've sent back all your—"

"All my golden feathers, Philip. Look," she cried, taking his hand in hers and pointing to where two new-packed suitcases stood side by side. "The rooms are reserved at Atlantic City and the train leaves right away. Hurry, or we'll miss your rest."

"But your—your—"

"My golden feathers, Philip? You're not a woman, so you'll never understand. I'm only taking a suitcase. The other I packed for you."



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TREASURE

By L. Pearl Snider

THE little white house was scorching in the arid sun of the prairie. The slight breeze that came from the west brought suffocating waves, heat laden. The doors of the barn were thrown open; the cattle browsed in the pasture. The land undulated gently, and with its patches of various colored greens and browns, looked like a rumpled crazy quilt. No other house was to be seen, and the straight ugly road seemed to lead nowhere.

In the yard, Kate Berryman stood, bareheaded, unmindful of the glare, looking down upon the body of a dead gopher. She did not heed the approach of her husband as he came from the barn, until his voice roused her.

"Get in out of this heat, Kate. It is a grand day for ripening the wheat, but—whew, it's a corker. Where's your hat?"

"Bert, look! It's my gopher. Why did you put the poison so close to the house? I feel so badly."

"Badly? Over a gopher? A few hundred of them at work, and we could move out. I knew you were feeding a couple of them, but I didn't say anything, but this is foolishness. Why, where is your sense, old girl? You're crazy."

"Oh, don't say that, Bert!"

"What? I didn't say anything."

what? Money and more money, to tie it up in machinery and stock—Oh, I can't stand it."

"Well, for the love of mud!" was all that Bert could say as he was called away by a hail from the hired man. But the seed planted in his brain could not be destroyed, and at the tea table he awkwardly tried to see if Kate had been unduly roused by the dead pet, or if she really had begun to fear the effect of the solitude.

He was relieved to find her quiet and composed, answering his remarks with her usual sympathy. Encouraged, he expatiated on the splendid outlook for the harvest. The wheat was heading and it would be a big crop of No. 1 quality.

"I tell you Kate, there's a treasure in this land. All it needs is a little digging, a little capital rightly expended, the fortune's there all right. Why, there's everything out in our little backyard. We'll have our trip, and we won't have to wait many years, either. Treasure, a good word," he went on, expansively, as he forgot his aim in the interest of the subject in hand, and continued his monologue. His wife, apparently, listening to his words, interjecting the necessary answers of affirmation or denial, was comparing their evening meal with that of the fortunate ones whose gardens at this time were



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"You said I was crazy. I know you didn't mean a thing, but—Oh, Bert, can't we sell out, and go back east? Your father needs you, and it is all so lovely on the farm, with its fruit and its groves, and the lake always bringing us cooling breezes. This bigness, and the loneliness, — and everything is awful. It's all right for the men, but the women can't stand it. I'm—afraid. Sometimes I think I am going out of my mind,—and I think and think, and think. Ever since they had to take Mrs. Jackson away, I've dreamed of the asylum. I see that big room of women who couldn't stand the loneliness of the prairie. Their folded hands, the vacant look in their eyes—Oh, Bert, couldn't you sell?"

"Why, Kate! This isn't like you. We said we'd come out and make our fortune and then go home. And we're doing it. Surely you don't want to be a piker. Two more crops and we'll be able to retire. Then—"

"Two good crops, you mean, Bert. And if we have failures — we'll stay here, and youth will go, and I'll be like Mrs. Gray, and you'll be worrying and stooped, and satisfied. Some people want it. They don't want anything else. Why, you couldn't coax Mrs. Brown to move from here. It would be so different if we had children. We'd be working for them. That's what those others are doing. And the next generation will profit. But it's all struggle, struggle, struggle. And for

yielding appetizing feeds of green corn, new vegetables, and luscious berries. The salt pork, sliced thin, was revolting to her, and the canned fruit seemed to be more than usually tasteless. A little sigh escaped her.

If the oratory was wasted on the woman, there was at east one listener whose interest was not assumed. The door leading to the kitchen was open, and the big hired man not long out from Sweden, placed a very different meaning on the speech. He had seen the boss and his wife talking rather excitedly out in the yard in the middle of the afternoon. He had thought it a domestic scene, common enough in his own experience; now, his slow brain was digesting Bert Berryman's words. Treasure that needed just a little digging! Was there some mysterious bag of gold buried on this farm, that was to make his employer a rich man? Hardly that. What could it be? What was that thing that the men had been talking about in town the other day? Something that came out of the ground — something that made a man wealthy overnight. Oil—that was what they had called it; a man about thirty miles north of this place had "struck oil." That was what the man had been pointing out to his wife when he, Carl, had called him to the barn. And Berryman had been funny all afternoon, sometimes whistling, sometimes frowning thoughtfully. Carl hurried through the chores, took his hat and went

TREASURE—Continued from page 12

visiting. Dave Roddin, who held the next half section, had money. He would pay, he would be glad to pay, for the information which Carl Carlson had to sell! When he returned two crisp ten dollar bills rustled in his pocket, and his face more a complacent, self-satisfied grin.

The setting sun went down with a blaze of red and orange that seemed to consume the edges of the western horizon. In the air was a strange feeling of tension; the animals moved uneasily, the bull in the far pasture sounded out low, blood-curdling bellowings. There was not a breath of air moving to bring relief after the sweltering heat of the day. It was too close to light the lamp, and Mrs. Berryman sat rocking on the screened-in verandah. She watched the twilight fade into the darkness of night. The hired man went off to bed. By and by her husband came and stood in the doorway. Neither spoke.

"Well, guess I'll turn in. Don't stay too long, or you'll get nery. It's pretty stuffy inside all right."

She knew what he meant. Nery? Yes, it was as good a word as any other, but it did not express or explain that unconquerable aversion and hate of the prairie that had seized upon her when she came as a bride to make her home out here. It had changed her from the merry, care-free girl to the somewhat restrained, self-contained woman. Fifteen years. Some of them had been happy, some had been sad, but throughout the time, she had felt always that growing sense of oppression, that feeling of a Fate, that took the form of a dark, grim monster, all the more terrible because it never became anything but an invisible dread, an intangible something. The thing had the power to destroy. Everything that she prized or valued, became the prey of the destroyer. She had no fear for herself, but through gradual steps, she had become obsessed with the idea that it would get her husband. She wasn't strong enough to defeat it, because it had taken root in her too vivid imagination.

There had been her flowers. She had nursed them through the summer months, and in the fall her windows had been a mass of fragrant bloom. Then one night the frost had come. She had planted a garden, and the only thing that had survived the attacks of chickens and cows had been a row of gorgeous big red poppies that had flaunted their color and their strength, as if to say, "Why do you try to rear the weak and the pale white things? They do not belong. We do." The cucumbers and the tomatoes never came to maturity, and the root vegetables had to send their feelers deep in the soil to withstand the attack of the weather.

She had been used to having the care of the poultry yard. She tried to raise turkeys and the hawks swooped down. The weasels sank their sharp teeth into the necks of her fattest hens, and left them on the ground. Her husband sympathized and called her "Hoodoo." The poultry yard became a place where part of the living was raised, the feathered folk only a necessity of the farm without individuality.

There had been five years of married life, before David was born. She had touched the fringe of the curtain of death, then, but his little weak cry had brought her back. He had been like his father, blue-eyed, sturdy and well, and during two years the mother heart was satisfied and well content. Then had come the night in the coldest part of the winter, when the roads were made impassable by huge hills of the whitest, most innocent looking snow, drifting in the roadways. Just a severe attack of croup, but without the aid of a doctor, with medicines seven miles away in the drug store, they had fought in vain, and the little life had been snatched away. Kate Berryman never would talk of that experience, but the first grey hairs showed around the temples, and little lines gathered about

the compressed lips. No other child came to them, and in her bitterness, she feared to shower her love upon any living thing, lest she might invite evil upon them. Her neighbors admired her, but they admitted that they did not know her, and busy with their time-consuming duties let her go, hardly realizing her loneliness.

As she sat there, she idly wondered about the fate of the two little gophers that had caused her to give vent to her feelings. They had burrowed very close to the house, and one day she had seen them carrying away some bread she had thrown out for the dog. Their mannerisms had amused her, and without thinking, she had grown to watch for them. She would have laughed at anyone who said that the death of a gopher would cause her sorrow, and yet—

The faint breeze veered, freshened, increased. A coolness came into the air, a feeling of rain somewhere nearby. As if a magic wand had been waved, little whisperings arose among the poplar trees at the side of the house; crickets chirped ever so faintly. The clouds moved in heavy bodies, then broke up into floating fragments, showing patches of clear blue. The oppressive weight of the atmosphere lifted; the storm passed over northwards.

Kate heard her husband moving in the house. He had been asleep on the couch.

"It's cooler out here, Bert."

He came in answer to her call. She was struck with his bigness, the suggestion of strength. His love for her was big and fine like himself. She knew that if she were to insist, he would take her away. She knew, too, that it was impossible to sell the farm for its value, even if could find any buyer. Land values were reduced below normal.

He himself reopened the subject.

"They seem rather lonesome for us down there, old girl, by the tone of Dad's letter. I was thinking we might manage to go down this winter for a few months. Carl could look after the stock. He's pretty reliable. It would be a change for you, too. How does it strike you?"

He walked over to the door of the verandah, and looked out over the fields, dim in the evening twilight that lingers late at night on the western prairie.

"It's funny how this country gets you," he continued.

"It seems to get into a man's blood. It's the old pioneer, I suppose. But, when I look around and see the buildings and the cattle in the pasture and then think of how god-forsaken it looked when we first came out—We've had pretty good luck, but we've worked. Our money's clean—nobody lost theirs so that we could get hold of it. Someway there doesn't seem to be such pettiness here—there's badness and there's goodness, but there's lots of room. If you don't like a man, you can stay clear of him. There's lots of breathing room. The east would seem kind of cramped."

He stretched out his arms and yawned.

"I think we can reckon on our new automobile this fall all right. And the barn's going to have a new coat of paint. It sure needs it. Might even manage to buy the 'old woman' a silk dress," he added, with a slow grin.

It was an old joke of theirs that they had agreed that the first purchase after the selling of the crop should be a new dress for the wife, and only once had they failed to carry out the agreement, and that had been the year when they had been haled out without any covering insurance to help them.

For the first time, it came to Kate how the change might affect her husband. It had seemed so impossible to think of ever selling out. The possibility was no nearer now, but something in his speech had given her a new angle of vision. If they could go east and live again in the little village



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That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greasless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

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Continued on page 14



"How We Solved the Clothes Problem In Our Family"

"A YEAR ago I found the way, not only to have smart, becoming dresses and other things for myself, but also a solution of the clothes problem in our family.

"What is more, I have found the way to make more money than I ever expected to earn. Altogether my discovery has meant so much to my happiness and success that I am sure other women and girls will be interested in hearing about it.

"Soon after leaving school, I started to work as a clerk in an office downtown. There were four of us, Ted, my ten-year-old brother, 'Sister,' just six; mother and myself. We had practically nothing but my meagre wage and this, with the small income father had left us, provided funds enough to just about pay for our rent and food. There never seemed to be any money left for clothes.

"Well, one night, after the children were in bed, mother and I had a serious discussion of our finances. We decided that we could save quite a little if I became the family dressmaker. But soon I became so discouraged by my mistakes and the ludicrous garments I made that I told mother I would surely have to take at least a few lessons. But how was I to do it?

"I couldn't possibly give up my position and leave home to learn how to make our clothes—we could scarcely get along as it was.

A Wonderful Story

"Then one night I read in a fashion magazine the story of a girl who had learned right in her own home, during spare time, through an institute of domestic arts and sciences, how to make for herself just the kind of smart, becoming dresses and hats she had always wanted.

"It seemed such a wonderful opportunity that I wrote for more information and a few days later I joined the Woman's Institute and took up Dressmaking.

"Nothing could be more practical and interesting and complete than this wonderful course. There are more than 2000 illustrations, making every step perfectly plain, and the language is so simple and direct that a child could understand every word of it.

"I began at once to make actual garments and in just a little while I was making all our clothes with no difficulty whatever.

"Of course, as a member I had an opportunity to learn a great deal about the Institute and its work. It's perfectly wonderful what this great school is doing for women and girls all over the world! You see, it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the work as you wish, and just whenever it is convenient.

Pretty Clothes At Last!

"I soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, and in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things I had always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me!

"Then, too, my Woman's Institute training taught me the secret of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to develop style and add those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming.

"Well, when I found I was getting along so splendidly, I decided to do more than make just my own clothes.

Earning Money at Home

"It wasn't long before my dresses attracted the attention of the best-dressed people. I called on several women who for years had gone to expensive city shops for their clothes. They welcomed my suggestion that I could create the kind of clothes they wanted and save them money besides.

"The very first afternoon one woman gave me an order. I worked like mad on that dress! When it was finished she was so delighted she gave me two more orders—one for a tailored suit. From that time on it was easy.

"In less than six months from the night I first read about the Woman's Institute, I had given up my position at the office and had more dressmaking than I could possibly do alone. I had to get first one, then two women to do the plain sewing. Now I am planning to move my shop from home to a business block in town.

"Of course, our own clothes problems are a thing of the past. The dresses mother and I wear are always admired, the children have an abundance of attractive clothes and there is no more worrying about money. My income is large enough to make us very comfortable indeed."

This is the story of what just one woman has accomplished through the help of the Woman's Institute. Thousands of other girls and women, in every section of the country, have proved that it is possible for you to learn, easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make all your own and your children's clothes, or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

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It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the coupon below, and you will receive—without obligation—by return mail, the full story of this great school that has brought the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business to women and girls all over the world.

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☐ How to Become a Successful Milliner
☐ The Art of Successful Cookery

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TREASURE—Continued from page 13

of Overton—even if they could—what would it mean to Bert? In her fear for his bodily welfare she had never given a thought to any other side of the question.

This was his life—it meant infinitely more to him than a place from which he took his living. He was creating, building, developing the new land so that where he sowed, others might reap benefits. She seemed suddenly to sense the grotesqueness of the situation that would take him away from this, and put him under the command of another man, even though that man might be his own father. He could never be satisfied on a small farm with small expenses and small rewards. Once he might have talked in the terms of cents, now he thought and counted in dollars. Where he now talked of sections and quarter sections he would be dealing with acres and half acres. It would be ludicrous, foolish. Some of the qualities of the plains had entered the soul of the man. He would be big, and the narrow environment of the little village would pinch and hurt because he could never fit into that little world. Why, even that big hearty laugh would seem out of place in the parlor with the horse-hair furniture, the framed hair wreaths, and the wheezy organ.

* * * * *

The telephone rang insistently. Kate went to the instrument on the wall with a gay little song on her lips. Dave Roddin's voice seemed to hold a triumphant tone, and as she went to call her husband, she said, "Dave Roddin is up to some mischief. He's going to get the best of someone in a business deal. He sounds positively jubilant."

Her husband laughed. "Aren't you a little bit hard on him, Kate?"

"Not a bit of it, and you know I'm not. Go, see what he wants." The words of only half of a telephone conversation may be mystifying, and Kate was puzzled with her husband's remarks.

"Why, no, Dave, I hadn't said I would sell. Who told you? Yes, the crop's looking fine. My price?"

"Well, I'll talk it over with the wife."

"Yes, I'll let you know."

He hung up the receiver with a click.

"He's crazy. Dave Roddin, who is the keenest business man around here, is offering to buy my farm at my own price, and is in a mighty hurry to close the deal. He could buy dozens who have to sell, and get a good bargain. It beats me. Well, Kate, here's our chance. Shall we retire while the retiring's good?"

The room swam in dizzying circles before Kate's eyes. Then she shook her head. "Our home is here, Bert. We'll stay."

She heard him call Roddin, and knew that the man at the other end was more insistent than she could have imagined.

Then her husband's voice: "You're all wrong, Dave. Oil? Never a sign. Just a dead gopher. Treasure? Sure I said it. And it's true. But the treasure happens to be nice, golden wheat, No. 1 quality. Come and help me dig."

"I missed the chance of a life-time, Kate, to beat Dave Roddin in a business deal. But never mind, we still have the treasure," and in between chuckles he told of Carl's mistake.

SIGRID SHAKES A FOOT—Continued from page 4

Helga's light laughter floated back to Sigrid.

"Twice it's happened already," she said. "That was my—my friend I told you about."

"Well, he sure looked dumb-struck, I'll say," was the promoter's satisfied comment as they breezed along Main Street again. "He'll want to do something nasty 'tme for stealing his cutie."

"You should lose a night's sleep over it!" giggled Helga, "Sigrid Ansen is swift—like molasses running uphill in January!"

This isn't one of those stories where the smooth usurper with the bankroll and the plausible tongue turns out to be a low-down, mean villain and "gets his." No, no! Mr. Forensen really was a half-decent sort of chap. He actually was all he claimed to be and the little matter of eighteen years' difference in their ages didn't prevent Helga Norglum from engaging herself to him a few days later and accepting a ring five times the value and twice the size of the one her laggard lover had given her and which she wore on a ribbon around her neck but concealed from the vulgar gaze.

And on a pleasant night in late May the little hash-house was en fete for the betrothal party of the girl of twenty-one and the man of thirty-nine. Nearly the whole settlement was invited to come and make merry and Fru Norglum had cooked her best spice-cakes and honey-loaf for the gladsome occasion, while poor Uncle Nels who loved his slippered ease was obliged to don a collar and his tight Sunday boots and join in the dancing. All the little Norglums and some of the little Ansens—Olaf's children—were present as well as a dozen others ranging in age from infancy to twelve or thirteen. Letty Ansen, who was Sigrid's favorite niece, a pretty little thing of ten, sidled up to Fru Norglum once and watched her as she deftly cut slices of the rich, brown, honey-bread.

"It makes nearly ten o'clock," the fru said. "Does not the head nod yet?"

"Uncle Sigrid said he'd come for us in the car," said the child. By "car" she meant of course the family truck.

All day Helga Norglum had been very gay and now as she leaned against the table—for the moment alone—regaining

her breath after the last dance, there was a tired droop to her pretty mouth and some of the red had ebbed from her peach-like cheeks. Across the room Forensen and two of her former admirers, all very companionable as the glasses clinked, were shouting and laughing uproariously and once she saw the former bend and fleetingly snatch a kiss from pretty Selma Linder.

"Well," said Fru Norglum to Letty, "when your uncle comes it will be now ten months since the doorstep felt his foot. He must drink the wine for the bride's happiness." In the joy and satisfaction of this auspicious occasion the fru was inclined to forget old slights. She pushed some dishes aside to make room for the cakes and one of the children's story-books fell to the floor.

Helga stooped and picked it up. It had fallen open at the tale of the turtle and the hare, for it was a book of fables. But Helga scarcely noticed. Brushing the dust from it she called her young brother Ole and ordered him to keep his belongings off the kitchen table. Ole bowed in mock politeness, made a face at her and seized the book, which was still open.

"Once upon a time a turtle and a hare set out to run a race—" Ole began in loud declamatory tones.

"Peace!" cried the fru, reaching forth to cuff his ears. "Peace, I say, or you kids must go to bed."

Forensen came up and claimed Helga for the next dance. The room had grown warm and his forehead was rimmed with sweat. His hand as it took hers was damp and shook a little. A queer distaste for the man came suddenly over her. She noticed that there were lines about his eyes, that the eyes themselves were old-looking, with little puffs over them, and that a bald spot about the size of a half-dollar was becoming visible on the top of his head.

"I—I don't want to dance," she said, shaking his hand off. "I'm tired and my head aches." Turning swiftly, she passed from the noisy room out into the cool peace of the night.

As she stood leaning against the railing of the small "stoop" a soft beam of orange light suddenly poured itself full upon her and she turned, her hand shad-

SIGRID SHAKES A FOOT—Continued from page 14

ing her eyes, to see a truck crawling to a stop before the house. The next instant a tall, lithe, young fellow, blonde, not over twenty-three, had sprung down and in five strides was facing her.

"Sigrid!" she cried.

"I am glad," he said, "to find you out here and by yourself. It is fortunate."

"I came out for some air. So you come to my party after all—"

He interrupted with a low laugh.

"No," he said. "I'm not here to dance and feast. Afterwards, perhaps—"

"You talk like a crazy. Leggo my hands!" For he had seized them.

"Freshie!" she added, freeing one and slapping him resoundingly. "If you came for your kids go in and get them. Two of them are already asleep under the table."

"I came for you," Sigrid said. "You're my girl and if Forensen tries—"

"I'm gonna yell and bring him out!" She yelled but Sigrid clapped his powerful hand over her mouth.

"If he comes out I'll crown him," Sigrid declared through set teeth. "You come along with me now and do what I say or—"

Helga kicked and scratched and squirmed but the muscular Sigrid lifted her up as though she had been just a plump kitten and bore her to the seat of the truck where he dumped her unceremoniously down and then sprang in beside her. She had thought the truck incapable of more than six miles an hour but they rolled away at a rate that made her clutch the arm of her companion and gasp.

"Sigrid!" she cried, "what—where—where are you going? I—I never saw you in a hurry before! what—"

"Hold on tight," he shouted and stepped on the juice harder than ever.

They shot along one street and turned into another, rounding the corner on two wheels. They sped swiftly down this and debouched into William Avenue and down that, the truck swinging drunkenly from side to side.

"Where are we going?" shrieked Helga, half-laughing, half-crying. "You tell me at once, Sigrid Ansen!"

"We're going to be married," said Sigrid, coolly, shutting off the engine. "The boats start running on Monday and I've been made captain. You'll be the captain's wife."

The cop who stopped them at the next intersection was a skeptic—till he recognized Sigrid.

"Like fun yez are on the way t' be spliced! I've heard that gag before, ye speed-divils ye! Yez'll have t' spring a new one. Goin' along the streets like a runaway ingine, endangerin' human life—" It was here that Sigrid pushed his cap back. "Oho! So it's yerself, is it? The very same felly I've arrested twice for blockin' the traffic! Sure, it's not yerself I'd have thought t' see exceedin' the speed-limit!"

"He's not as slow as he looks," said Helga, with a giggle.

"What's this ye're showin', me—a license and a ring, is it? All right, thin, on yer way, but a little slower, if yez don't mind! I'll believe yez this time but don't let it happen again."

FORT ROUGE

By V. W. HORWOOD

OVERHEAD thunders a great Transcontinental train. Westward the September sun is gleaming across the Red, touching with silver and burnished gold the towers and domes of the Cathedral City. The blue gray smoke from a thousand chimneys rises into the still evening air, and, on this point, at the Forks of the Assiniboine and Red stood the French Fort Rouge.

La Verandrye coming like a herald from the East, with courage undaunted, yet still weighed down by the grief of his son Jean's murder, paddles his canoes into Lake Winnipeg which so long was the legendary Western Sea of the Indians. Skirting the Eastern shores of the turbulent Lake he adventures into one of the many mouths of the Red, gliding through the immense swamp land which is the home of myriads of wild fowl, where even now the Winnipeg hunter comes for game. Up past Massacre Creek, seeing the beaver and their cousins, the muskrats, in their multitudes. In those days men in the Red River district carried their lives in their hands, for the country was the "Marches" or battle grounds of the Indians, as its Indian name "Miskouesipi" or Blood Red River bears witness. The little Netley stream was called Massacre Creek or Murder River, and in the night watches it is now averred by the Indians of the Old St. Peter's Reserve, that their ancestors the Crees are still seeking their mates butchered by the bloody minded Sioux. Then portaging the Rapids at St. Andrew's, and on, on, in their cautious way until another color streaking the water shows they are approaching a tributary. Looking ahead a single Indian scout appears on a point jutting into the river. He signals and is surrounded by others gazing at the approaching canoes.

It has been understood that a trading post would be built farther into the interior than Fort Maurepas and the Indians expect him.

From La Verandrye's Journal it was in 1737 that plans were made to transfer Fort Maurepas to the Forks of the Red, and it is said that the Indians built a large Fort for the French, but of this there is no reliable record, as in his Journal of 1738 La Verandrye states that a fort was to be built at the junction

providing that the Indians were warned and agreeable.

There, where the Red and Assiniboine meet, floated the canoes around the bend with their silent, alert men. On the wide extended prairies on the North-west rolling in grass like the billows of the ocean, were the Indians, and about where the majestic Parliament Buildings rear their mass, was the high scaffolding of a Cree graveyard. The Winnipegger leisurely walking down the winding way of Assiniboine Avenue can scarcely image the scene, for where he treads was a place of peace, in the turmoil of warring tribes. Here the Indian listened for the wings of the Spirits. The Milky Way was the foot prints of the departed Warriors and the arched dome of the Heavens touching the rim of the prairies was a sounding board to his prayers. As he looks Westward he is unconsciously exchanging salutations with the unrecorded ages of the Indians.

Into this came the Frenchman, the sun hanging low, with the hunter's moon rising in the North-east; the autumn wind's low pitched tone the only sound.

On the South Bank near the Red River, Fort Rouge was started, and over the two Rivers echoed the roll of drums and shrill trumpets while volleys were fired, and the September day, one of those perfect days which the west gives, supplied the setting for a venture which opened up a new world.

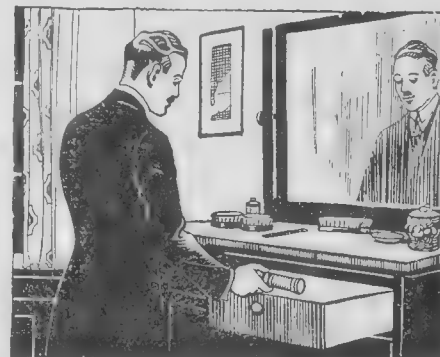
La Verandrye journeyed on up the shallow Assiniboine leaving a few men to finish the fort, but the bubble was pricked, and he must have known that to the Western Sea was many a weary days journey.

The Fort was a rude affair built of palisaded logs and was really of no importance except as marking the discovery of the future site of Winnipeg. Its name is perpetuated in the residential district on the south banks of the Assiniboine. But the actual fort disappeared between 1738 and 1750. In the Department of Marine, Paris, La Verandrye's Map of 1740 shows it. The Map of 1750 has it marked "Ancien Fort." Alexander Henry found traces of it on his trip westward in 1800. But now in the warm summer days the canoes of the pleasure seekers paddle over the place without a thought of the Old Fort Rouge.



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THE silvery grey streaks of the Northern Lights lengthened, spread and filled the western sky, and the Yukon midnight sun was over. Rocky spurs now stood out in bold relief against the deep, dark, grey sky.

Down from the hills the rocky ground gave place to sand, scarred deep by the bed of a dried up stream. Patches of wild grass, in close matted clumps, three or four feet high, dotted the ground, and trees here and there stood like sentinels in the silent midnight.

A movement, and from one of those clumps of grass slid a tawny form, stretching leisurely like a tabby cat in the sunshine. A cat, indeed, it was, but not one to be patted, for this was—"cougar" or mountain lion, a majestic, lithe-bodied, Yukon cougar. From his shelter of grass shoots where he had lain concealed, he came, and then the silence was rent by a mighty cry, for "Koogar" (we will call him) was hungry.

Then, with silent tread he was gone. A moment later he appeared in the dry bed of the watercourse, and then could be seen delicately pushing a way through the matted grass. Then he slipped up the rocky shoulder of the butte, and down into the hollow of the valley he came to his thick bed of grass.

Here he crouched, too hungry to sleep, for Koogar had failed two nights in succession to make a kill.

Koogar was a terrible yet beautiful creature. Powerfully framed, with great muscles that made his long leaps possible, he combined strength with lightness. Beneath his thick coat of short tawny hair and the gracefulness of his movements lurked a fierceness and destructiveness that showed up in fight.

Yet Koogar had gone hungry.

Two nights ago he had heard the call of a female deer for her fawn. The herd was grazing to the north of the big canyon. Upward crawled Koogar on his belly until he was almost near enough for the death spring. From his ambush among the grass he was watching the deer and her capering fawn when the old bull moose, playing sentinel, spoilt it all. The bull moose, some seven feet high, had suddenly wheeled and loped across the plain—and instantly the deer herd clattered after him like a squadron of cavalry. Koogar's involuntarily waving tail had caught the moose's eye. Angry with himself, Koogar had then made for the growth below the valley with another plan in view.

Down there grew the thick grasses that the deer like, and here they were sure to come for a final feed, and failing them, since a watercourse ran nearby, there would be the caribou from the thicker forests who would come there to drink.

So Koogar waited tense and silent. The caribou were feeding quietly and, just as he was about to spring, a pack of wolves chasing a rabbit from the watercourse had come along and away went the caribou. So Koogar fasted that night. The following evening he took up his station near a water-hole at the foot of the sloping butte, waiting for deer and caribou to quench their thirst.

First came a white-tailed fawn pawing and capering at a distance to tempt his lurking foe from their ambush. But Koogar did not move. The fawn went to drink and reassured by their leader's safety four or five other white-tailed deer followed him. Then came a big-horned buck, and later a couple of caribou bounding from the shadows, and following them. Now was Koogar's time.

His gently waving tail stiffened as he gathered himself together for the leap—a leap that was never made for a massive brown bear came snorting and plunging out of the bush and quickly alarmed the deer and caribou and they were gone long before he reached the watercourse.

KOOGAR'S anticipated supper had gone. Bear meat was good, but Koogar knew that this one was too big for him to tackle unaided. Now Koogar's people are peculiar hunters, for though they can still hunt with the best results—yet sometimes they are the noisiest of the hunters of the Yukon wilds. There is a method in their madness, however,

A YUKON NIGHT

A Tale of the Wild

By R. A. Belmont

the smaller animals rush for their lairs in abject terror when they hear those terrible cries, and so now it was that Koogar raised his great head and cried. His cry was piercing and terrible.

Three times, four times, crying faster and faster and more intense, they came followed by several short, quick growls, in a deep profound bass. The terrible din sent the forest folk scampering in all directions, but not one came within reach of Koogar—not even a solitary rabbit.

And lastly, though Koogar searched in hopes of finding the kill of some other hunter, when he did find the remains of a caribou and had driven the snarling wolf away there was nothing left for him but bare-picked bones.

Thus was Koogar hungry and in an angry mood. While the sun rose to its full height, and until the burning rays cast long shadows in the late afternoon, Koogar remained in his lair.

At last he rose, uttered another awe-inspiring cry and set off along the can-

crawled through the tall grass to a thin line of umbrella-topped grass near the herd.

Deer is, perhaps, the Koogar's favorite meat. He is fond of caribou but prefers the fat of the deer to the dry meat of the caribou that swarm his haunts.

Now the deer is a wary creature and keeps away from thickets where danger lurks, while caribou are nearly always in or close to cover. But here were the deer, with the master buck on a rise, erect and watchful, and in the thick, low grass Koogar and his mate, with tails gently waving, crouched low, each with eyes fixed on a deer upon whom in a moment they would spring. Then, suddenly, without a sound of warning Koogar sprang. Fully thirty feet through the air he came and landed on his victim, left forepaw gripping the nose, the right sinking as deep as the raking claws could reach into the deer's shoulder, the massive jaw searching for its jugular vein, simultaneously a second deer falling to the mother. Above the rattle of galloping hoofs Koogar's mighty cry of success



The two Koogar cubs and their mother had brought the first he-bear down.

yon. Koogar's family, consisted of two cubs and they, with their mother, looked on him as their leader on the hunting trail. On a rocky ledge which gave a sweeping view of the rolling valley, Koogar halted and growled, but quite unlike his previous cries was this.

Soon a tawny head appeared above the rocks; then followed two cubs, a male and a female of ten months old. For half an hour they lounged or paced about the ledge, the little cubs, still with the marks of babyhood, tumbling about kitten-like seeking company in their play, but only from their mother could they coax a playful paw—from Koogar their infant growls drew no response.

At last Koogar rose, stretching himself to full extent of his nine feet of dignity. Then he moved lightly away, the others following, and making a fine group as they went down the slope. Koogar's two cubs were little less than he in length, and the mother barely three inches shorter than Koogar. Bold and courageous hunters were they all.

Down on the grassy areas below they went toward a thicket of fir trees, beyond which a score of deer grazed. The baby cubs remained in cover while Koogar and their mother dropped low and

—and the cubs came bounding up to join in the feast.

Koogar, in spite of his fast, was content, however, with the special titbits he selected. He seized the heart and lungs and carried them aside, the rest he left to the cubs and their mother. Having finished his own trifles, he gave a growl in signal to the others and they followed him across the valley.

KOOGAR suddenly had scented approaching bears, and crouched in the grass they watched the movements of a heavily built, thick-limbed she-bear followed by her cub. Nearer and nearer they came to the crouching Koogars, neither seeing nor suspecting the motionless forms.

The massive she-bear was reddish brown color, and from blunted muzzle to bob-tail was nearly seven feet long.

Straight for her shoulders Koogar sprang, the others following and the young male pulled down the bear-cub. With a bellow of rage the bulky she-bear flung away from Koogar and charged the young male, but the younger male leapt, spoiling her rush and tearing a jagged strip from her shoulder. The Koogaress was crouched ready for a second spring when she was tumbled over howling. Unnoticed by the eager Koogars a huge brown bear had plunged in, charging upon her.

A big, ugly brute was this he-bear, keen-sighted, clever and quick witted. Koogar should have known that near the mother and cub would be an escort. Too late to realize errors, action was needed. Koogar left the she-bear and sprang toward the other. He was met head-on and rolled over grunting hoarsely. Koogar was badly shaken. But quivering in every muscle he picked himself up and charged in again like a terrier after a rat, no cry nor growls, nothing but an angry hissing as he lashed out with flaying claws. Meanwhile the she-bear swinging as she fell dying, had ripped open the tawny flank of the Koogaress with her trusting claws, and now a third bear had come up.

At once Koogar sprang at him leaving the others to deal with the first great he-bear, which, ripped and bleeding from a score of jagged tears, was as formidable as ever.

Twice Koogar leapt at the newcomer only to be thrown back by his massive forelegs. Twice Koogar found his feet, catlike, and sprung again and the third time he landed. It was a lucky charge, for gripping the blunt nose with one paw and ploughing deep into the hairy neck with the other he got his great teeth into the sensitive neck.

Howling with pain the huge bear tried to fling him away, tossing and shaking his massive head until, at last, he shook Koogar off and backed, pawing the ground.

Koogar faced him, his long lithe body doubled on his haunches, the skin of his nose and nostrils wrinkling back in a savage snarl that bared his red-fangs, his flashing eyes narrowed and a scowling furrow deepening on his brow. Then Koogar sprang. Squarely the ponderous bear met him, head low, nostrils blowing and with foreleg, tossed the charging Koogar back, but not before a slashing paw had raked his face and half-blinded him with the blood that streamed from ugly gashes.

But now the tide of battle turned. The two Koogar cubs and their mother had brought the first he-bear down, and though their tawny hides were ripped and bleeding and streaked with blood, though bruised and shaken, the lust of battle was yet in them, and with flashing eyes they crouched to face the newcomer. With low-throated rumbling growls they watched him. From him came wheeze snorts. Then like a flash he plunged sideways with all four feet upon the body of the dead she-bear stretched beside the others. In a frenzy of utter fury, he trampled her battered body, and then with a hoarse snort broke into a clumsy gallop away across the valley.

Koogar and the others watched until the thunder of hoofs died away. Then came once more an echoing rolling cry from Koogar's throat, and the others joined the swelling chorus. The moaning cry rose higher in the scale till their full-lunged cry was heard for miles around. At last the sound sank gradually away into a series of rasping groans.

The battle was over. The victors licked their bodies with their rasp-like tongues. Koogar looked languidly over the battlefield whereon his mate lay, and the whimpering cubs pawed vainly at the ripped and bleeding body of their silent mother. The long bars of light grew dim in the western sky. The valley became a mysterious sea of shifting twilight. The hills stood out momentarily wrapped in thin veils of soft silvery grey streaks and then darkness fell. Night descended.

Homebound

I hear the train come rumbling on the bridge

Just shortly after noon of every day;
And one string of my heart vibrates in tune—

I want to go away!

I know my true romance is here at home.
My lasting pleasure in my children's play;

But O!—the beckoning romance of that train—

The lure of Far Away!

I've travelled half way 'round the world and back,

I've never been so happy as today,
Yet still I listen to the wheels that sing—
"Away, away, away!"

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"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"
Screen version by Sada Cowan. From Charlton Andrews' Adaptation of Alfred Savoir's play.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in
"All Must Marry"
by George Ade. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Adapted by Tom Geraghty.

A William deMille Production
"SPRING MAGIC"
With Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt supported by Charles de Roche, Bobby Agnew and Mary Astor. Screen play by Clara Beranger from the play "The Faun" by Edward Knoblock.

An Allan Dwan Production
"LAWFUL LARCENY"
With Hope Hampton, Nita Naldi, Conrad Nagel and Lew Cody. From the play by Samuel Shipman. Adapted by John Lynch.

An Allan Dwan Production
GLORIA SWANSON in "Zaza"
Play by Pierre Berton. Screen play by A. S. LeVino. Supported by H. B. Warner.

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"The Law of the Lawless."
Supported by Theodore Kosloff, Charles de Roche, and Tully Marshall. Adapted by Lloyd Sheldon and Edfrid Bingham from a Pictorial Review story by Konrad Bercovici. Directed by Victor Fleming.

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Pola Negri in "THE CHEAT"
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"THE PURPLE HIGHWAY"
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"THE COVERED WAGON"
Adapted by Jack Cunningham
Novel by Emerson Hough

SAVE THE LIST AND ASK FOR THE DATES

IVAN

A story of typical conditions in Russia during 1918

By Campbell W. Thompson

IVAN is a name, as all the world knows, typically Russian. As typical of his native land as his name, Ivan Garcia, the subject of this story, left his home in the fertile Caucasians with his wife Katrinka, shortly after the Russian Revolution in 1917, to seek the less turbulent district of the country, the heart of Archangel province. The two arrived at their destination, Oasnoosh village, after many weeks of arduous travel.

The disturbed state of affairs prevailing about their old home had caused them to leave. In their minds there was little room for doubt that by this Northern journey they would at least find security. None the less, they were greatly gratified upon finding at Oasnoosh a community living in comparative quiet, a farming population, which had added to its number almost daily people from many parts of Russia who, like Ivan, desired to live their lives in industrious pursuit. Thus many classes were to be found in like villages along the Dwina River, before the ice had long left for its outlet in the White Sea. Nor was a livelihood easily gained, for even the greatest intensive farming resulted in little more than a scanty yield from the light soil.

Autumn found natives of the district and new settlers alike, with their crops housed and preparations nearly completed for fighting the rigours of winter. Content they were with their just-sufficient necessities of life, to feel that at least their loved ones were safe from harm. Surely if the Bolsheviks had left them unmolested for nearly a year, it went to prove that the universally-feared would leave them alone entirely. Probably the enemy had reasoned that that cold far land would not warrant a campaign of propaganda. Ease of life spelled Moscow, Astrakan, Petrograd, Archangel—ugh! hardship, privation, cold!—the price so great, the profit so small.

The prospect of winter with white snow would be a novelty to Ivan and to many of his fellow immigrants. How the native-born would chaff when the first gust of north-wind sent their new neighbors scurrying indoors to warmth. All, however, lived on good terms, any disputes arising being settled with satisfaction to all, by the head man of the village. This man, benefactor and chief magistrate, was chosen generally by acclamation, to permanent if unremunerative authority, not by election but by mutual consent. Evidence of wise impartiality and integrity by daily contact with his fellows was his gauge of office and right of rule.

Busied as the new-comers were in getting settled in their new surroundings, they paid little heed to affairs of the outside world. To most in Oasnoosh discussion of those times brought only troubled thoughts. The future was only too uncertain to make decisions on a course of action but all decided to meet the Bolsheviks, should they come in a spirit of conciliation, with welcome rather than aversion.

To Ivan and his wife were born shortly after the first fall of snow in mid-September, a fine little boy. Glad were the parents that they would be together to watch over it and guide it to manhood. If ever they had regretted leaving their sunny homeland, now did they feel compensated by life in security with their new treasure. "As fine a cultivator of flax as his father had been of olives and fruit he will be," said Ivan to his neighbors. Truly Ivan's small holding in the South had been a place to point out when, on occasions, the adjoining farmers had visitors from other parts. They called the baby Gracia, and there was no need for coercion on the part of Ivan's wife in order to have her husband observe his religious duties. Their thanks were spontaneous and their hopes for the future ran high.

News of the doings in the outer world sometimes filtered through to Oasnoosh, mostly by word of mouth, sometimes by an occasional newspaper, and as the season advanced, more and more often by newcomers who had been soldiers of Nicholas, the late emperor, and who were now returning to their homes. Many were the expressions of sympathy and generous was the help shown to a great many of these repatriated men. Their plight could not but call for the response from the kindly villagers. Wounded perhaps, penniless certain, most had left chaos behind, only to be glad at finding themselves among genuine friends.

They had fought and suffered for their country without reward and now all that was desired was to resume their old manner of living. Great was the rejoicing at reunions. They held their listeners spellbound with awe at the tales they had to tell. "And the Bolsheviks—how are they behaving?" This much-asked question was answered with various and many replies. The majority had no good word for them—others when questioned, and some of their own accord would declare: "Why, you surprise me, I am a Bolshevik, we are all Bolsheviks," or words to that effect. Then the speakers would display their revolutionary medals. "What a question! I am one of those who overcame the dogs of officers who held us down and so help set you free. Are you not proud of the comrades who threw off the yoke of oppression?" The converts seemed amazed to find their views were not met with instant response, one declaring that all the honor was being showered on released prisoners of war and on the wounded who had done nothing beyond fighting to maintain their masters' power. "Where was their gratitude?"

knowledge they only conceded themselves to be Bolsheviks as a means of averting trouble and not to invite molestation. "That means we shall soon have the Bolsheviks about our ears," said Katrinka. "Let us hope not," was all that Ivan could reply and sat for a long time with his head in his hands, not taking notice of even little Gracia.

Developments, indeed, quickly followed to justify Ivan's forebodings. He was loath to leave for Archangel some hundred and fifty miles down stream, on one of the little steamers that plied the river to purchase winter supplies. In fact, a few days after he left, steamers and barges laden with war material and supplies became a common sight as they passed Oasnoosh, as if in a race against the cold which would soon prevent river traffic. Cavalry patrols too, began scouring the country and people were at a loss to understand the reason. They were not long in doubt.

"It was not for the purpose of carrying on warfare," said the Bolsheviks, "but merely to obtain supplies." They called together all the head men of the villages and laid down their demands. Horses,

to help defend their homeland. Without hesitation Ivan, too, offered his services as a scout and was immediately accepted. At his request he was placed on a barge leaving immediately for the interior. For five days the transport seemed to crawl along at the speed of a snail. The suspense and anxiety for the safety of his loved family bred thoughts in poor Ivan that fairly drove him from his senses. It was gathered from boats coming down stream that the Bolsheviks had entered Oasnoosh. On the fifth day heavy gun firing was heard, and from the British sergeant interpreter, Ivan learned it was a British gunboat which had previously set out to clear the river. How his heart went out to these soldiers who had come to protect his people.

The next day a landing was made at Novatch; the sound of rifle and machine-gun fire came plainly to the ears.

"How far are they from us," appealed Ivan of the interpreter who had been informing British officers of news that villagers brought in.

"Five versts from Novatch," was the reply as the busy sergeant hurried to snatch a hasty meal.

"Just a verst this side of Oasnoosh," the thought raced through Ivan's mind.

"Tell the British officers I will lead them to the firing line. I know every foot of the country," Ivan shouted after the retreating soldier.

What luck! they were to leave right away. Ivan could hardly hold himself in check. He feared the worst. Oasnoosh was on a hill—a spot likely to be defended—artillery would be used—it was too awful to contemplate.

An hour on the way of rough going through marshy difficult country—would they never get there! Some wounded were sighted being attended by the side of a gilded-domed church. "Hurry, hurry!" yelled those who were sound. A battery was in action not far from their flank now and yes, under the cover of a rise, a short distance ahead, hardly discernible, were prone khaki figures at the edge of a plowed field. The soldiers Ivan accompanied, at a signal, advanced. A wave of men seemed to rise from the ground right in front of them. A runner came back with the order that the newcomers were to follow on, and with a loud cheer the whole went forward. Ivan saw that his rifle was in readiness, and eagerly followed the advancing forms ahead.

The Bolsheviks, in the face of the yelling British did not hold their shallow trenches long, and fell back through Oasnoosh with great haste. Coming to an ideal position for defence some distance from the far side of a rivulet, the British called a halt and made preparation to hold their ground.

That evening, obtaining permission to go back to the town, Ivan lost no time in seeking his wife. What a relief! He soon found that both Katrinka and little Gracia had escaped notice of the men from the south. Katrinka had been careful to keep from their view by resorting to an out-house. She was so thankful at the appearance of her husband that winter supplies were not mentioned.

"But, Ivan, why have the English come, and why are you dressed in their clothes?"

This was soon answered, and by the time that Ivan must return to his duties, much of their anxiety had left their minds.

The little British force was not left in quiet long at the scene of its first success. Caution led the Bolsheviks to fire from steamers mounted with guns from beyond the British range, though their aim was erratic. Before long the river froze, however, and balanced this advantage.

With the coming of the winter it was soon seen that the soldiers would be compelled to find warmer quarters than the little dug-outs, they had made.

To Ivan and the interpreter was set the duty of finding billets in houses about Oasnoosh. They found not a few of the villages filled with apprehension at having the British in their midst.

"They come to take our country as they have taken so many parts of the globe."

In vain it was explained that they had come to their help at the request of the Archangel Government.

It was not realized until after the winter had well set in that these English were not here for selfish gain. They soon

Continued on page 23



CHIEF "BIG HEAD"

By Francis Dickie

Behold Chief Big Head; resplendent in his uniform provided by the Canadian Government. Chief Big Head, also known as Gros Tete, and Peter Wright, is chief of the Slave Indians at the far northern post of Fort Norman, N.W.T., Canada. Pete is the recipient every three years of a naval uniform, brass buttoned and laced, one large Union Jack, and \$25 in one dollar bills, in return for which he is supposed to hold his tribe in firm allegiance to the British Crown. As well, on becoming chief, he was presented with a solid silver medal, shown upon his breast. This weighs one pound and a half, and Pete is very proud of this white man given insignia of his exalted position. The chief is a strong Church man. Every night in the year he and such of his tribe as are at the Fort sedately walk to the Anglican Mission where a special service is conducted in the Slave Tongue by Mr. Franklin Clarke, the Anglican Missionary. In the photograph are shown Pete, his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Clarke, two of the farthest North Missionaries in the world.

One evening, Ivan came home to his wife and baby after a day's hard work in the woods. Accustomed now to the frequent use of the axe, he was skilful in employing it to advantage. With a number of his neighbors he had volunteered to cut logs for the purpose of building homes for some newcomers. This day his wife noticed he did not seem at ease, nor was he. Questioned, his reply was not quick, but on persuasion his wife soon drew his thoughts from his mind. News had arrived that things were not going so well with the Bolsheviks in the South—so much less wheat had been sown, the railways were going out of repair and many people were feeling the need of food and clothing. In an agreement with their harassed allies, the Germans, the Bolsheviks had given them permission for the use of the port of Archangel. It seemed the Germans were finding a need for a new submarine base, so closely were they being pressed. It was rumored the Bolsheviks were coming soon. "Oh, yes, the people of Archangel city could not help but agree to the proposal, but it was common

cattle and grain they wanted and they would pay liberally—why a thousand roubles for a horse. This seemed very generous to the poor people who looked upon such a sum as the savings of a lifetime. All right, they would agree. Not a few dissented, but all attempts made to evade the demands thrust on them were severely dealt with. When it was found that they were to be left with only one horse and one head of cattle each, many were the murmurs of disapproval. Before long it was discovered that the lavishly dealt roubles were scarcely of any value, so greatly had the currency been inflated. It seemed as if a clash would occur, but it was decided by the head-men in secret consultation that resistance would bring nothing but ruin.

ARRIVED at Archangel, Ivan was surprised to find that the day previously a number of Russia's former allies, the British, had arrived and that night were leaving for the inland to safeguard the population. The place was in great turmoil and recruits were already being enlisted from among the citizens

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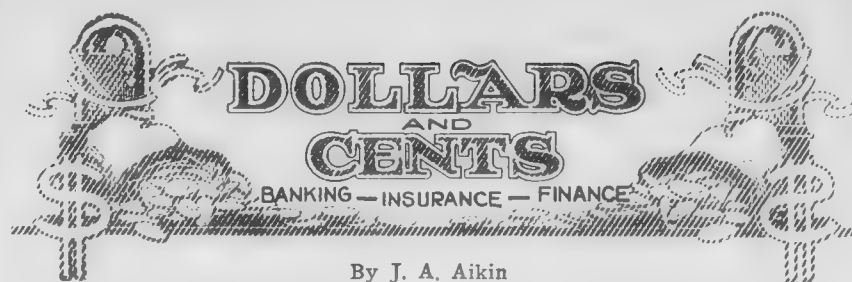
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By J. A. Aikin

Harvest Activity and Prospects

SEEDTIME and Harvest shall not fail, is the ancient promise which is being fulfilled anew in generous form for the Prairie Provinces this year. The past two months have been anxious ones for all concerned and especially so for the producers upon whom more than anyone else so much depends for the outcome of the crop. The grain inquiry and the preparations for the formation of pools for handling the crop have proceeded and have been the subject of much space in the news columns. But after all the fact remains that the majority go ahead with their own duties on the farm and in the office, endeavoring to make the most of opportunity and conditions and pay their way as in past days. The returns from the crop promise to be equal in volume to the best years of the former days and the country in general and the farmers and traders in particular will be in a much better position than they were once the harvest is over and the grain shipped. This second good crop in succession will go far to overcome the lean years and setback which was connected with the after-the-war period and the deflation in prices associated with it.

It is the case always that once the farmers become actively engaged in the work of harvesting the crop a more hopeful attitude of mind is apparent, not only among farmers, but also in the business world. The hard lessons in economy taught in recent years have not been forgotten which helps to account for the caution manifest on the part of all who have business to transact. A crop such as the one now being reaped would, in a pre-war year, have meant a marked revival to business. It means quite as much now to all concerned, but the state of mind borne of experience is a big factor in the moderating influence still at work. There will be a place for a national Thanksgiving Day this year. The thoughts associated with that day should have consideration with all who want to be saved from the unhappiness of discontent and pessimism. Man shall not live by bread alone.

The World Crop and Readjustment

The fact that the world crop is estimated at 250 million bushels greater than last year and that Europe will have 155 million bushels more than in 1922 means more for stability and progress than might be concluded from looking at the price quotations of the wheat market. The primary needs of the people will be supplied out of the abundance and the economic readjustment will, therefore, proceed much more smoothly. France, Germany and Russia where the return to normalcy has been slow and hard, will find the going easier, and, let the hope continue, even France should be possessed of more moderation and put the ambitious leaders under control. Peace and the contented mind are essential to readjustment and a return to the bountiful days of ten years ago.

Place and Value of Insurance

"Insurance had its origin in private enterprise and it has attained its commanding position as a world force for the betterment of the social condition of mankind through the initiative, ability and courage of a group of men as much deserving of immortal fame and glory as any other class of benefactors of the human race." This extract from the Encyclopaedia Britannica is fitting expression of the important institution which holds so large a place in modern society. Proceeding, the same authority says: "Insurance is, for the most part,

like every other product of human skill, best supplied to the market by those who make it their calling to produce it for gain." This statement is of value in connection with occasional talk about state insurance.

In the same strain Samuel Gompers, labor leader, says: "To me, insurance is one of the things with which man should acquaint himself. So far as I am concerned, I have believed in voluntary systems of insurance. I do not believe that the government of a country should be absolved from performing its customary functions, but I do believe that what the individual citizen could do of his own initiative, should be done by him."

Comparative Male and Female Mortality

Statistics have so often been quoted to prove the higher mortality of males that it seems questionable to cite figures to the contrary. But it has come to pass in the records of the Metropolitan Life that in recent years and certain periods of life female mortality has exceeded that of males. The case covers the years 1920 and 1921. In 1911 the mortality of white males insured in this company was more than 13 per cent. higher than among females. This condition continued up to and including 1918, the actual mortality varying somewhat from year to year. In 1919 the excess dropped to about five per cent. In 1920 a reversal in the figures occurred, the female mortality being 2.6 per cent. above that of males. In 1921 the female mortality was 1.2 per cent. above, while in 1922 the return showed an excess of 1.2 per cent. in male mortality over females. For four years beginning with 1919 female mortality among colored people has been higher than for males.

Looking for the explanation and details it is found that in 1921 the excess of male mortality was limited among whites to the ages 20 to 34, and in 1920 the ages of 15 to 34; among the colored it occurred between the ages of 10 and 34 in 1921; 1 and 34 in 1920 and 10 and 24 in 1919. The ages are definitely those of child-bearing. They are also the ages at which the influenza epidemic made its greatest inroads, and in which tuberculosis showed the most pronounced decreases during the last decade.

The Economic Situation in Great Britain

The prospects for hay and grain crops in the United Kingdom have been reported as up to the average on the whole, with root crops below the ten year average. Trade for May and June showed a marked decrease in exports but July made better returns due chiefly, it is stated, to exports of coal to Germany and regions formerly depending upon the Ruhr. These facts lent significance to the determined stand taken by the British government in urging France to seek for settlement with Germany on a basis mutually fair.

France has been able to hold her own in the marts of international trade, which has helped to stiffen the purpose of the government. France's fiscal position improved materially during the first half year, as shown in the customs receipts. There was a moderate unfavorable balance in trade, but imports increased 38 per cent. and exports increased 40 per cent. as compared with 1922. Compared with 1913 on a tonnage basis the result is not favorable, the increased tonnage of imports this year being about double the increase of tonnage on exports. The better grain crops this year will enable France to

Continued on page 21

Where Everyone Wins

One of a series of articles on insurance by one of the West's best known writers "Janey Canuck".

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DIONYSIUS, a tryant in the age of Alexander the Great, was of such uncommon corpulence that he never showed himself in public, and when he gave audience to foreign ambassadors, he always placed himself in a chair which was so constructed as to hide his face and person from the eyes of the spectator. This champion "fat man" of olden times used to sleep so soundly, it was impossible to wake him without boring his flesh with pins.

Many insurance agents have the same difficulties in awakening the fat-headed folk of our day before they reach the age at which Dionysius died. that is to say at fifty-five.

The process of educating people in the methods of insurance is so difficult as to be almost painful.

Scientists tell us that to see a thing rightly we must see it repeatedly, and that abstract thoughts must be reiterated, over and over, before these become operative in conduct. Every insurance instructor is well aware of this fact and must possess his soul in patience if he hopes to accomplish anything worth while.

Life insurance is many things but, primarily, it is a pool from which everyone draws a prize instead of one person. In a word, insurance equalizes the losses of life by enabling us to share these losses with other persons. Each person deprives himself of a small amount so that none may have a big loss. This principle is not hard to understand for labor unions work it out in what they call "dues," and apparently it works well.

The insurance premium has an advantage over "dues," however, in that it carries protection for your family if you die, or a competence to yourself if you live long enough.

While insurance is primarily a pool, it must never for a moment be considered in the light of a gambling device. In commercial undertakings, horse races, or in any other matter which may be made the subject of a pool, the risk is always created, whereas in life insurance the risk assumed is pre-existent.

Poverty comes to all who do not make provision against it, and death is a certainty. Everyone who lives must die; Alas! the pity of it.

If you care to provide against the contingency of poverty, or to protect your family against the certainty of death, it can be done by equalizing the burden as above indicated.

We might enlarge on life insurance for a month—we might even bore holes in you with pins—and not make the explanation any clearer, so we had better conclude at this particular point in order that you may think it over for yourself.

Emily F. Murphy.

DOLLARS AND CENTS— Continued from page 20

get along without importing much grain of any kind. That may have some effect on exchange, but the other influences at work more than counteract the good influence of the crop on exchange.

Peace in Europe, in which Russia joins and along with which a Turkish general amnesty brings redemption to thousands long held captive, puts added pressure upon France to add to the good features of the situation by consenting to terms which are capable of fulfilment. The fact that the United

States kept apart from the actual Lausanne Peace Conference and Treaty offers some explanation for the attitude of the Turk in separate negotiations with the United States. The Turk took full advantage of the attitude of France and the American position, the result being a complete diplomatic victory for the Turk and the consolidation of his status in Europe. It is quite evident, however, that the Turks inspired by the modern views of military-political leaders, put more value than ever on development of resources and industry, all of which will make for permanent peace and stability.

North American Life Issues New Rates

THE North American Life Assurance Company of Toronto recently issued a new book of rates to its Field Representatives and it is worthy of note that the majority of rates in this book show reductions over those pre-

viously in force. This fact should be of interest to all prospective insurers, showing as it does that the Canadian Life Companies are anxious to give the best possible protection for the amount of money a man is willing to spend in this regard.

Another noteworthy feature is the granting of the same Cash and Loan values to new non-participating policies as those which are given for the with-profits class of business. This is a triumph, in a way, for the advocates of non-participating insurance and is further indicative of the desire on the part of the North American Life to give the best possible value to its policyholders.

A number of new policies have been incorporated in the new rate-book, among which might be mentioned "Life" and "Endowment policies paid up at age 65," and a limited monthly instalment policy whereby the insurance is made payable in equal monthly instalments for a period of 20 years, rather than in one lump sum at the time of death. The rates for such a

policy are somewhat less than those on an ordinary continuous monthly policy. Two other forms of policies might be specially mentioned which give insurance protection at an unusually low cost. These are the "Deferred Participating Policy" and the "Modified Life, paid up at age 65." As an example of the low rate prevailing on these two plans we note that the North American Life sells the Deferred Participating Policy, which by the way, after a ten year period shares in the profits of the Company, at a premium of \$17.25 per \$1,000 at age 25.

The North American Life reports that its representatives are writing record amounts of new business, which is no doubt due to the new and liberal rates now in the hands of its selling force.

An Old Curio.

Host: The Inn is historic. Almost everything here has its romantic legend.

Guest: Tell me about this curious old ham sandwich. I am sure it must have a quaint story attached to it.

How John and Marjorie Married On John's Small Salary

JOHN is employed in the office of a well-known Toronto manufacturer. In 1918 he became engaged. Three years later—June 11, 1921, was set as the wedding day.

In 1920 the business slump came and John found the date of his wedding fast approaching without any betterment of his position or salary. To be sure he was earning enough to pay the expenses of running a home—but if anything happened to him, Marjorie—his fiancée, whom he so badly wanted to marry—would be left penniless. He thought of insurance, of course, but he figured he could not afford to

take out a large enough policy to make it worth while.

One day he was startled when a North American Life man called on him and told him how low the rates were on a \$10,000 Straight Life policy. He found he *could* afford it—and, to make a long story short, he took out the policy and married Marjorie.

Today they both declare "We're the happiest couple ever, thanks to that wonderful day when our problem was solved by the North American Life man."

You, too, will be astonished at the remarkably low rates and special provisions of a North American Straight Life Policy.

Fill in the coupon and get our booklet "The Whole Life Policy."

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Address.....Occupation.....

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About the Farm

Conducted by
Allan Campbell

Prairie Hawks as Pest Destroyers.

WHEN looking over statistics compiled by field experts, one is forced to the conclusion that a better discrimination between friend and foe among the birds natural to this country is as important as an ability to distinguish between crops and weeds, or to know the difference between harmful and harmless insects.

The gopher question is a serious one, and should the hawks become exterminated, the gophers will have far greater opportunities to multiply without the natural hindrance offered by the presence of these birds of prey, while the money and labor expended on the annual poisonings of the gophers will have to be increased to a tremendous extent in order to protect our field crops from serious loss, the extent of which it would be hard to estimate.

It is true that hawks will occasionally make a raid on young poultry, but when we consider that gophers and young rabbits are eagerly sought by the same birds, we may perhaps feel that the wages in the shape of an occasional young chicken, taken by these birds, is, after all, well earned. The mischief caused by birds of prey is largely accounted for by the conditions of the season, and when there is a shortage of their natural food, they become forced by circumstances to make visits to farms where they find food supplies temptingly displayed. It has been estimated that a single gopher, under favorable circumstances, can and does destroy in the neighbourhood of one bushel of wheat, and it has also been estimated that the food requirements of a rough-legged hawk is one gopher per day. Thus, we have a family of such birds consisting of two adults and four young, they will probably account for 180 during the first two months and the grand total for one family during the summer season would be 350 gophers.

In order to aid in the distinguishing of the various breeds, the following brief descriptions will serve as a guide.

The vultures are represented by one species in Canada, the Turkey Vulture, sometimes called Turkey Buzzard. It can be easily recognized by its large size, and sooty black color and its featherless head and neck. It is considered to be unaggressive and beneficial.

The Marsh Hawk, though large only in appearance and when in flight, is small of body and is unfitted for attacking any but small prey, hence it beats over marshes and meadows picking up mice and other small members of the animal kingdom, including at times a young chicken, though its courage as a rule is not equal to a visit to any place in the vicinity of buildings. Its great skill as a mouser recommends it for protection as a useful pest destroyer. It usually flies low over waste land and low scrub, and can be recognized by its white rump which stands out conspicuously.

The Goshawk, one of the largest and most powerful of the hawks, is usually classed as a "bad actor" and though normally they are woodland hunters and are found in timbered areas, but should a shortage of food occur in their northern areas, they will turn to other fields of supply including the southern prairie provinces, and their depredations are serious. These birds are large (22 inches), slate grey all over, vermiculated across the breast with many fine zigzag lines.

The Rough-legged Hawks are birds of the open and are often to be seen sailing high in the air where their rounded wings and broad spread tails make them usually quite recognizable. When hunting, they come lower down, sailing and leisurely flapping over meadows and fields much like the Marsh Hawk, though their rounded, instead of pointed wings, broad instead of narrow tail, their more leisurely manner, and the absence of conspicuous white rump mark make them easily separable from that species. Their principal food is mice and other small or open ground rodents. Throughout the prairie provinces they are keen gopher hunters and the number of these pests taken by them is astonishing, a fact which was mentioned toward the beginning of this article.

It is true that some of these birds take an occasional fowl of the domestic kind but investigational work has been conducted by means of examining the contents of the stomachs of a considerable number of these birds, with the result that a very small percentage were found to contain indication that they had taken fowl or game birds. Then again, it must be seriously taken into consideration

OUR COAL MINES

IT SHOULD be unnecessary to point out to any patriotic Canadian that he has an individual responsibility in developing the resources of his country. We are all proud of our Canadian heritage, but if we are to play our full part it is necessary to do some practical accounting in this connection and hand down a richer and a greater treasure than we received. A first conception of good citizenship suggests that consumption of the home product is essential. Neglect of this, if the product meets our reasonable requirements in merit and cost, is in reality a crime against the state, in other words, against ourselves. Here is where many fall short. Deeds not words count. Take our coal as the leading instance and we make this startling discovery that in 1921, Canada imported 18,103,600 tons and in 1922, 14,255,600, a money value of approximately over \$100,000,000.00 per annum. What this colossal amount would have meant to us at home is hard to even conjecture. It would have enormously increased the purchasing power of our Western people and would have kept Eastern manufacturers busily occupied in supplying our demands. It would have kept the rich mines of Alberta in active operation the entire year instead of six months as at present. It would be a powerful factor in attracting a desirable class of immigration and it would assuredly keep thousands of our young men, who are daily leaving us for the South, in their own land—a land that needs them and needs them badly.

Our cry for population and our nectic endeavors to attract people from other countries, while we are not yet alive to our privileges, seems to say the least absurd. No one should find it necessary to leave this country with its unlimited resources to obtain employment elsewhere. It is bad business and from a national point of view a dangerous business. The number using Canadian coal is yearly increasing and that is encouraging, but the increase is not yet sufficient to warrant us in styling ourselves loyal Canadians. That can only be said when we are 100 per cent. for the home article. American coal sells in Canada at an exorbitant price and Canadians have no say in the matter. It is a class luxury and a luxury that can only be enjoyed at the expense of the Canadian workman. But when it comes to quality, our product splendidly holds its own. Investigators and experts have pronounced even the lowest grades of it fit for our every purpose and the higher grades far above the average of the imported coal. In Canada we are at a stage when the speedy development of resources is of vital importance and in some form or other we can all help in that great undertaking.

as a factor against their being placed in the "criminal class," that the time of the examination of the stomachs of the guilty ones was either late autumn, winter, or early spring, when gophers were not to be obtained. It is therefore evident that in the prairie provinces these birds are a benefit to the farmer and are deserving of protection.

The Rough-legs are distinguished from all other Canadian hawks by having the legs feathered down to the base of the toes. They are the largest, at least in appearance, of our real hawks, though their small feet are incapable of holding prey of any strength or size and they appear to take only the smaller animals and reptiles. Another name sometimes used in regard to this species is "Chap" Hawks. The plumage is described as follows: In characteristic light plumage it shows a mixture of reddish and brown above with tail white at base reddening toward tip: it is pure white below with slight dark markings on flanks, the thighs are closely though finely barred with reddish brown.

The American Rough-leg breeds in the far north, appearing in the settled parts of Canada only as a migrant. It confines itself to mice and such small vermin.

The American Sparrow Hawk is one of the smallest of our hawks and is the most beautifully marked. The male is bright brick red on the back and tail, the former barred with dark; the shoulders and crown are slate blue. Below it is white, washed with light reddish tan across the breast where there are numerous round black spots. The female is duller red on back, shoulders, and tail, also barred with dark, and below is dull cream heavily streaked with rather suffused brown stripes. The principal food supply of the Sparrow Hawk is insects, and investigation has disclosed the fact that enormous quantities of insects are devoured by the birds in question. They are described as among the best friends of the farmer.

Notes on the Rust Situation

It is very disappointing to pass through a season that begins so much like an ideal crop year, with timely rains after seeding, temperature about right, wind below the velocity that would cause soil drifting, and then to find that rust had established a strong hold upon the grain. The question naturally arises, "Why does this occur, and what shall we do about it?"

There are several rusts which attack grains, the most dreaded of which is the stem rust of wheat, oats, barley and rye. It must not be assumed that the same form of rust will spread through all four of the above grains, as one form which attacks wheat and barley will not pass on to oats and rye, but these latter two are attacked by another form which will not pass on to wheat and barley.

It is still an unsolved question as to what is the chief source of the outbreaks of rust. One of the measures that will materially help in reducing rust is the destruction of the common barberry. Another plan to escape rust is to adopt measures that tend to hasten the maturity of the grain, as grain that matures early is not injured so much as the later matured.

Crate Feeding for Best Results

Toward the end of this month (September) there is, on the most systematically managed poultry plants a general stock taking and figuratively speaking, overhauling. The birds that are to be retained are placed aside while others that are surplus to the needs of the winter season are prepared for market. Poultry intended for eating should be fleshed by means of crate feeding.

Cockerels of the general utility breeds do best when put into the crates at from four to five pounds weight. Before putting the birds into the crates, they should be treated for lice by thoroughly sifting lice powder into the feathers. The crate should be kept clean by disinfecting (by whitewashing or spraying).

The beginning of the feeding period is the most important and as a rule it is better to leave the birds without any food for the first twenty-four hours after they enter the crates. Some feeders make the error of feeding too heavily at the start, and thereby cause the birds to fail instead of getting in better condition. It must be borne in mind that the birds, used to plenty of exercise, cannot so readily digest their food after being confined to the crates, hence it is important to feed sparingly at the start, keeping them hungry enough to take their food with relish. After the first few days the ration should be increased so as to bring the desired results. It will take about three weeks to bring

ABOUT THE FARM

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the birds up to the maximum requirements. A feed of grit should be given three times a week.

In regard to rations, ground grain mixed with milk will be suitable, while whole grain should never be given, but a mixture of several grains is the most suitable as there is far less likelihood of the birds tiring of a mixture than when one grain only is used. Butter milk is the best mixing material and the feed should be about the consistency of porridge. The main point is to give them a feed that they will relish as they will not put on flesh where a ration is given which is not appreciated.

Chickens must be starved twenty-four hours before killing. This will prevent the food remaining in the crop and intestines, which decomposes and spoils the flavor.

IVAN

Continued from page 19

became a part of the Community life, in that they joined in the music, and dancing at different festivals and at these functions added to the fare by contributions from their rations.

Nearly every house in Oasnoosh had its quota of men. Friendship grew in the evenings, when gathered about the fire, where by dint of much effort to overcome the wide gulf of difference in language they carried on a conversation. Merging their languages, peasant and soldier gained a working knowledge of each other's tongue.

As was expected, the men in khaki, in spite of their arctic equipment, suffered greatly from the intense cold of the short days and long nights. But there were some, Ivan noticed, who seemed no more placed in discomfort by even the coldest weather than he himself. At a loss to understand the reason, he made some of the latter, who were quartered in his house, the target of his questions.

"England, not Colodna?" began Ivan. Hands held a few inches apart conveyed an effective negative.

"Vu madame (wife) have grave England?" This dictionary phrase meant to imply, "grief at being apart."

"Nit, madame, Ivan," was the rejoinder.

Their conversation was broken into by the appearance of Katrinka, carrying a heavy brass Samovar, or tea urn, without which a Russian house seemed unfurnished. The weak milkless tea was passed around in glasses to the company present and was sweetened with burnt sugar.

Not to be outdone in hospitality, the visitors, to Ivan's intense satisfaction, produced cigarettes for him and chocolate for his wife. How the soldiers sat in wonderment at the tea Ivan drank.

"Why, he's a human tank?" said one, "What would they say in Canada if they saw anyone drink tea like that?"

To Ivan's quick ears, and despite his knowledge of the newly-acquired English, he admitted to himself that the sentence was beyond him. But the word "Canada" had caught his attention.

"Canada," he said, with marked emphasis on the middle syllable, "Canada." You not English?

"Nit, Canatski soldat me," replied Warner, the big Canadian addressed, and added with evident pride, "Canada, dobrow Ivan."

At this, Ivan paused for a second in complete surprise. Then he and his wife fell into such a babble of answer and reply, that Warner and his pals sat back with open mouths, unable to utter a word until they were finished.

"Well, I thought the French were the proverbial limit for speedy chatter and able to get sense from two people talking at the same time, but I'll back my Ivan and his wife against all Paris," said the first to recover his speech.

Had they been able to understand the simple couple's talk, the boys from the Dominion would have found that Ivan was merely stating to his wife that the curiosity he had held in regard to themselves was satisfied. Katrinka in return recalled to her husband that not a few of their friends before the war had left Caucasia for that "Canada" from which these very men had come. Evenings after that seldom went by that did not

GOOD MONEY IN GOOD FARMING

"Let's Get to Work and Pay Off the Mortgage"

NINE years ago Canada's national debt was about one-third of a billion. It is more than two and one-third billions today.

Our debts have greatly increased—our revenues must also go up. The farmer has to bear his share of the increased burden. That means he must increase his revenue.

Complaint has been heard that farmers under present conditions in Canada cannot make farming pay. And yet many thousands of Canadian farmers do make it pay.

How Is It Done?

Patient and industrious "carry on" will do wonders, but something more is needed. Too often "patient industry" is coupled with "dull persistence" in poorly thought out methods.

Farmers today more than ever, must plan ahead, as well as "plug along"; indeed they have no option, if they wish to succeed.

Co-ordination of head and hand will mean real success. Farming in Canada has paid and pays now on many farms. It can be made to pay on almost every farm. Canadian agriculture has passed through many low profit-making eras successfully and can do so again.

With the increased cost of production, the present higher standards of living cannot be kept up by poor farm management, "boarder" milkers, scrub beeves, poor quality hogs or non-profitable hens.

That even under present conditions profits may be made is testified by many skilful, observant and non-plunging farmers, who believe more in the policy of "slow but sure" and "pay as you go" rather than speed, with excessive borrowing and the often consequent disaster.

The results on our Experimental Farms also bear testimony to the value of thorough, skilful work.

The Farmer Must Manufacture

But crops alone are not enough. The farmer must change his crops into less bulky and more high-priced products—milk, pork, beef, mutton, poultry, etc.

With fair yielding cows dairying shows good profits in Canada. The average cow has increased her yield 25% in the last ten years. She can quite readily go up another 25% and more, and there's where the profit lies. Better feeding, better selection and better breeding will do the job—feed, weed, breed.

To do better feeding means better pastures and more generous supplies of palatable roughage. Short rotations including clover and ensilage crops (corn, sunflower, pea, oats, etc.) will provide feed in abundance for both summer and winter. The experiments and investigations which the Dominion Department of Agriculture have carried on prove that farming scientifically and systematically undertaken will pay profits. The records and particulars of such work in every province are available to the Canadian farmer.

Are you growing grain, or producing seed or interested in fruit? We can give you information that will help you. Do you breed live stock? Are you keeping dairy cattle? Are you interested in poultry or bees? Ask us for information. We have some that will help you. We have published and have for free distribution 390 different reports, bulletins and circulars dealing with matters of interest to you. Ask for what you want, or for a list of our publications.

We shall have something more to say later. Meantime write the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, about your problems.

Crop Returns Should Be Increased

On the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa some crop costs and crop profits in 1922 as contrasted with all-Ontario average crop costs and crop profits are given below. The all-Ontario figures are in brackets.

	Cost per acre	Profit per acre
Hay	\$21.13 (\$13.50)	\$11.21 (\$5.09)
Corn for		
Forage	\$47.50 (\$33.75)	\$10.38 (\$2.86)
Oats	\$26.47 (\$19.32)	\$ 7.33 (.04)

Similar results can be shown from the Dominion Experimental Farms in every province.

Experimental Farm crops are sometimes claimed to be produced at too great cost. Thousands of experiments, however, show that increased cropping costs wisely applied up to a reasonable point always increase crop profits. This is true on the Experimental Farm—it is also true on any and every farm.

Have Faith in Canada

Authorized for publication by the

Dominion Department of Agriculture

W. R. MOTHERWELL, Minister.

Dr. J. H. GRISDALE, Deputy Minister.

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have a large share of the time devoted to this topic of interest.

Time went on and Oasnoosh, now a garrison, began to have a real sense of security, with the soldiers present. A futile sortie made by the Bolsheviks was so strongly met that ever since it had been a matter of banter.

DECEMBER brought word that the great war in the south had ended in the collapse of Germany. This news was the cause of great joy to the soldiers, many of whom had not seen their homes for three or more years. The great question under discussion was their surmise of when they would leave for home. Clearly they could not leave before spring. This, too, was also the concern of the villagers. So great had been their satisfaction at having the soldiers with them that they had given no thought to this event. They asked the

soldiers, who being little better informed than themselves, would reply: "Snow finish, soldat finish."

Soon it was seen that the Bolo activities were not to cease with the German surrender—the position must be held.

For long the uncertainty kept all in suspense.

As the winter advanced, it was learned that Russians were being trained in Archangel to take over the British position. In far Vladivostok and other centres a similar movement was on foot.

Many of the villagers having seen and felt the hand of the Bolsheviks, now strengthened by many German and Austrian filibusters, felt that this plan would not be a success. Ivan found that before long this belief became general. Worse than that a large number of the more rowdy element talked of a rising. These were in touch with the Bolsheviks who promised plenty of support.

With this encouragement and fearing that when the Bolos did assume control, the villages which had harbored British soldiers would be held in account; many of the moderate thinking men were persuaded to this view.

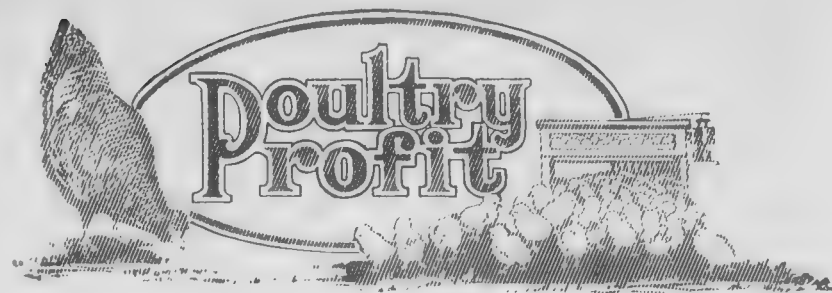
Thus it happened that towards the end of January, Ivan who now held the confidence of the British officer in charge, discovered that a definite date had been set and that well-thought-out plans were laid for overpowering the soldiers. He himself had listened to the speakers who had advocated the rising. Much of what they said had seemed reasonable—but his duty was clear; he must inform someone. Feeling something between a traitor and a patriot he took Warner into his confidence. Warner looked grave but slapped him on the back.

"You won't regret it, Ivan," he said.

So it was that the British were prepared,

Continued on page 25

HUNDREDS of healthy, lively chicks in various stages of growth filed the runs at the Manitoba Agricultural College this season. About four thousand had been hatched and the incubators were being tidied, and put aside ready for 1924. In the early Spring weak germs in the hatching eggs gave a low percentage of good chicks on the poultry plant. This was a drawback which all poultry raisers complain of, both East and West, due, no doubt, to the long, cold winter of 1923. The majority of the chicks hatched at the College are White Leghorns and Barred Rocks. Both of these breeds are prime favorites, giving better results in egg-laying than any other variety. The pens of "Bred to Lay" Barred Rocks in particular, have made wonderful records, and at midsummer were still laying freely. Professor Herner is very proud of some beautiful Pekin ducks. A fine flock of about forty of the snowy white birds were hatched in the incubator in February; in May the ducks began to lay well, in fact they produced any number of eggs, combining utility with beauty. The ducks are very large and of the true Pekin type. Ducks have hatched remarkably well this season, and several flocks of them have been raised on the plant. Young table ducks were selling at 45c per lb. in June, "dressed." Shorts and mashers, crushed grains, and plenty of buttermilk, makes up the ration for the ducks. Buttermilk is also freely given the growing chicks to drink. The experiment was tried this past Spring of feeding ripe tomatoes to young chicks to hasten their growth, but it was not found successful, as the tomatoes seemed to give the chicks bowel trouble.



By H. E. Vialoux

Some splendid turkeys were admired at the College, of the Bourbon type as well as the Mammoth Bronze breed. There are many late hatches throughout the country this season. Many of the imported baby chicks did not do well; a heavy death-rate is reported, as the chicks seemed to lack vitality owing to the late spring in the South and East. As the early hatches were poor, there are plenty late hatched broods to be pushed forward before the cold weather comes. This can be done to a certain extent by means of careful feeding and giving the young birds plenty of buttermilk, soured milk and meat, or beef scraps. Doctor Ante of the Balthurst Farms has hatched his pullets out in June this year, claiming he can get better results from late hatched birds. However, experiments carried out at the poultry stations prove that the April pullet "cannot be beaten" as a producer of winter eggs.

At Lennoxville, Quebec, 25 Barred Rock pullets, hatched before April 15th, were tested out with a pen of 25 pullets, hatched before May 10th. The early birds

"caught the worm" as usual, producing 1,668 eggs in November, December, January and February. These eggs showed a profit per bird of \$2.83, whereas the later hatched pullets laid 1,124 eggs in the same period, at a profit of \$1.70 per head. The early pullets commenced to lay at 150 days, and the later ones at 183 days of age. Now is the time when the farm flock should be culled. The Experimental Farms Branch are using a really good demonstration this summer at all of the summer fairs. The especial feature that catches the eye is a couple of hens "moulted," one being a good laying type, and the other a useless "boarder," so often seen in the ordinary farm flock. In front of each is a food ration, which each hen has consumed in the year. A little basket at the side of each Biddy contains the eggs laid by the respective fowls in 12 months. There is a tremendous difference in the egg yield, and the demonstration has great value in proving to any intelligent person the profits from a good layer, and the necessity of "culling" the farm flock each year. This work of culling cannot be done by any novice, but needs a good deal of practice. There is now an excellent bulletin, written by Professor M. C. Herner, on the subject, which may be procured on application to the Manitoba Publications Branch Extension Service, but the better way to learn how to cull is to ask either the Dominion Live Stock Branch, through A. C. McCullough, Winnipeg, or Prof. Herner, M.A.C., to arrange a culling demonstration on the Farm during any of the Autumn months. Several neighboring farmers bring their fowls to a given point, and an expert is sent out to work over them and show exactly how to select the good layers. Last Fall a number of the demonstrations were held. The experts like to go over a certain circuit, and thus save time.

The following season the farmer can do the work at home if he or his wife are apt pupils. "Poultry Profit," our W. H.M. slogan, will certainly come to the careful chicken man if the new Canadian egg regulations are carried out to the letter, as shipping and selling the eggs any old way is now against the law. Eggs must now be classified as follows: Eggs for export out of Canada and all eggs for domestic consumption in Canada, including eggs intended for ship's stores, but not including eggs intended for incubation, shall be classified, candled and graded as follows: In class 1 there are fresh eggs, Grade A; specials, 25 ozs. to the dozen; Grade B extras, 24 ozs. to the dozen. All of these eggs to be clean and free from stain, the white to be firm and yolk plainly visible. Then comes the Pullet Extras, weighing 20 ozs. to the dozen; Grade C Firsts; Grade D Seconds. These grades are all in the fresh class. Then come the storage and preserved eggs, which are graded in a similar manner. The rules are strict, and No. 7 says, in part: Any person who sells, offers, or displays eggs for sale as a retailer, shall cause to be displayed in a prominent place in his house of business a card as may be prescribed setting forth classes and grades of eggs, as defined by the Canadian Standards. These regulations should bring a great change for the better in the egg trade, and put better eggs on the market at all seasons of the year.

Determining the Sex of Poultry

AS THE question of sex in birds is often asked, I will give a few pointers in detecting sex in ducks, geese, etc. In ducks, the only means of telling the male and female is by the sound they make. The drake always has a thin squeak, instead of the big quack of his wife, the duck. The drake is also somewhat larger and has a distinct curl in his

tail. In geese, sex is hard to distinguish when they are young. The drake has a bright orange rim to his eye and the goose a muddy yellowish rim. The call of the gander is louder and more self-assertive than that of his mate. He also always marches ahead of the females, in quite the style of "a cock of the walk."

The Leghorns under six months of age seem to trouble some beginners in telling the sex. Watch the feathers on the hackle and saddle and on the tail. They are shiny, long and abundant on the male. Then again little spurs may be noticed coming on the legs of the male. In Barred Rocks, the cockerels have a jaunty short tip to the tail and more comb development than the pullet. The turkey cock is much larger in bone and more brilliant in plumage when of the bronze variety. He always has a beard and spurs and his head is more highly colored. He does not gobble until he is a few months old.

The bird that gives the most difficulty in distinguishing sex is the guinea fowl. The comb and wattles may be a little larger in the male and his cry harsher and more uncanny and aggressive. The hen's cry is more plaintive and persistent and she is the one that keeps hawks away with her monotonous call "come back" without variation, for hours at a time.

In Alberta and Saskatchewan this year the farmers are raising plenty of turkeys to rid their farms of grasshoppers, the plague of the Western grain fields. One man claims that he is raising 2,000 birds to assist in the work. A turkey's crop was examined, and in it were found 248 grasshoppers, and 6 water beetles, one day's catch. Millions of hoppers are eaten in a season by a flock of turkeys.

A Dream of Canada

By Elizabeth Pilgrem Gilman
There is a dream of Canada, that will not let me rest;
The joy of it, the pain of it,
Is borne on every evening breeze that rustles in the west.
From the soft sweet forest whispers,
As they chant their solemn vespers,
To the little birds that nightly gather on her breast;
The trusting birds that settle there each night to take their rest.

There is a dream of Canada, that breaks my aching heart;
So sad it is, so real it is,
That all the lonely years have gone since I from her did part.
From the sparkling rills that lightly,
O'er her pebbles rippled brightly,
And the ferny dells where wild pink bells
Her praises rang so blithely.

There is a dream of Canada, that haunts my waking hour;
So light it is, so fair it is,
That only those who love her know her beauty and her power.
From her open doors that gladly,
Cast their welcome out so widely,
To the lonely footsore wanderer
A stranger in her midst.

There is a dream of Canada that reaches to the stars;
So pure it is, so high it is,
That her Angels listening earthward leave the heaven that is theirs
For her unforgotten highlands,
Her lowlands, and her bylands,
And by their unseen presence
Glorify her golden years.

There is a dream of Canada that all her children hear;
So real it is, so real it is
The memories of their childhood will keep her ever near;
Tho' far their footsteps wander,
With weary hearts that hunger
For her flower-sprinkled prairie lands
And drifting clouds above.

There is a dream of Canada that thrills me with its mirth;
The joy of it, the hope of it
Brings back the weary exile from far places of the earth,
To the snow-crowned waiting mountains,
And the rainbow-jewelled fountains,
Of the land that gave me birth.

Classified Department

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AGENTS—\$100, \$200 monthly selling Easy-Wash, washes clothes while you rest; no rubbing or boiling required; send 15c for 10 family washings. M. Manufacturing Co., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. **9-23**

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STAMPS—100 different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges, album, 15 cents; large packet, album, with war stamps, 25 cents; ask for bargain approvals. We buy stamps; large lots, for spot cash. Marks Stamp Company, Toronto, Canada. **tf**

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ST-STU-T-T-T-TERING and Stammering cured at home; instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 109 Potomac Bank Bldg., Washington, D.C. **tf**

IVAN—Continued from page 23

thanks to Ivan, and it is sufficient to say that with little loss the trouble was successfully overcome. Ivan's part in the affair was carried to the officer commanding the whole British force and proud was Ivan to receive a letter of appreciation for his service. This he carried about with him, his most prized possession.

"Who knows?" said Katrinka, "some day it may stand in your good stead."
"It had already," said Ivan, "for I feel I have not lived in vain."

Needless to say, thereafter Ivan was a favorite with the garrison, for the men realized what they probably owed to him, and showed their gratitude in many ways.

On the other hand, he soon found he was not regarded with the same freedom of friendship by a number of villagers. One day as he passed a group talking together, he distinctly caught the words:

"There will be a day of reckoning."

However, he did not by a sign or word make it known he had overheard this ominous warning, but kept on his way thinking stoically that truly "Listeners hear no good of themselves."

The days now became noticeably longer and the sun stronger. March went and April saw the thick ice, that granite-like had seemed capable of resisting any force, begin to crumble. It broke up and started out one night with a roar like thunder, and in a week the river was fully navigable.

This week was one of importance to all concerned. There was wonder that the Bolsheviks did not attack at this logical moment. It was easy to see the out-flowing ice would have to pass Archangel before the British could bring in either more men or the Russian relief forces could arrive. Indeed the Bolos had this intention, but overcaution lost the day. Over-numbering those forcing them as it was, they were waiting for even greater numerical superiority. As it happened the new Russian forces appeared on the scene and the chance for success was lost.

During this week Ivan felt greatly downcast to think of parting from Warner and the others to whom during the winter he had become greatly attached. One day, soon after the ice went out, he said as much in his quaint way of expressing himself. Warner full of joy at the prospect of leaving for home, immediately returned,

"Then come to Saskatchewan with me, Ivan. I'll get you a job on the farm until you get enough to start working a homestead of your own."

Tears of thanks filled Ivan's eyes, but all his own pride of native land was summed up in his simple answer:

"I belong to Russia."

It was evident that for all the disordered state of his country, he could not bring himself to leave it.

Just before the British did evacuate, Warner in saying farewell to Ivan and Katrinka, gave them his address, saying: "Now remember, Ivan, if ever you do change your mind and come to Canada, don't fail to look me up."

The soldiers had come, striking misgivings in all the countryside, but they had left with everyone's good will.

IVAN felt completely lost at the new order of the things. The new army swaggered around proud of the way their presence made the enemy keep their distance. They would soon restore order to the land.

At the same time Ivan and the others were quick to notice the demeanour of these men. It was so different to the sure confidence between officer and man that marked the bearing of the soldiers they had replaced. Their discipline was poor and it was soon known they were even secretly fraternizing with the Bolsheviks.

Ivan could see the trend of events and when likelihood of joining forces with the enemy became apparent he remembered the warning he had overheard in the winter. Warner's parting words then came to his mind and he was filled with indecision. The thought of the probable fate of his wife and Gracia, if anything should happen to him, overbalanced his scale of leaving his native land and seeking new fields. Yes, he would go.

His wife soon saw in line with his thoughts upon hearing the details of the past day or two. Some days later they left on a scow with Gracia and a few belongings under cover of night. The river, swollen with melted snow quickly carried them down stream to a point where they boarded a steamer leaving for Archangel.

At the latter place Ivan sought out the British embarkation officer. Had he not had the General's letter of recommendation there is no doubt that a passage to England would not have been arranged. As it was, with this in his possession all difficulties were overcome.

It would be another story in itself to describe the happy family's eventful voyage via England to Canada. However, it is sufficient to state that arrive there they did, and eventually found Warner as good as his word.

There in a new world did Ivan set himself to start life anew. With Warner as his model he would make himself a true Canadian, and little Gracia—Ivan remembered his prophecy at his son's birth.

Will the prophecy be fulfilled? That is yet to be seen and there, contentedly living on a Saskatchewan homestead, we shall leave them.

A Child's Prayer

Tell me, mother darling,
What is prayer?
Why do I kneel at evening
By your chair?
Why do I close my drooping eyes
To speak to Jesus in the skies—
Tell me, mother darling,
What is prayer?

Prayer, my sweet one,
Is a tear
That wets your eye lids
When you fear—
The sob that breaks the calm of night;
The smile that wakes you with the light.

Prayer, my sweet one,
Is a voice
That makes the heart
Of God rejoice—
A head that bows at Jesus' feet;
An ear that hears His answer sweet.

Prayer, my sweet one,
Is a song
That fills your pure heart
All day long—
The love that beams with your eyes;
A light that comes from Paradise.

—Frank C. Steele.

A Prairie Garden

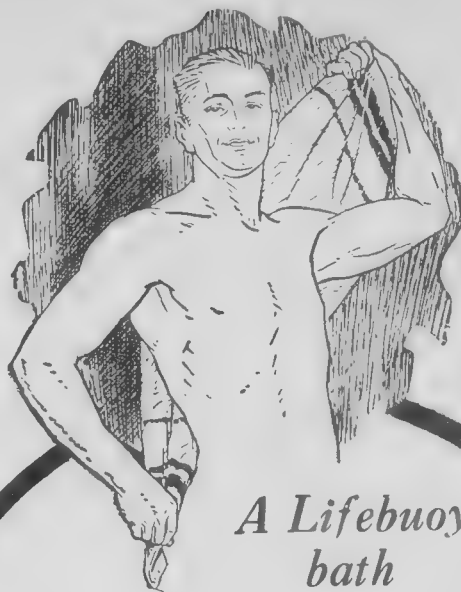
I have a garden hedged with humble
bushes,
A tiny garden where red poppies blow,
And all day long the wind from o'er the
prairies
Tosses the tall blue larkspur to and
fro.

There are no shaded walks with stately
elm trees,
Nor rose-decked arbors such as poets
sing,
But o'er the yellow-flowering Caragana
The bumble bees sail slow on laden
wing.

Hot lavender and daisies pied are lacking,
And banks with luscious woodbine
over-run.
But staunch Sweet-William strives to
fill their places,
And pansies lift their faces to the
sun.

The nightingale comes not when day is
over
To chant her mournful plaint of
ancient wrong,
But meadow-larks sing blithely from my
fence posts
And bring me hope and courage with
their song.

—Georgina H. Thomson.



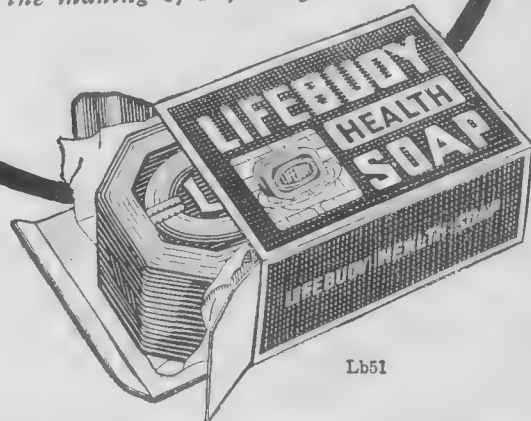
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Our New Old World

WHEN I hear a man say "History teaches us," remarked the historian Gibbon, "I say to myself that he is going to tell a lie, and he always does so." A later historical writer has said the same thing in another way, by saying that the only lesson History teaches is that History teaches no lessons. Both sayings are, of course, overstatements. There are lessons to be drawn from the records of the past, but humanity is slow to learn some of them. It is truer today than it ever was before that History is the record of a past which is different from the present. This old world we live in is a new world. No previous generation of humanity lived in such a world as we are living in today. It is a bigger world, because there are more people in it. It is a smaller world, because human beings can get around in it, and get around it, quicker. It is a vastly more complex world, because of the many new forces that are at work in it. It is a world with no more unknown lands in it. Peary has visited the north pole, and Amundsen the south pole, and apart from certain mountain tops, there is no part of the surface of the globe that has not been visited, or can be regarded any longer as inaccessible. Some nation's flag flies now over every bit of land. The last part of the earth's surface which had not a flag floating over it, Spitsbergen, ceased during the Great War to be territory under no flag. There are many more nations in the world than there were in the nineteenth century. Some twenty or more infant nations, or independencies, are carrying on more or less successfully. They are scattered from the Baltic to the Baltic, from Ireland to Azerbaijan, from Palestine to Vladivostok; they are new factors in the world's affairs. The Great War was fought in a way unprecedented in History, and inconceivable to preceding generations. It may be said that trade and commerce are in a large measure new, that finance is also in a large measure new, or at any rate, national finance, and that science and many other things are new. But humanity is still pretty much the same old humanity, with about the same amount of the same old human nature. For one thing which History undeniably teaches us is that humanity in its essentials is much the same today as it was thousands of years ago.

Are There Really So Many "Standardized" People?

THERE are not a few writers nowadays who are pouring scorn on what they call the standardization of people not only in externals but in habits of thought. They complain indignantly that the standardizing steam-roller is in operation everywhere and is destroying individuality. That is the theme of those widely read and widely talked about books, *Main Street* and *Babbitt*, which deal, respectively, with the life of a small town in Minnesota and the life of a large city. The author, Sinclair Lewis, makes it plain that his Minnesota small town is, in his mind, identical with any other of thousands of small towns on this continent, and that his city of Zenith, in which George F. Babbitt is a real estate merchant, is any one of scores of cities, like Minneapolis, Winnipeg, Buffalo, and so on through a list which he gives. In Great Britain, too, writers are satirizing the standardizing process which, they complain, is making all cities grow alike, and all towns the same, and is making people dress alike, talk alike, behave alike and think alike, and, in a word, live their lives and have their being on a dead level of uniformity. C. F. G. Masterman, who was a member of the Asquith Government, has written a book, *England After the War*, in which he deplores the lack of individuality. That there is a standardization on the surface of life is hardly to be denied. But human nature is what it was, with its individual griefs and joys, its hopes and its longings, and its experiences in the journey through life. Even the most "standardized" of human beings is, nevertheless, an individual. Even in the surroundings and circumstances that seem the most drab, and dull and uninspiring, individuals have their inner spiritual and mental lives. Writers like Sinclair Lewis and C. F. G. Masterman may have keen eyes for the externals of life; but it is a different thing to see into the secret chambers of the heart and soul of your neighbor. Marcus Aurelius, the best man and deepest thinker among the Roman Emperors wrote a true saying when he wrote, "Even in a palace life may be lived well." The inner life can triumph over external circumstances.

A Nation and Its Newspapers

THE importance of the press in the national life of every country is a thing which the French Government has found it necessary to take into serious consideration. The people of France are not at all well informed about affairs outside France. The newspapers in France do not give their readers informing news from other countries. Premier Poincaré has decided that it is nationally necessary in France that the people should have the current news of the world placed before them, and with that end in view he is taking action with a view to having larger Government subsidies paid to the news agencies which supply the French newspapers with news.

The Philosopher

Some of the newspapers in Paris are immensely wealthy, but instead of maintaining correspondents of their own, either singly or collectively, in foreign countries, they rely on news agencies, which are not always reliable. A humorous aspect of the situation is that most of the news from Germany published in Paris has been supplied indirectly by the semi-official German Wolff News Agency. Senator de Jouvenel, of the Paris newspaper, *Le Matin*, said in the French Senate recently: "A German agency, hidden under the British name of United Telegraph, has almost a monopoly of news services in central Europe. If we do something, these countries will know only what Germany desires them to know." At the same time, there are possibilities of danger in Government control, direct or indirect, over the newspapers of a country. In the English-speaking countries there is a deep-seated feeling against suppression of facts or of free discussion of facts, and this secures freedom of the press. Now more than ever before, with the spread of democratic institutions throughout the world, it is necessary that the people of every country be well informed not alone about the affairs of their own country, but about world affairs. There is profound wisdom in the words: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Lost Children on the Prairie

A RESOLUTION passed at the convention of the organization of the municipalities of Saskatchewan advocating the employment of dogs by the provincial police in searching for children lost on the prairie has given rise to some controversy. The *Brandon Sun* avows its skepticism about the efficiency of the proposed plan, and quotes a police officer, who has had the joy of returning lost children to their mothers. He says that he has always found that people on the prairies will join willingly and energetically in the search for a lost child. "I have seen men and boys gather from twenty miles in every direction in a sparsely settled district and work during a day and a night, without rest and with very little to eat, in searching for a lost child." But surely there are dogs whose wonderful scent and instinct are of use in such emergencies. Are we to understand now that the bloodhounds in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had no skill in tracking a fugitive slave, and that they were, in fact, fraudulent? And how about the famous "police dogs," trained as detectives? Have we not all read stories of how these dogs were attached to the French, the Belgian, and the German armies in the Great War, and seen pictures of them? Can it be that the police officer quoted by the *Brandon Sun* is right in doubting the usefulness of the plan advocated by the municipal convention of Saskatchewan? Are all our old and established beliefs to be knocked over, one after another? One fact, at any rate, stands out in the controversy which has been started by that proposal. It is a fact which is fundamental in human nature that the thought of a lost child touches every heart and spurs every right-minded person to action. The mother and the child are at the heart of civilization. The home is the central fact of all human organization. The state exists primarily to make the mother and the child safe.

The World's Ingratitude

AMONG living benefactors is there one whose name is better known than Luther Burbank's? And yet Luther Burbank, at the age of seventy-four, is compelled to sell the experimental farm at Sebastopol in California, on which he produced so many improved plants and fruits and vegetables and flowers. That farm used to consist of sixteen acres. A few months ago Luther Burbank's needs compelled him to sell three acres of it to a cemetery company, which proceeded without delay to pull up every plant on the three acres and to plan avenues for burial plots, as a promising real estate speculation. "Among the thousands of new and improved varieties on this little three-acre tract," writes Mr. Burbank, "were more than forty new selected thornless blackberries, that would have been worth \$30,000, if introduced to the world." And he mentions new apples, plums and other fruits that were on that tract. Evidently the cost of introducing them to the world would be so great that the proposition does not commend itself to capitalists as attractive. But surely there should be some way of securing for the general good the value of the remarkable work done by Luther Burbank in developing new and improved plants and fruits and flowers. There are many such, he writes, on the remaining thirteen acres which he offers for sale, "including a walnut tree that for many years has produced each year \$1,000 worth of walnuts."

He adds that it would appear that the world does not care if the best varieties of plant life ever produced go to waste. "And when I am tired," he adds, "I do not care, either." It seems incredible that such things should be so. But the facts speak for themselves. And, in this connection, it is to be remembered that Dr. Charles E. Saunders, an employee of the Dominion Government, that is to say, of the people of Canada, has never had fitting recognition or reward for his work, which has produced results of incalculable and increasing value.

Some Good Guesses, and a Bad One

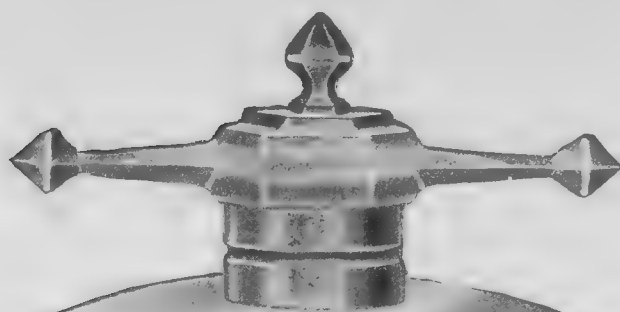
DR. Erasmus Darwin, whose more famous grandson, Charles Darwin, drew more than one hint towards the theory of evolution from his grandfather's book of verse entitled "The Botanic Garden," made several remarkable predictions in that book, which is a book of poor poetry, but a notable book all the same. The most noteworthy passage in it is the one in which Dr. Erasmus Darwin foretold the automobile, the steam tug and the airplane:

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
The flying-chariot through the fields of air.
Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,
Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move;
Or warrior-bands alarm the gaping crowd,

And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud. This was a good guess for one hundred and thirty years ago. It was in 1789 "The Botanic Garden" was published. But it is gasoline that is used for automobiles and airplanes. Grandfather Darwin did not anticipate the internal combustion engine. One prediction that he knew he could not make about steam was that it would work under water. And so when he came to predict a submarine, he made the absurd prophecy that sharks would provide the motive power. "Obedient sharks, with harnessed necks," would draw submarines, as horses draw waggons, and would be guided by reins, like horses! But it is remarkable that in this same passage in which he made that absurd prophecy, Dr. Erasmus Darwin states that the renovation of air in submarines would be effected by oxygen. It is curious that he can have entertained seriously the idea that any fish—and sharks, of all fish!—could ever be trained to go in harness and draw submarines. It is strange that a man so foreseeing, who could make so many good guesses, should have made such a bad one.

The Potato and Prejudice

DURING the past few weeks The Philosopher has needed all his philosophy to enable him to preserve as much as possible of his equanimity while waging warfare upon the potato bugs which have been endeavoring to establish themselves as an army of occupation in possession of his potato patch. Old timers talk of the time when there were no potato bugs in this part of the world. It is a pity they could not have been kept away. But it is strange to think that they are not regarded with any greater hostility than the potato itself was at first when it was introduced in Europe from this continent. It was Sir Francis Drake, the famous admiral of Queen Elizabeth's time, who brought the potato to England in 1586. Those first potatoes that were carried to England were taken from a Spanish ship, together with certain other booty not at all so valuable, such as gold and gems. The Germans erected a monument to Sir Francis Drake at Offenburg in 1854, in honor of him as the introducer of the potato into Europe, and minted a medal in his honor in 1916, when a big potato crop was a main factor in enabling Germany to hold out for another year in the Great War. But not until nearly a hundred years after the potato was brought to Europe did the European learn that it was good food for them, as well as for cattle and pigs. The Germans used to feed prisoners of war on potatoes. A French chemist, Parmentier, who was taken prisoner by the Germans in 1758, was held in captivity for five years in Hanover, and had to live chiefly on potatoes. One might think he would have acquired a distaste for them, but on the contrary, he wrote a book urging the people of France to cultivate the potato as a valuable food. But the French would not eat potatoes until finally Parmentier persuaded the king and Queen to taste a boiled potato and to wear bouquets of artificial potato blossoms made of silk. The monks of Flanders introduced them in that country by compelling their tenants to pay part of their rent in potatoes. And so, in one way and another, the potato succeeded at last in establishing itself as one of the most valuable of human foods. The potato is not the only good thing in the world that had a hard fight against prejudice and wrong-headedness before its merits compelled recognition.



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MOTOR CAR
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*an entirely new and distinctive
line of Quality Motor Cars*

In beauty, design, speed and original mechanical features such as four wheel brakes, the 1924 McLaughlin-Buick models provide the most revolutionary advance in motor cars thus far contributed by the industry.

THE MCLAUGHLIN-BUICK IS CANADA'S STANDARD CAR

Descriptive literature on application.

McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., Limited

Subsidiary of General Motors of Canada, Limited

OSHAWA,

ONTARIO

Twelve Factory Branches From Coast to Coast—Dealers Everywhere

M-4623

THE WRONG NUMBER

A Story

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

"I SUPPOSE I shall have to take the child," said Mrs. Wallace, fanning herself. Her new, black silk dress seemed to attract the heat, and she herself was of such ample proportions that it was not surprising she felt the want of air in the stuffy, little parlor.

"I don't see what you'd do with her, Emily," replied Sarah Breen, a younger, pretty woman in a plain black serge. It was evident the heat did not inconvenience her in the least. Perhaps she was used to stuffy, little parlors!

"I'll send her to a boarding school, of course," replied the first speaker.

"Send her away," cried Sarah. "And she has just lost her mother, and her heart aching for love and a home."

"You do talk nonsense," went on the big woman. "What time do you think I have for a child? There are my clubs and my organizations, and ever so many things to take my attention."

"I should think you would do better by your own sister's child than to send her away to a boarding school, at least so soon," persisted Sarah.

"I've plenty of money. I can pay well for her. You know I married well," Mrs. Wallace said, drawing herself up to her full height. When she did that, she looked very important, but her sister was not in the least impressed.

"Don't you think," put in Sarah gently. "We ought not to discuss all this in front of Rosie?" She looked across to the window as she spoke, and there on a leather covered sofa sat a little girl of about ten. Her golden hair fell in pretty ringlets over her thick, black dress, and her large, brown eyes stared across in pathetic sorrow at her two Aunts who thus discussed her future whereabouts, "as if she were a piece of furniture," thought Rosie. "Why shouldn't we?" asked Mrs. Wallace.

"She may feel hurt," added Sarah in a low tone.

"Pooh!" said Mrs. Wallace. "Children have no feelings. But if you're so set against me putting her in school at once, what have you to suggest that is so much better?"

"I thought of taking her myself," declared Sarah.

Mrs. Wallace put up her tortoise-shell glasses to her eyes and fairly tried to stare her sister out of countenance. "You," she said coldly. "Sarah Breen, have you taken leave of your senses? How can you keep a child in your two tiny rooms,—cupboards, I call them?"

"I could give her a happy home," replied Sarah. "On my salary, I could easily feed one child."

"Your salary," sneered Mrs. Wallace. "It wouldn't be enough to keep my maid in hats!"

Sarah got really angry at this. "Look here," she cried in a loud voice, that is to say, a loud voice for her! "You needn't be always flinging your money in my face."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Wallace, elevating her eyebrows. "Well, then, since you think so little of money and its advantages, what can you offer Rosie instead?"

"I can give her love," replied Sarah.

"A cheap commodity that," said the elder woman with a sneer.

At this moment, the little figure left the window and Sarah felt a small hand in hers.

"Please," said the girl's musical voice. "O please, Aunt Sarah, let me live with you," she pleaded.

All the mother-love that had been suppressed in the lonely spinster's heart arose up at the touch of the child's hand.

"We'll not argue the subject any more, Emily Wallace," she cried. What confidence that little hand gave her! "I tell you, I'll take the child, and what's more I'll take her at once." She arose as she spoke.

"You're worse than a fool," replied Mrs. Wallace. "However, when you see you can't afford her, just pack her off to a boarding school and tell them to send me the bills. I can't waste any more time. I have a speech to make tonight." She gathered up her silk skirts and rustled proudly to the door. Here, she turned towards her sister with a parting thrust. "Don't you expect any help from me, Sarah," she said. "Not until you put the child in a decent school." She sailed grandly out of the room.

Sarah Breen held the weeping child in her arms.

"I don't like—Aunt Emily," sobbed the girl. "You won't let her have me—ever! You won't—ever!"

"No, no," reassured Sarah. "Where there's enough for one there's enough for two."

"I don't eat very much, Auntie," declared Rosie. "I'm used to going without things. Mother and I used to take it in turns."

Tears filled the woman's eyes. She knew her sister had been hard up, but not as bad as this.

"You won't go hungry as long as I can do a day's work," she promised. Then she walked to the window. "Your Aunt Emily's car has gone," she added. "Let us go upstairs and pack your things."

The "things" did not take much room; they fitted easily into a small suitcase.

"I don't live so far," said Sarah Breen,

Sundays, I have a rest. That's when we'll be together. I shall look forward to it all day."

"So shall I," remarked Rosie.

"While I'm away, you can go to a day school—not just yet, but in a week or two," went on Sarah. "When school closes, you must wait for me in these rooms. If Mrs. Moore takes a fancy to you, she may ask you in the kitchen. I don't go unless she asks me. I only pay for these two rooms."

THEY were small enough to be called "cupboards," as Mrs. Wallace had said. In the little parlor there was a couch. The landlady made up a bed there for Rosie. It did not take long for

In An Old Garden

*Slowly does the shadow creep
O'er the dial's time-stained brass!
All the garden seems asleep,
Dreaming while the hours pass.*

*By the rusted garden-can,
'Neath the fragrant hedge of box,
Sits the toad—mute Caliban—
Blinking at the hollyhocks.*

*Here the bee on drowsy wing,
Takes his toll from nodding flowers;
Here the tiger-lilies swing
Listless, through the brooding hours.*

*Scarcely are the poppies stirred,
While above their chaliced hearts
Hovers now the humming-bird;
Now—a restless flame—departs.*

*Through the long, long afternoon,
In the heavy, scented air,
Stock and larkspur seem to swoon,
Drooping in the golden glare.*

*But at even when the dew
Glistens, and from off the sea
Vagrom winds come wandering through
All that shadowed pageantry;*

*Mid the twilight's purple gloom,
In that still, secluded bower,
Mayhap love itself, shall bloom,—
Love, the one immortal flower.*

Clarence Mansfield Lindsay

lifting the suitcase. "I think we'd better carry this ourselves. It will save twenty-five cents."

"I'll help you," offered Rosie. The suitcase proved heavier than either imagined, but by resting every now and then, they at last managed to reach the little street where Sarah rented two small rooms.

"My sister's child," said Sarah, introducing Rosie, who shrank back at sight of the landlady. What if she should not want her too! Rosie was used to being "not wanted."

"Bless your heart," cried the woman. "It's like you to take her. Isn't she pretty? You go up to your rooms, Miss, and I'll have a cup up there for the two of ye."

"She's a nice person," whispered Rosie, relieved. Her last landlady had been the very reverse.

"You'll be all right with her, when I go," said Sarah.

"Go," cried Rosie. "You aren't going to leave me; are you?"

"Bless you child," replied her Aunt. "How do you think I could earn a living, if I didn't go out! You'll be all right. Let me explain things. I work in an office all day, and every evening and all

the child to get used to her new surroundings. She did not notice that things were cheap and worn. She only knew that Love breathed in every corner of the tiny house, and she would have been content to pass the rest of her days in this atmosphere.

When Aunt Sarah returned from the office, life began in earnest for Rosie. An hour before the time, she sat at the window, looking out. She always waved a welcome as her aunt turned the corner, then she ran down stairs and opened the front door. It was a new thing for Sarah "to be expected" somewhere! Before this, she had left the office, and no one had cared where she went. Her kindly landlady was always good to her, but she had her own crowd in the kitchen, and Sarah felt she did not "belong." Now she had a child, her very own sister's child, to long for her return, to run to meet her at the door and to make life worth living.

One day, Sarah said as she sat down to supper, "I don't know what we'll do about it; but I have lost my engagement."

"O Auntie," cried Rosie. She was well schooled in this expression. Poverty was no new thing for her.

"I'll go to work for you," she told her Aunt.

The woman smiled. "You're too young," she answered. "I've got a little put by. When that is finished, something may have turned up. Don't you worry."

Aunt Sarah spent long hours tramping the streets, but work was hard to find. Rosie saw that she looked very worried. "Perhaps you'd better send me away," she suggested, heroically; but Aunt Sarah only shook her head.

"I'll take in washing first," she threatened.

Rosie smiled. She had seen Mrs. Moore do "the family wash" as she called it, and she could not imagine her Aunt with her white and delicate hands, doing such a job.

The two put their heads together over the advertising page, Sarah clipping a piece out of the paper. "Here's one more chance," she observed. "I'll go after it tomorrow."

Early the next morning, she started, leaving Rosie asleep. "How pretty she grows," she murmured, looking down at the sleeping child.

When Rosie awoke, she found herself alone. After she had had her breakfast, she put on her hat and coat.

"It's Saturday," she said. "I'll go and see if I can find work too." She also had a clipping in her pocket! She took it out, now and then, and looked at it. "I'll ask a policeman the way," she said. Once she was going in the right direction, she hastened her step until she came to a row of smart houses. Knocking at the door of one of them, she was ushered into a room where easels, pictures and paint boxes seemed to take up all the space there was.

"A young lady to see you," remarked the elevator man, as he turned to go back to his duties.

"Sit down," said a middle-aged man. "What can I do for you?"

"I came," murmured Rosie. "I came—about this." She fumbled in her pocket a minute. "O," she cried, "I've lost the paper."

"What paper," asked the man, staring in astonishment and pleasure at the pretty child. What a picture she would make!

"Don't you want a child?" asked Rosie.

"A child! I? No, why should I?"

"Then I'm afraid I came to the wrong house," said Rosie disappointedly. She put her hand in her pocket again. "It did say Art Studios," she went on.

"This is Art Studios all right," said the man.

"Then why don't you want a child?" questioned Rosie. "You said you did,—in the paper, you know."

"What was the number of the room," asked the man, a light suddenly dawning on him.

"I don't remember," was the child's reply.

"This is a big house," explained the man, kindly. "I should say that over twenty people live here. If you could only remember the number you wanted, I might be of use."

"I can't remember," said the child. "And Aunt Sarah can't find any work and—" Large tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Aunt who?" asked the man.

"Aunt Sarah," explained Rosie. "Aunt Sarah is the nice Aunt—the one that took me. The other one doesn't count."

"What is Aunt Sarah's surname," asked the man.

"Breen," answered the child.

"Are you quite sure," questioned the man.

"Why, of course," declared Rosie. "You'd remember your nice Aunt's name, wouldn't you? Especially if she gave you a home and worked and worked for you to have something to eat. Now she's out of work, so I thought I'd do instead. The advertisement did say a child—a very pretty child. Perhaps I'm not pretty enough? I don't know, of course. Aunt Sarah thinks me pretty; but then she loves me. You'd think a person pretty, if you loved her; wouldn't you?"

The man seemed absorbed in his own thoughts. It was as if he had not listened to what the child had been saying, only he had caught the last words.

"Pretty," he echoed. "Yes, she always was pretty, but a trifle pale. She worked too hard. Child," he cried. "Did your Aunt ever marry?"

"O no," answered Rosie. "How could she be Miss Breen if she had?"

"Why, no," muttered the man. "My mistake." He looked at the pretty child.

Continued on page 32



Economy Definitely Proven

BY THE RESULTS OF THE
NATIONAL ECONOMY CONTEST

55.4 Miles to the Gallon

CHEVROLET owners themselves have proven beyond all doubt their claim that Chevrolet is the most economical car in the world to operate. 55.4 miles to the gallon of gasoline is an almost unbelievable record for any car to make, yet this record was made by a Chevrolet in Edmonton, driven by its owner. It was a stock car in every sense of the word and no special appliances were installed on the motor or carburetor. Many Edmonton people witnessed the test from start to finish, including F. H. Needham, Automobile Editor of the Edmonton Journal, and one of the best known automobile men in Western Canada. Though this record was the highest of the many received, there were many others almost as remarkable, such as 41, 42, 44 and 45 miles to the gallon in all parts of Canada. Runs were made under ordinary road and climatic conditions and were witnessed by at least two independent witnesses who rode with the owner.

One of the most remarkable features of the contest was the very high average mileage obtained.

An Average of 34 Miles to the Gallon of Gasoline

was obtained by the great number of owners who entered the contest. The list of prize winners from the different Provinces is given here. What these Chevrolets have done any Chevrolet can do. Economy is just one of the many desirable features which have made Chevrolet the fastest selling, completely equipped automobile in the world to-day.

Dealers wanted in territories not adequately covered.

Here are the Winners

Prize Name Town Miles per Gal.

GRAND PRIZE—\$100 CASH:

J. B. Starkey.....Edmonton55.4

BRITISH COLUMBIA:

1. C. E. BowlsbyS. Wellington11.67
2. P. E. ThomasVancouver42.1
3. L. W. HeaslipVancouver37.2
4. A. P. HallidayNew Wellington35.8

ALBERTA:

1. J. B. StarkeyEdmonton55.4
2. L. H. LargeCalgary44.57
3. Alex. HudsonEdmonton39.8
4. D. L. CampbellEdmonton38.2

SASKATCHEWAN:

1. W. A. ReidAntler30.67
2. L. CarelessWatrous29.6
3. and 4. No award.

MANITOBA:

1. W. J. MacauleyFort Rouge34.9
2. E. NicholsonWinnipeg33.53
3. and 4. No award.

ONTARIO:

1. J. M. SaddlerBeachville45.1
2. J. J. DepewBradford41.8
3. R. HallidayOttawa40.8
4. L. PetegorskyCummins Bridge40.5

QUEBEC:

1. Joseph PellandCoaticook45
2. J. J. ForestCoaticook38.33
3. A. A. SmithStanstead35.17
4. E. MalominCharny34.5

NEW BRUNSWICK:

1. R. M. JohnsonSt. John31.47
2. A. CormierMoncton31.33
3. and 4. No award.

NOVA SCOTIA:

1. E. McLennanTruro37.33
2. A. MackayLittle Bras d'or Bridge 30
3. W. A. HennesseyJoggins27.67
4. No award.

NOTE:—Prizes in each Province were as follows:

First Prize\$50.00 Cash
Second Prize\$25.00 "
Third Prize\$15.00 "
Fourth Prize\$10.00 "

CHEVROLET MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

Subsidiary of General Motors of Canada, Limited

OSHAWA and WINNIPEG

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

The Art of Reading

FROM September until March seems an appropriate time for the lessening of outdoor activities and the increasing of indoor activities, and among those matters which may well engage the attention of the young man during fall and winter months is that of reading.

Random reading is better than no reading at all but the best reading is that which is done with definite ends in view. Great writers have pointed out on many occasions the benefits of reading according to definite plans and the following quotations have some bearing on this point:

"Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider."—Bacon.

"Johnson said, that for general improvement a man should read whatever his immediate inclination prompts him to. What we read with inclination makes a much stronger impression. If we read without inclination half the mind is employed in fixing the attention, so there is but one half to be employed on what we read."—Boswell's Life of Johnson.

"Desultory reading is indeed very mischievous, by fostering habits of loose, discontinuous thought, by turning the memory into a common sewer for rubbish of all sorts to float through, and by relaxing power of attention, which of all our faculties needs most care, and is most improved by it.

"On the other hand, a well-regulated course of study will no more weaken the body, nor will a strong understanding be weighed down by its knowledge, any more than an oak is by its leaves, or than Samson was by his locks. (He whose sinews are drained by his hair must already be a weakling.)"—Archdeacon Hare.

"Reading without a purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's garden none to the butterfly."—Lord Lytton.

The memory should be a storehouse, not a lumber-room.—Bishop Jewel.

Be Careful for Nothing

Let nothing disturb thee;
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth,
Patience wins all things.
Who God possesseth,
Nothing shall fail him.
God is sufficient.

—From the Spanish of Santa Teresa.

Men willingly believe what they wish to be true.—Caesar.

An Old Tale

IF you have not yet read the following story it may cause you to revise your idea of happiness:

An unhappy king had been told by a wise old man that happiness would not be his until he put on the shirt of a perfectly happy man. Immediately couriers were sent abroad throughout the world to find a perfectly happy man and secure from him his shirt. Apparently such a man could not be found and the messengers returned to the court unsuccessful. Once more they were sent out and once more they returned unsuccessful.

One day the unhappy king and some of his courtiers were walking near the palace grounds when they heard the joyous laughter of a man who was lying on his back in a clover field, kicking his heels in the air.

Instantly the king sent a member of the court to the man to ask him question. "Why are you laughing so loudly?" asked the courtier.

"Because I am so happy," answered the man, giving his heels another kick skyward.

"Are you perfectly happy?"

"Why, of course I am. Why shouldn't I be?"

"If you are perfectly happy," said the courtier, "I demand your shirt in the name of the king."

At that the man roared again with laughter.

"Yo! Ho!" he shouted, "I haven't any shirt."

No man can avoid his own company—so he had better make it as good as possible.

The Retail Merchant

OUR merchant readers should be especially interested in the Retail Merchants' Reference Book for 1923, compiled by Mr. J. H. Curle, of Winnipeg. This handbook of 108 pages contains many valuable sections among which may be mentioned those dealing with—

Bookkeeping for Retail Merchants.
Books for Retailers and Salesmen.
Business Research.
Code of Ethics.
Community Work.
Boards of Trade.
Short Course in Merchandising.

In addition, there are several sections dealing with such technical matters as licenses, credit exchange, bankruptcy act, income tax records, price maintenance, transportation and workmen's compensation act.

On one occasion, in his campaigns against the dishonesty of the times, Luther attacked the methods of the German merchants, saying that—

"They have learned the trick of placing such spices as pepper, ginger, and saffron, in damp vaults in order to increase their weights. There is not a single article out of which they cannot make an unfair profit through false measuring, counting, or weighing, or by producing artificial colors. They put the good quality on top and bottom and the bad in the middle."

With this state of affairs may be contrasted the splendid code of ethics referred to, which is taken from the Rotary International, and the first and second sections of which we quote:

1. To consider my vocation worthy, and as affording me distinct opportunity to serve society.

2. To improve myself, increase my efficiency and enlarge my service, and by so doing attest my faith in the fundamental principle that he profits most who serves best.

If the merchants of to-day can live up to these and other sections of the code, there will be a great gulf indeed between the services they render and the conditions that aroused the indignation of Luther.

It may happen to me to lose battles, but no man will ever see me lose minutes through confidence or laziness.—Napoleon I.

Cherry Pie

IF WE become too deeply immersed in the affairs of life we are apt to lose sight of many of the enjoyments that may arise in the course of a day's activities. This point is well illustrated in a book, "The Silver Lining," by Thomas Dreier.

A successful business man told him that "One day seemed to be darker than usual and I could see no signs of sunshine anywhere. Everything seemed to go wrong and the whole world seemed to be out of joint.

"It is funny how little things will seem to be big things on dark days like that. Into my mind popped the idea that if I could get a piece of cherry pie for dessert at a certain restaurant where I had enjoyed this pie very much in the past, life would not be one-half so dreary.

"Thinking about my troubles, I went to this restaurant; asked if they had cherry pie for dessert; found they had it; ordered my meat dish; ate it and had a piece of this juicy, luscious pie placed before me.

"A short time afterward, glancing down at my plate, I saw that my pie had disappeared. There were marks on the plate to show that a piece of pie had been there and my fork was cherry colored. Evidently I had eaten it.

"Grown man that I was, I could have wept. (Here I had been looking forward all morning to eating this piece of pie and I had concentrated on my troubles so much that I had eaten my dessert without knowing it. The thing that was to brighten my life had disappeared."

Then he went on to say that many business men go through life with their minds concentrated on their business worries and troubles just as he went through his lunch hour.

The things that would give them joy are passed by because their minds are not in tune to get the joy out of their work.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good-humor, the fourth, wit.—Sir W. Temple.

How to Write Letters

WE HAVE received from the MacMillan Publishing Company of Toronto, an advance copy of a new Canadian book on the writing of business letters. Business men are well aware of the fact that there is a lack of good letter writers, hence the frequency of advertisements that specify that applicants must be good correspondents. On this point, S. Roland Hall says:

"It is fairly well recognized to-day that no medium in business affords greater possibilities than the letter; that a capable correspondent has ability that will afford him or her a good livelihood anywhere; that his work may be more far-reaching than that of a good salesman; and that this asset may mean the success of an independent business, if one prefers to develop an independent business rather than to work for an employer."

In Western Canada, letters are of especial importance because of the great distances that have to be covered. At small expense, business men can send their letters to distant points and achieve results that ordinarily would require the attention of travelling representatives.

In Canadian Commercial Correspondence, in the book under discussion, the problems of the writer of letters are treated in great detail and in addition to the explanations, scores of actual Canadian business letters are reproduced for inspection and as models. The book contains twenty-four chapters and 322 pages, and includes discussions on the following topics:

The Business Letter, The Business Word, The Sentence, Punctuation and Capitalization, The Paragraph, Specimen Letters, How to Write Booklets, Collection Letters, Effective Speaking, Business Organization and Commercial Law, Filing, Follow-up Methods, and the work of the Private Secretary.

In order that the student may apply some of the principles set forth, model problems are provided in which are reproduced many of the business conditions under which letters must be written. There is also a very complete list of commercial terms and abbreviations as well as a table showing the proper forms of headings and addresses.

It is understood that the book has been approved by educational authorities for use in all the provinces of the Dominion and that a number of important business corporations intend placing orders for copies for the use of their employees.

Responsibility

When things go right
A world polite
Extends a wreath of glory,
And men with glee
Contend to be
The hero of the story,
From far and near
The cry you hear—
'Twere useless to forbid it—
On every hand
In accents grand,
"I Did It!"

When things go wrong
Another song
Is suddenly arising,
And men lay down
The martyr's crown
With promptness all surprising.
They do not pause
For the applause.
Their pride, long since they've hid it.
Each shifts the blame,
As all exclaim,
"He Did It!"

—Washington Star.

A man's heart can best judge of himself; others can best judge of his actions.—Bishop Hall.

Thinking

THINKING leads man to knowledge; he may see, and hear, and read, and learn whatever he pleases, and as much as he pleases; he will never know any of it, except that which he has thought over, that which, by thinking, he has made the property of his mind. Is it, then, saying too much, if I say that man by thinking only becomes truly man? Take away this power from man's life, and what remains?—Pestalozzi.

Sunday Reading

Struggle

HOW perfectly sweet and gentle that little brook is that runs through the meadow! Put an obstruction six inches high across it, and see how it will complain day and night. Every minute it murmurs its complaint. Build the obstruction higher, and see how its voice increases. Build it still higher, and see how it pours itself over, complaining incessantly and loudly. It is not until you lay an obstruction across the passions of men that you know the force of that stream which you are checking.

In men, as well as in fruits, ripeness works toward beauty; in dispositions ripeness works toward joy and liberty; but joy and liberty are not the beginning.

A Christian life begins as a house does—down under ground; and it is hard and dirty work to lay the foundation. As you bring it up more and more you work toward the sun. And the outcome of joy, with many people, is late in life—late, at any rate, in their struggle. They have minor forms of joy all along; they enter into special periods of enjoyment; but the state of joy which belongs to the victory of a ripened condition—this is delayed; and expecting it in on the threshold, and not finding it there, they retreat.

Then, there are also, incident to the endeavour to live a Christian life, the discouragements that come from talking and praying, and from the whole state of mind which they are in when talking and praying. Men profess to be Christian, and they attempt to live Christianly; and they pray in secret that they may be enabled to live so, and in many instances their prayers are vehement, if not intelligent. Take an instance in which a man prays for himself. His temper is flagrant; and in the morning he prays earnestly, and with tears, that he may keep from sin in that regard; and he has scarcely been two hours out of his closet before he has burned somebody, or somebody has burned him, and exploded him; and he says to himself: "There! that is what my prayer is worth. I am professing to be a Christian, I have taken upon me covenant vows, I have prayed for help, and have promised God that if He would only help me I would serve and obey Him; and here is what has come of it, and I am guilty of insincerity." He says: "Either prayer will not do what men say it will, or else I am a hypocrite. I have prayed, if ever a man did in this world, for himself and no good has come out of it. I have made vow upon vow, and pledge upon pledge, and have broken them as fast as I made them, and there is no use in my going on this way, insulting God by making and breaking resolutions. It is insincerity"—and with him to be insincere means hypocrisy.

Now a man may be inconsistent and yet not insincere; and a man may be sincere and yet not be a hypocrite. But you perceive that prayer may not bring the answer which men expect from it. The injunction is: "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation;" and in that word "Watch" is the whole economy of prayer. Watch for your passions are strong. Deal by yourself as men deal by themselves who carry dynamite to and fro. A man who is laden with explosive materials does not go into foundries and blacksmith shops. He does not resort to places where sparks are flying abroad. He seeks safe ways. He avoids places of peril. He is conscious all the time that he is carrying death about himself if he exposes it to the touch of fire.

If men felt that they were bearing explosive materials within them, if they had a sense of the training that is needed in certain parts of their nature, and if they joined training to prayer, then they might hope to have some answer to their petitions when they prayed, and they could pray the prayer of faith; but I should like to see a man kneel down before Niagara, as it goes thundering down, and pray: "Lord, let this river run the other way, and then I will believe." He would pray a great while; and finally in the end he would say: "I do not think my prayers amount to much." And yet, Niagara is a purling rill compared with those fires that are awakened in a man's souls. The power of passion, its depth, its breadth, its fiery stream—shall a man kneel down and pray against that? He might as well pray against Vesuvius if he

Members of the Disbanded Royal Irish Constabulary Establish Successful Settlement in Canada

By Charlotte Gordon

CANADA is just now feeling particularly proud of the fact that it has gained as settlers a number of officers and men of the Royal Irish Constabulary—in fact there has been keen rivalry between two provinces as to securing these men, both Quebec and British Columbia having made endeavors to gain them. But in the former province the best openings were in direct farming, while fruit growing in British Columbia was considered more desirable. The settlement, which has enjoyed remarkable success, has been started on the British Columbia Fruit Lands, a tract of about 3,000 acres near the City of Kamloops. The newcomers, entering with a senior officer in advance, then with a number of the rank and file, have developed into a formidable organization, growing fruit, erecting buildings, establishing telephone lines and, in general, rapidly making homes for themselves in admittedly the finest climate in Canada.

First came Divisional Commander R. F. Cruise, who personally investigated a

then in England, purchased through brother officers here, six acres of fruit-bearing land at \$750 an acre and soon after his arrival took off 1,000 boxes of choice McIntosh apples and 400 boxes of other apples, the whole affording him a profit estimated at twenty-five per cent.

On the other hand, Captain Fenton, one of the members of the "colony" who recently purchased a tract, had previously toiled in a British Columbia fish cannery from twelve to fifteen hours a day in the rush season, walking three miles to and from work each day until he managed to save sufficient money to secure land and until the latter became fruit-bearing.

Again many of the settlers have purchased non-bearing tracts; planted them and then have taken jobs on farms or ranches until the holdings begin to bear fruit. Men, now industriously developing the settlement, owning their own homes and "industries;" embryo employers, have, in order to secure a start, worked as apple pickers, box-makers,



A new fruit packing plant erected on the railway line near Kamloops, B.C. as part of the new settlement by former members of the Royal Irish Constabulary and former members of the Army and Navy. The whole building was erected by these settlers themselves. A river is beyond the trees shown and the houses are in a cluster on the bank of the stream.

number of settlement plans throughout the Empire before he finally decided that the properties of the B. C. Fruit Lands would best suit the needs, ambitions and capabilities of the former R. I. C.'s.

Recommending the project highly to the remainder of the disbanded force still in the Old Country, Cruise himself purchased a tract and was soon joined, not only by several former officers, but by a number of former constables. Those who were sufficiently fortunate to possess means bought fruit lands; those who could not, sought positions in other industries until they could save enough to make a first payment.

These efforts, fortunately for the ambitious newcomers, were aided by the fact that, as former members of the R. I. C., they drew pensions that are not inconsiderable. For instance, Captain Byrne,

relies on prayer alone. Ah! this is work for a great deal more than a momentary effort: it is a work that will require the full application of the command: "Strive to enter in at the straight gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able."

The Eternal Quest

ALL men are seers, all traverse the world with hungry eyes, reaching out dumbly, vaguely, for something. With some it is practical success, fortune, reputation, useful achievement; with some it is the mad, long desire to create what is beautiful, to leave work behind them for the delight of men and the perpetuation of glory; and some seek love—the affection, esteem and admiration of their fellows, the devoted tenderness of a few who may be near them and cherish them. But of all the wide searches of life the most important, the most enduring, the most deeply fruitful is the search for God.

It is true also that the restless activity of the search for God sometimes defeats itself. If we inquire too much, if we analyze too much, we are likely to lose ourselves in a wilderness of vain speculation and to roll up clouds that put God farther off from us than ever. A very wise man has lately written the story of his own education in which he shows how he educated himself into absolute ignorance not only of God but of everything else. Yet we are told that we should become as little children, if we would enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

But, no matter in what spirit we undertake the search for God, it remains the one great thing of life. All others problem and struggles pale beside it. It alters, ennobles, transforms, transfigures common thoughts, common sufferings, common hopes, common souls. It is like a sudden light thrust into a great vase of alabaster, which turns cold nothingness into a wide radiance of transfiguring glory. What the World needs to-day even more than peace, even more than leagues of nations, is to acquire an overwhelming consciousness of the all-absorbing, the all-enfolding, the eternal quest of God.

A Housewife's Experiences

"It's hard to be a woman,
With a horrid house to keep,
And a bright poetic fancy,
That will not be lulled to sleep.

"It's hard to go on struggling,
With ideas great and grand,
It's confusing to be rhyming,
With a dishcloth in one's hand."

Years ago I read these verses,
Written by an unknown hand,
Printed in a village paper,
Published in a distant land.

They caught and held my fancy
Throughout the passing years,
Sometimes causing laughter,
Sometimes close to tears.

For I have grown to womanhood
I've had the house to keep,
I've struggled with the fancy,
That would not stay lulled to sleep.

I have gone on rhyming, rhyming,
Written sonnets to the moon,
I believe I've peeled potatoes,
To the lilting of a tune.

Dreaming climbed the mountain tops,
To see the sunset glow,
Recalled to sterner duties
By my baby's call of woe.

"I've soared aloft on eagle's wings"
And almost reached the sky,
When back to earth I tumbled
For the kettle had gone dry.

Oh, yes, it is confusing.
These ideas great and grand,
But I'd give up all the glory,
For a touch of baby's hand.

It may be in our children,
That our visions will unfold,
And they will paint in beauty,
The pictures that we hold.

—Irene Armstrong

The Silent Places

When the warm spring call is heeded,
And you hasten to the north,
When the river gliding neath you
Clear and swiftly, takes you forth
Through the lovely silent places
Where the unknown holds her sway,
And you camp mid soft grey shadows
In the wake of ebbing day.
Then the vast mysterious forest
Stretches out her virgin heart,
And responds to your deep yearnings
If you've learned to play the part.

Have you given the play "AUNT SUSAN'S VISIT?"

by author of
"A Ladies' Aid Business Meeting at Mohawk
Cross Roads," etc.
No trouble to raise funds by so doing. Very
amusing and uplifting.
For Ladies' Aids, Y.P. Societies, Bible Classes
(a whole evening). Write for Press Notices
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to

CLARA E. ANDERSON,
255 McKay St., Ottawa.

cow punchers, and farm laborers—an experience that is proving decidedly valuable. Thus a party of them have just completed the erection of a telephone line from the settlement to the trunk line leading to the city of Kamloops.

Needless to say, co-operation is the keynote of the settlement, a fact that—to cite but one instance—was demonstrated strongly when these fruit growers assembled recently and built a community fruit packing plant close to the railway through which to prepare their fruit for shipment.

A large number of former R. I. C. officers and men, still in the Old Country, have signified their intention of joining the settlement in the near future.

And each and all have adopted a slogan that is bound to ensure success—"Plan and Work."

Yet how we neglect it in the hurry and bustle of more trivial things! Most of us would readily admit that without God all our minor ends are nothing. Yet we think of them passionately, and of God, alas! too seldom. And sometimes we urge that it is reverence that keeps God out of the too degrading rattle of our daily life. Yet there have been ages when men treated Him like a familiar friend, took their little troubles to Him as to one who would and could and did help them. It is a poor plea of reverence that simply reverses God out of our lives.

To be sure, no one urges that the search for God should interfere with useful action. The Orient drowned itself in contemplation and perished. The dreaming monk of the Middle Ages let the rapture of God divert him from the all busy variety of human care. If God put us here, He surely put us here to work, not to dream. But dreaming, at any rate of God, would not seem to be the pressing danger of our continent to-day.

EATON Service For YOU

The illustration shows several Eaton's catalogues fanned out. The top catalogue is 'EATON'S HARVEST SPECIAL Special GROCERY CATALOGUE' featuring a man in a hat. Below it is 'EATON'S BULLETIN OF RADIO SETS' with a circular inset showing a house. To the left is 'EATON'S PIANO AND ORGANS'. Below that is 'EATON MODERN HOME' and 'EATON MODERN BARN'. At the bottom left is 'EATON WALLPAPERS' and 'GOOD WALLPAPERS 1923'. A woman in a long dress is depicted in the center, holding a catalogue. Text on the catalogues includes 'Cool 35.00', 'Description on Page 4', 'Hot 825', and 'Description on Page 85'.

To Fill Your Needs

Complete and prompt service for the Western household is typified in the EATON publications shown here. Hardly a need of home or person but what can be obtained at most advantageous prices through EATON Service.

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Any of these Books Free on Request

Profit by Shopping from EATON Catalogues

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG - CANADA

THE WRONG NUMBER

Continued from page 28

"So your Aunt's poor, you tell me, and out of work, and you want to help her?" "O yes, I do," cried Rosie, eagerly. She looked around the room. "Don't you," she asked, tentatively. "Don't you want to paint a child? I could come after school hours and all Saturdays. If I wasn't pretty enough, you could change that; couldn't you,—with your paint brush?"

"I'll paint you just as you are," smiled the man, suddenly making a resolve.

Rosie jumped for joy.

"No, sit down," ordered the man. "I'll take a rough sketch. Don't move until I tell you." He worked rapidly for a few minutes. "There," he cried in triumph. "That will do for today. Come again on Monday. You had better give me your address: Here's ten dollars for this morning's work." He handed her a crisp ten dollar bill.

"Work," echoed Rosie. "But I didn't do anything. I only sat still!"

"It isn't all children that can do that," remarked the man. "Tell your Aunt that I'll pay you well, if she'll let me paint your picture. Of course, you'll have to sit still longer next time. Now run along until Monday."

It seemed to Rosie that Aunt Sarah would never come back, but when she did, she looked very tired.

"I'm afraid we won't be able to have any jam tonight," she sighed, laying a few parcels on the table. "I didn't get any work."

"O never mind that, Auntie," cried Rosie, all excitement. "I did!"

It was sometime before Aunt Sarah thoroughly understood what Rosie meant. It needed the sight of the ten dollar bill to convince her.

"O child, what a risk you ran, going alone to a Studio," she said. "What is the man's name?"

"I never asked," replied Rosie. "I was so excited to get back to you. But I know the room. It was on the third floor, exactly facing the elevator. Aren't you glad I can earn something? It will give you a rest."

"A few day's rest won't hurt me," said Aunt Sarah. "But I couldn't live on a child's earnings."

"Why not, Auntie? I lived on yours," said Rosie.

AUNT SARAH smiled. "You precious child," she cried. "To please you, I'll take a week's holiday, then I'll be better fitted to look for work again. Perhaps it's because I look so tired that people won't engage me. I'll take you to the Studio myself on Monday. I must see that the man is all right."

He proved to be "all right" in every way. When he saw Aunt Sarah, he forgot the child who had come as his "model." But he did not do so for long, or at least she did not think him long as she looked at the pretty pictures around the room.

"Rosie," he called suddenly. So, he remembered her name!

"Yes, Mr.—?" answered the child. "I don't know your name," she smiled.

"My name is of no importance," laughed the man. "Your Aunt and I have found out that we were old friends, and she has agreed to let me be your uncle, so you can call me 'Uncle'."

"Oh," cried Rosie. "How lovely! It's like a story book, and the Prince came and 'they lived happily ever after'."

"That's what we mean to do," smiled Rosie's new Uncle.

No News to Return

The successful suitor met the ten-year-old brother of his affianced.

"Don't you want to congratulate me, Freddy?" asked the delighted youth. "Your sister promised last night to marry me."

"Huh!" said Freddy; "that's stale. She promised mother six months ago that she'd marry you."

A Forehanded Youth

"You are an honest boy," beamed the old lady as she opened the roll of five one dollar bills, "but the money I lost was a five dollar bill. Didn't you see that in the advertisement?"

"Yessum," explained the boy. "It was a five-dollar bill I found, but I had it changed so you could pay me the reward."

Waiting at the Church

In a Southern town the principal amusements of the colored population are usually weddings and funerals. Recently the African Methodist preacher accosted one of the brethren on the street and the following conversation ensued:

"Didn't see yo' at de weddin' las' night."

"Naw, suh, didn't know dey wuz one."

"Dey sho' wuz, and a fine one too. De chu'ch wuz dressed up swell wid all dem nevergreens and 'don'-you-forget-me!' and such like, and all dem rushers had on dey long-tailed coats and rattan leather shoes; and dem bridemaids wuz pow'ful stylish wid dem swishy clothes an' green eahbobs. An', man! dat bride wuz de mos' elegant yaller gal whut I seen in many er day, wid a long white

trail and one o' her mammy's lace curtains pinned to her haid! She sho wuz!"

"But, say," queried Brother Rastus, "yo ain't said nothin' 'bout de groom. How did he look and whut did he have on?"

A look of gloom overspread the reverend's sleek countenance. "Shucks, man, don' you know, dat low-down nigger nevah did show up!"

How Was She to Know?

Mrs. Williams, who had recently returned from abroad was attending an afternoon tea which was given in her honour.

"And did you actually go to Rome?" asked the hostess.

"I really don't know, my dear," replied Mrs. Williams. "You see, my husband always bought the tickets."

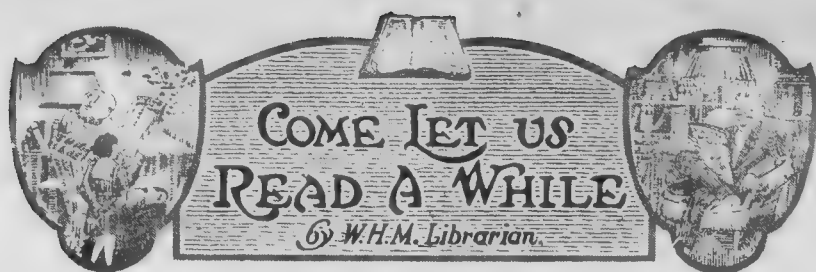
Expensive Language

Says a contributor to a New York paper: Erza Coulton is a strictly honest but rather sharp Vermont blacksmith. A neighbor drove into his yard the other morning and asked him if he thought his carriage was worth repairing. The old man looked it over critically, and said he guessed the job was "wuth doin'." When the bill was sent in the first item read: "Peekin' and lookin'07"

A few days later a New York man sent his limousine to a garage to see if it were in prime condition, which it proved to be. This is the bill, as rendered:

For examination of car \$7.00

As near as I can figure, the difference between the two bills is one of diction.



I TOOK a number of novels away with me at the beginning of August for holiday reading. The first to be read was "Caste" by W. A. Fraser, (Toronto, Hodder and Stoughton). W. A. Fraser is, as you will remember, the author of the popular "Bulldog Carney." He has lived long in India. He knows the native. His deep knowledge of racial traits and customs is here shown to the best advantage. For in "Caste" Mr. Fraser has used his exact knowledge to weave an exciting and satisfying adventure, a romance that reads like reality.

This story tells of an Englishman in India, of the unbreakable laws of caste, social and religious and a final sacrifice that expresses the very soul of India.

God's Green Country

In case some of my readers did not notice my reference to "God's Green Country" in a previous issue of the Western Home Monthly, I am going to talk of it again because I feel so sure it is a novel you will enjoy. The author, Ethel M. Chapman, is Assistant Superintendent of Women's Institutes for the Ontario Government and has spent years in very practical touch with the problems she treats, and has a human sympathy which provides a heart touching interest all through the book. "God's Green Country" (Toronto, The Ryerson Press) is a story of Canadian life of today. Billy Withers, the young hero, is a farm lad who works out his destiny by studying at an Agricultural College and fitting himself for leadership in his community later on in life. This is a story that will inspire many a young person to climb the hill of life until the peak of success is reached.

A Spinning Wheel Mystery

My! Wasn't I glad to see another novel by clever Hanshews. Nothing more enjoyable for the holiday hammock than a first class mystery story, and trust the Hanshews to write a good one each time they touch paper. "The Riddle of the Spinning Wheel" by M. E. and T. W. Hanshew (Toronto, S. B. Gundy) brings back to our notice that delightfully clever Mr. Cleek of Scotland Yard. No knot is too twisted for Cleek to untie; no mystery too tangled for his active brains. He needs all his genius however to solve the Riddle of the Spinning Wheel.

A Ghost Room Mystery

Victor Lauriston has supplied another mystery story for the enjoyment of those who delight in being puzzled. This thriller begins in the time-honored way—with the finding of a dead man and no clue to his death. Adam Wright was discovered sitting dead in his chair. No sign of struggle or violence. The man had been perfectly well a few minutes before his death. Men-servants told tales of queer ghosts and nightly sounds—only the trained nurse found a clue that led to the unravelling of the subtlest type of crime. (Published by McClelland and Stewart of Toronto.)

Dickens on the Stage

Only two days ago, a teacher was saying that our Canadian children are unable to appreciate Dickens because he writes of a country and a period entirely foreign to them. If this is a fact, it is a deplorable one. I think that Canadian children would learn to love Dickens if they saw scenes from his novels acted upon the stage, or better still, took part themselves in the presentation of them. Here is an admirable book for this purpose—"Scenes from Dickens" compiled by James E. Jones B. A. (Toronto, McClelland and Stewart.) The sketches contained in this volume have been successfully enacted by the Dickens' Fellowship

of Toronto. Teachers will find this volume of great value in their literature classes.

Jimmy Again

With his old time dash and breath-taking courage, Jimmy Dale appears again in a new adventure. Frank L. Packard's famous character disappears once more into New York's Underworld, to the anger and grief of policemen and crooks! "Jimmy Dale and the Phantom Clue," (The Copp Clark Co. Ltd., Toronto.) is a new account of the further underworld exploits of the famous gentleman adventurer. Hold your breath and dive into this novel and don't expect to come up to the surface until the clue is reached.

For Mothers

W. B. Saunders Company of Philadelphia have published a splendid manual for mothers entitled The Infant and Young Child which deals with the care and feeding of children from birth till school age. Three well known physicians have contributed to the text of this book which is well illustrated.

Two New Books For The Kiddies

The well-known author Cornelia Meigs has written a play for Boys and Girls entitled "Helga and the White Peacock" (The Macmillan Co., Toronto). It is a fairy play written for a real little girl and was acted very successfully by a Community Theatre. Not only is the little girl real, but also Helga, the White Peacock, the Gray Goose, the Old Woman and the other characters. There is a great deal of excitement in the pursuits of the boy who is hurrying to save Helga. This volume will appeal as much to those children who may only read it as to those who act it.

The other volume that will appeal to young folks now on my desk, is "Solario, the Tailor," by William Bowen (The Macmillan Co., Toronto.) In this story, fascinating beyond words, there is an old man in a spangled coach who was rescued from an enchantment. His real name was Solario, and he was a magical tailor and he lived on at the Forest Castle of the King who with the rest of his court, listened with the intensest interest to the wonderful tales Solario told.

Competing With A Brass Band

Mazo de la Roche of Toronto, author of the new Canadian novel "Possession," was recently invited to be the guest of honor at a Women's Club meeting, and during the hand-shaking she was confronted by two rather aggressive looking ladies, one of whom, greeted her with "Miss de la Roche, are you going to make a speech today?" She disclaimed any such intention. "Well," the lady returned frowning, "this is very disappointing. My friend here and myself gave up hearing the Scots Guard Band this afternoon in order to hear you speak."

Miss de la Roche was crushed to realize what she had to compete with.

Who Was It Had The Fun

A tale re-told by Theodosia Garrison, gives an idea of the flavor to be found in "Poems from Life," collected by Oliver Herford. Here are the first and last stanzas:

"The hare he loitered by the way—
The tortoise reached the spot,
(First read to me when aetad three,
The tale it liked me not.)
Deponent sayeth not what bliss
The goal awarded there;
One may despise his enterprise
And yet I like that hare.

"Yet like the ancient moral rise—
My story it has none—
Of course the tortoise won the prize—
Who was it had the fun?"

VIROL makes men strong —



BERTRAM BURLEIGH.

This well-known actor was run down and worried; he looked "very pinched in the face." He took Virol; and in two days he began to "pick up"—in a few weeks he was fit and strong and ready to face the footlights again.

Men who have a hard time in their profession, women who feel the strain of housework, need Virol. Virol makes good blood, feeds the system with phosphates for intellectual work, and strengthens the whole system.

The weakest digestion can assimilate the valuable food elements in Virol.

Virol feeds in the way that Nature demands.

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Chocolate Making is an ART

To make a fine candy, in its shell of rich and appetizing chocolate with flavors so elusive and delightful is ART.

And the most difficult and costly part of that ART is the chocolate coating. No matter how good the filling, if the coating is indifferent, the chocolate is spoiled.

In order to secure the finest quality chocolate, Moir's import direct the choicest cocoa beans from many parts of the world, blending and roasting them in their own candy kitchens by a secret process.

The result is a chocolate coating admittedly the masterpiece of the candy maker's art.

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Fall term begins October 2, 1923

Special Short Course for Farmers' Sons and Daughters opens Nov. 13.

Write for College Year Book.

E. R. DOXSEE, B.A., B.D. - Registrar
REGINA - - SASK.

The four color frontispiece of this issue of The Western Home Monthly is of great historical interest, and will doubtless be studied carefully by many readers.

The S.S. "Beaver"

The following interesting article by Marion G. Bradshaw gives a fine and accurate description.

PERHAPS mention of the "Beaver" does not bring to many such a surge of patriotic loyalty as wells up within the hearts of all Americans, when they hear the name of their beloved pioneer ship, the "Mayflower," but these two vessels of the East and West have recently been linked together in a way that compels us to recognize the "Beaver" as the pioneer ship of the West.

True it is that long before the "Beaver" was even heard of, there had been many vessels fearless enough to breast the turbulent waves of the Pacific along the Western coast of America, but these were all sailing ships, and so it is that the "Beaver" enjoyed the unique distinction of being the first steamer to enter the great Pacific Ocean.

When the Peace Arch was built on the Pacific Highway, at the International Boundary Line in the city of Blaine, Washington, it was suggested by representatives of the American and Canadian Pioneers, that a section of the timber from each of these vessels of America (representative of the East and West) be placed within the arch. This admirable suggestion was complied with, and on one side of the arch rests a section of the "Mayflower," marked by a bronzed tablet, on which the full-rigged vessel has been carved.

To the other side, Canadians point, where a similar tablet marks the resting place of a portion of the "Beaver." But though she cannot be claimed as a real Canadian vessel, she belonged to the Hudson Bay Company, which was, and is a British Company, and thus we feel entitled to claim a share in her ownership.

All honor to the pioneer! And whether it be the man who has helped, or ship that has played a part in the building up of this Empire of ours, let us make acknowledgment of the share they have had in this work and ever remember what has been accomplished through them. The efforts put forth in the cause of pioneering, very often occasioned much suffering, but this was all forgotten

in the joyous accomplishment of seeing their desired purpose fulfilled.

Early in August, 1835, in the city of London, an event of interest in the early history of Canada was witnessed by thousands of cheering people, when the "Beaver," the new steamer of the Hudson Bay Company, was launched. This important function was attended by no less a personage than King William the Fourth. On the 29th day of the same month, the "Beaver" sailed proudly through the English Channel, bound for the far Pacific, by way of Cape Horn. Although fitted with her machinery before leaving England, she was rigged as a brig and crossed the ocean under sail, arriving at her destination on March 19th 1836, after a voyage of nearly seven months' duration.

This interesting vessel was built by Green, Wigham & Green, at Blackwall, London. She was fitted with side-propellers, and had two engines of thirty-five horse power each. How few to-day, would venture seaward in such a craft!

On this, her initial voyage, she carried supplies to the far west, for the Hudson Bay Company's extreme post. On board were a number of men in the service of the company, and a few settlers, who were fortunate enough to obtain passage on the new steamer.

Upon reaching America, the "Beaver" was immediately placed on the run from Fort Nisqually to Fort Simpson, and so swift did she prove that she took the place of three of the company's sailing vessels.

The "Beaver" was also used on many occasions to fulfil important missions. She carried Sir James Douglas, the factor of the Hudson Bay Company (whose name is known so well to early settlers of British Columbia), to found the Fort at Victoria. Owing to the Boundary dispute, it was found necessary to change the location of the Hudson Bay trading post, to a place that would be within British territory. Sir James Douglas was sent by Dr. McLoughlin to select a location for their new quarters. The present site of the city of Victoria was

chosen by him as most suitable. With its harbor and its agricultural possibilities it appealed to him, but perhaps no less an attraction, was the fact that the Indians were wont to gather round this district as a camping ground. For the Hudson Bay traders invariably chose sites near where the Indians congregated. His choice was accepted, and in 1843, the "Beaver" carried him with several members of the company to Vancouver Island, where the Fort was duly built. It was the cannon of the famous vessel that fired the first salute, that ever re-echoed around the site of the capital of British Columbia.

For almost twenty years she was monarch of the trade on the Pacific, plying along the Western coast, carrying supplies to the settlers in the many Indian villages, and trading in furs at the various forts, and Indian trading posts.

In 1852 the Hudson Bay Company found the "Beaver" inadequate for service, and replaced her with the "Otter." She was then rented by the Government, and was used as a tramp steamer for shorter runs.

In 1886 she ran into the rocks at Prospect Point, Vancouver, when on a dark night, she was unable to enter the harbor owing to a dense fog.

Owing to her age, and shattered condition she was left there for the winds and the waves to destroy, until some years later, when the battered and broken fragments were gathered up and borne away.

Many who have lived or visited in the city of Vancouver, were fortunate in securing mementoes from the wreck. From her timber, canes and various treasures have been carved, and from scraps of metal keepsakes have been fashioned. These are greatly prized by their proud possessors, many of whom claim (like the proverbial American descendant of the Pilgrim fathers), that ancestors of theirs in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, came to America on board the pioneer steamer of the Pacific, the "Beaver."

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- Oct. 9—Third, Fourth and Fifth Year Degree Courses in Agriculture and Home Economics open.
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- Oct. 23—Diploma and Short Courses in Agriculture and in Home Economics open.
- Oct. 29—First Engineering Short Course opens.
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- Jan. 8—Second Engineering Short Course opens.

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The Home Economics Short Course.

For information and application forms write to The Registrar, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg.

English Farmerettes Visit the West—By Irene Todd

WHEN the four farmerettes who are visiting in the Dominion leave for their homes in England next September they will have learned much about Canada and those who have had the pleasure of meeting them during their stay in this country will also have learned much of the homeland and what a jolly lot English girls can be. The farm girls are Miss Mildred White, of Hemycok, Devonshire; Miss Ivy Townsend, Pyrford, Surrey; Miss E. Absolon, Hornsey, Middlesex, and Miss Joan Moore, Bolton, Lancashire. They are all interested in practical farming and

Murray, of London, England, well known newspaper writer.

Though much has been written and told of Western Canada, there are still many people who seem to believe that the West is very wild and woolly. When they think of Canada West they conjure up a picture of vast plains upon which buffalo roam and Indians wait to destroy. Since their trip across Western Canada to the Pacific coast, the farmerettes are prepared to dispel these illusions. They were greatly impressed by the vastness of the west and its gorgeous scenery, and they made many

of the Exhibition Board. The Indians from the Griswold reserve and the northern United States attend this exhibition each year and make their visit a gala event not only for themselves but for the thousands of visitors who also attend this fair, which is noted for its fine exhibits of premier live stock. Dressed up in their finest toggery the Indians executed some of their native dances and gave a powwow, much to the delight of the farmerettes, who were not only keenly interested in the dance steps, but also admired the intricate but exquisite bead work and the queer animal headdresses worn by these descendants of the savages of the plain.

Not only did the farmerettes see Indians "on parade," as it were, but they also visited the Indian Industrial school and farm during their stay in Brandon. This was the first time the girls had even been in an Indian school and they were intensely interested in their tour of the splendidly equipped building where about 128 Indian boys and girls reside and receive their education. They also inspected the fine barns and the farm where the Indians obtain practical knowledge in farming. This school was established by the Methodist church in the early nineties when Dr. Sutherland was general superintendent of missions of the Canadian Methodist church. Rev. Simmons was the first principal and in 1898 the Rev. Thompson Ferrier was appointed principal. He has held that position ever since and during the last few years has been assisted by his son, Mr. Kenneth Ferrier. There is an able staff of teachers at the school and under the capable supervision of the Rev. Thompson Ferrier, the school has grown to be one of the finest in the West.

Their tour of the Indian school and farm was all so interesting that the farmerettes were loath to leave though like many another sightseer they did not wish to miss one bit of the program planned for their entertainment.



Some of the Indians who enjoy a heap big powwow at the provincial exhibition at Brandon, Manitoba. In their colorful costumes and their exquisite beadwork they make a splendid showing. In the picture are shown some of the officials of the fair board and other white friends of the red men.

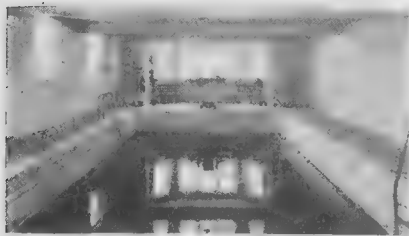
as winners of scholarships presented by Sir Henry Thornton, they have been touring Canada and are now taking a special course at the Manitoba Agricultural College. They will later go to Guelph Agricultural College for a short course, and before leaving for home they will attend the Toronto exhibition. The party is chaperoned by Miss Stella Wolfe

delightful friends among the people they chanced to meet. They found the buffalo enjoying life in the parks and the so-called "wild" Indian was nowhere to be seen.

The girls saw their first large group of Indians at the provincial exhibition at Brandon, Manitoba, where the girls were guests of the City of Brandon and

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THE SILENT PARTNER

By Eunice Bennett

HESTER Willis had been born in an apartment house, and now, twenty-five years later, she still lived in one. She inhabited a tiny bachelor suite in a big, stone building. She worked in an even larger building down town—and in both she dreamt of the country. Always the country, where trees don't look weary. Where long shadows stretched themselves to their full length. Where the evening and the morning were the outposts of the day. Stars instead of globes, and sweetness and light everywhere.

Because of the insistency of these dreams, Hester had rented a bit of land there in the city, and called it her own. It was a Sunday afternoon, two years before, that she had passed along a certain street where she knew her manager owned a house. He was a widower, and lived at his club, but he had never sold this home. It was a wonderful place, set in wide lawns that ran back to the edge of the river. A tiny tributary of this river crept across the grounds, and there Hester found her glen. A wee spot, just so many feet by so many feet, with willows skirting the stream and one big oak behind.

After many futile attempts at an adequate explanation, Hester managed to convey her desire concerning that corner

Enthusiastically she set at work, but she had no skill, and next time she came, her work was pulled down, and a solid and comely trellis in its place.

Each year she found the place more satisfying. There were wild cucumber vines and hops over the trellis, a thick screen of holly-hocks across another space, and down by the water, whole beves of dahlias. At the foot of the oak she had sown pansies for spring and fall. The rest of the space was broken into plots of vivid color, and unbroken stretches of grass. All the old-fashioned flowers, California poppies and pinks, phlox and marjorum, mingled together or dwelt apart as her fancy, and their own inclination had directed. It wasn't crowded either. There was room for everyone, even the Silent Partner, were he to appear.

"I wish he'd come now, this very hour," she often thought, but he never came. With other men she went to ball games, and theatres, but not one of them would care for her garden, of that she was certain. Only this one, the Unknown.

"Still he may be very peculiar," and various repulsive reflections came to her mind. That year, at vacation time, she left a note for him pinned to a tree.

"The Glen is yours from the brink of the stream to the oak."



The Indian Industrial School at Brandon, Manitoba. This school is ideally situated near the top of the northern slope overlooking the city. The photograph shows little of the splendidly wooded farm adjoining where the Indian students learn much about practical farming.

of land to its owner. He would consider it. Next day he called her in, and the land became hers to dig and work, from the oak tree to the margin of the stream.

So Hester took possession. At first, it was enough to sit there and look up through the tracery of new leaves at the tiny space of sky. Enough to hear far-off sounds, while she was in the silence. Enough to smell the pungent odors of earth and growing things. But she soon decided to take a hand in it. The season was not too late for bachelor buttons and mignonette, or Sweet William and nasturtiums.

She never knew when the first suspicion was awakened in her mind, that some other person had a share in the Glen. She'd stand puzzling over her plot of blackened earth "Surely I didn't get that far yesterday," she would say. It seemed foolish to think of any one doing it, and still, those clods were worked down better than she had done them. When at last, it was beyond question that she had a mysterious helper, she felt indignant. This was her ground, and she wanted no intrusion. But in time she grew resigned, then indifferent, then curious, and now, after two years, she depended on it.

The second spring she had bought material for a trellis, and the men mistaking her directions, left it on the wrong side of the stream. She succeeded in carrying half of it across, and next day she found the rest had come to join it.

She signed it, "Yours in partnership."

It was near the end of September when she got back, late in the afternoon. As soon as possible, she went to the Glen. This time he was there, under the tree, his eyes looking far away. The sunlight fell warmly upon him, and with a start, Hester recognized him. Walter Grayson, the new conductor of their Orchestra, the man who had sprung into fame as a composer. Like a meteor, he had sprung into fame, his name was on everyone's lips—Walter Grayson.

He rose and came to her. "I heard you would be back today, and I wanted to render an account of my stewardship in person." He smiled down a friendly smile. They sat beneath the oak, and she asked about this and that.

"The purple asters are not so fine this year," he told her. "I think the ones we grew the first fall were the best I ever saw. But I found the grub that was destroying the sweet peas. Next summer we'll get after him."

The flowers stood by, softly warm in the yellow light of evening. Silence was all around them, but from the street came the throb of numberless cars passing by. This isolation in the midst of thousands helped him in his story.

"I used to come here long before you found it out, and I could not give it up. Then I met you at that civic reception and I knew you were the garden girl, after that I was under a spell. But I couldn't make my interest known, for I

Continued on page 37



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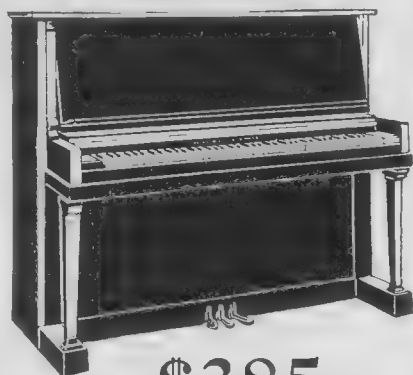
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The Mischief Maker

By Archie Joscelyn

ROCKFORD, somewhere in America, was a town blessed with a man, or rather a genius, let us say. Moreover, the town knew it, and appreciated it accordingly. Mr. Robert Orde, commonly known as Bobby, was a genial young man who considered it his duty to drive dull care away, and give the town something to laugh about, and, incidentally, something to think about. If nothing exciting happened for a few days, he considered it his duty to start something. It was, therefore, with a certain air of expectancy that he was regarded one hot summer day. Nothing had happened for two weeks, and that taken with the heat, was beginning to tell on the persons of the community.

Bobby, knowing that they were depending on him, had not been idle. Three days before he had visited the local printing office, with the idea of doing something really fine. The best laid plans sometimes go astray, however, as the longest string of luck is sure to break, and this was the time that the frog did not jump the way he was looking.

When the postmaster delivered a bulky package to Robert, he was feeling hot and in a hurry. Therefore, totally unsuspecting of any slip in his plans, he drew out several thin envelopes, and without bothering to open any of them, sealed them, stamped and addressed them, and mailed them. It was only when on the way to take a refreshing shower bath that he chuckled.

Fate, meanwhile, aided by the letter carrier, was busily at work. Bobby returned to his office, where he sweltered for the better part of the afternoon. Then, preparing for the pleasant news that he felt had spread, he put on his hat and stepped out into the hall.

The first person to meet his eye was a Mr. John Johnson, a lawyer. That worthy rushed up, seized his hand and wrung it cordially. "Congratulations, you sly old dog," he declared. "How did you ever keep it so quiet?"

"Eh?" This was not just what he had expected to hear. "Keep what so quiet? What's wrong?"

"Wrong? Nothing, though there may be before you get through with it. But how did you keep it so quiet? I never saw you call there, or anything."

"But what are you driving at?" demanded the thoroughly bewildered Bob.

"Driving at? Your engagement, of course. What are you acting so for, with the notices all mailed? I didn't suppose you and Alice ever thought of each other."

The heat, as I hinted before, was intense, and it had told on Bob. Now, coupled with this startling and unexpected news, which Bob's agile brain readily comprehended, it worked its will. Suddenly, without in the least intending to do so, he fainted, and did not have to face the crisis for a moment.

Fate is not so easily cheated, however. There lived a doctor on that floor, and Mr. Johnson speedily summoned him. Between them, they soon succeeded in reviving him to one of the most terrible moments of his life. He readily comprehended just what had happened in the printing office. The cards, as he had written them, should have announced the engagement and approaching marriage of Mr. Burton Ames and Miss Alice Norton, two popular young people of the town, who scarcely nodded when they met on the street. By some trick of the type, or of the typewriter, the Burton Ames had been made to read Bobby Orde.

He was not left long in doubt. Johnson, seeing that he was reviving, had drawn a card from his pocket, and was regarding it joyfully. Robert Orde had no trouble when he opened his eyes to see that his worst suspicions were true. It was a good joke, perhaps, but the unexpected reaction was the stronger because of its reaction.

For a moment he thought wildly of doing something desperate to the printer, but presently decided that that would make the joke worse. The joke? Great Caesar! What would he say to Alice? What COULD he say? And what would she say to him? He remembered vaguely that the announcement said something about a six weeks' honeymoon in the Maine woods, or somewhere. It might be a good idea for him to take that six weeks' trip immediately, and postpone his return indefinitely.

The more he dwelt on this comfortable thought the more he approved of it. It would certainly be cooler up there, anyway. Deciding on action, he leaped suddenly to his feet, made a wild clutch at a hat, securing the doctor's by mistake and was out of the room and down the hall before his friends could think twice.

The street was gained in a moment, and he pursued his way, constantly beset by friends, most of whom he managed to dodge. He gained the station in record time, and swung on to the last car of an outgoing passenger train. The car was full, and he ventured into the next one. It was likewise occupied, as were the next three. Finally, in the last car to the front, he found one unoccupied seat, and dropped perspiring into it. The next ten minutes passed peacefully, and then the door of the car opened and closed. A moment later a young lady paused at his seat.

Bobby had been staring out of the window. Now he looked up. The young woman was Alice Norton.

"Why, hello, Mr. Orde," she said graciously, and dropped into the vacant half of the seat next the aisle, thereby shutting off his only means of retreat. "This seems to be the only vacant seat left in the train, so it is fortunate that we are acquainted. We can have so much better a visit. No, really, sit still! You are not crowding me in the least. This is the only vacant seat left, and I couldn't think of making you stand. Are you going far?"

"Er, I guess so," stammered the unhappy Bobby. "Maine, I guess."

"Why, how nice! We will have a friend in the same state, then. My mother and sister are there during the warm weather, and I am going to join them. I suppose you are going to escape the hot weather?"

For the first time a trace of a grin appeared on Bob's face. "Well, yes, I was. I had an idea that it would be pretty hot back in Rockford for a few days, but I don't know but what it will be, anyway."

"I don't think that I just understand you."

"You didn't hear the news, then?"

"News? No, I heard nothing."

"Hum," murmured Bob, and lapsed into dubious silence. It was presently broken by the conductor, who took Miss Norton's ticket. Bobby when asked for his ticket, proffered his pocketbook, and the information that he was going to the same place, which rather vague information caused Alice to inquire if he knew where that was. Being forced to confess that he did not, she told him.

"Bethel. But how is it that you are going and don't know where you are going?"

"I hadn't decided, definitely," he confessed, truthfully.

"But what was that news which you alluded to, that drove you out of Rockford?"

Cornered, Bob glanced desperately around the car, at the other passengers and finally back to his companion. "I couldn't tell you—here—I—I will write it, as it was, if, if you will consider it fairly."

He did so, writing out the notice as it had appeared, while Alice watched the motions of his pencil. At first amazement, then consternation which gave place to amusement flitted over

THE MISCHIEF MAKER—Continued from page 36

her face. As he stopped writing she lay back in the seat and shook with laughter. Bobby watched, doubtfully at first, then gradually the ludicrousness of the situation appealed to him, and he likewise gave way to mirth.

Presently Alice sat up and smoothed her slightly disarranged hair. "You intended it for a practical joke?" she inquired, demurely.

"Oh, I—I, well, not exactly. I didn't—." He stopped, suddenly. He had been about to say that he had not written his own name, but he had confessed that he was responsible. It would never do to admit that he had written another man's name. "The

announcements are all over town," he finished, irrelevantly.

"Oh." She considered this fact gravely for a moment; then:

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I—I am going to telephone back to the paper we changed our plans and were married in Maine with the bride's mother and sister present, and that we will spend the honeymoon as planned before returning to Rockford. What do you say?"

"I understood you to make a statement of fact," she replied and the stout old gentleman in the next seat grinned as did the thin old lady across the aisle.

THE SILENT PARTNER—Continued from page 35

had my way to make and I dared not tell you. Now some measure of success is mine."

Into Hester's mind came memories of many encounters with this poor, unknown musician. The day he had played that piece of his own composition, the afternoon they had chanced (or had it been chance?) to be seated side by side while a great orchestra played the mighty Fifth Symphony. Would her heart have cherished these remembrances had they not been inevitable links

in the chain of her happiness?

"I often wished you'd come," she said, "on an evening just like this."

His eyes filled with great joy. "It was hard to risk all in uncertain waiting, knowing I might lose you and then my art. I'd have been indeed alone. But now, but now—" His voice was very deep, more entrancing to the girl than music.

"And now," she said, smiling, "we are no longer alone."

The Mormon Temple at Cardston, Alberta

By Charlotte Gordon

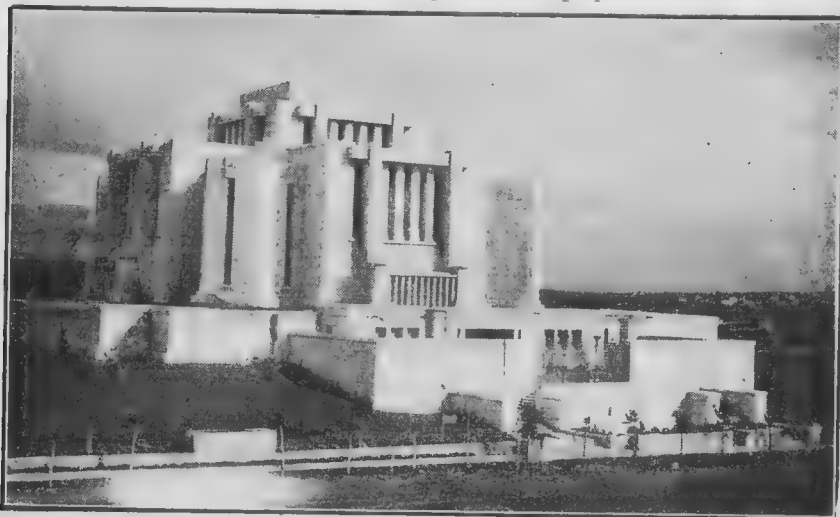
THE only Mormon Temple in Canada, the beautiful building of the church of Jesus Christ, Latter Day Saints, at Cardston, Alberta, will shortly be dedicated. Many thousands of people from across the continent of America, have made their way to the remote little centre in the foothills of Alberta, to look upon this unique work of art for it will be forever closed to the public after dedication and only those in good standing in their church, will be allowed the privilege of entering its portals.

It is in a strategic situation, on a hill, rising like a rare, white gem, on its granite throne, dazzling in its green setting and background of purple hills. The view from its roof-garden embraces a wide and lovely country.

be about \$400,000 of gold in the stone of the edifice. Many thousands of dollars of pure gold has been used in the decorations.

The most famous artists and sculptors in America have put some years of work on the rare paintings and sculpture that depict the history of the world from the dawn of creation down to the present day and the bright future to which the "Saints" are taught to look forward.

At the entrance to the outer court of the temple is a sculptured panel above a pool, depicting Mary meeting Our Saviour at the well. The inlaid gardens here, where blue flowers, striking against the white granite setting, predominate and seem to create the artistic atmosphere that prepares one for the rare



The only Mormon Temple in Canada just completed

For eight years the temple has been under construction and about a million and a quarter dollars expended on it. The great sum was obtained through the system of tithing by which every member of the church gives a tenth of his monthly income.

The most valued woods in the world have been obtained for the construction of the temple, from Italy, Africa, Australia and all points of the earth. The finest granite, from Nelson, British Columbia, has been used for the building and coming from the gold district, this stone is valued at \$18.00 of gold to the ton. If it could be melted, there would

workmanship and delicate beauties within. The interior is divided into many small rooms and the absence of a large auditorium is at once noted. This was explained by the fact that the temple would be used only on week days and few people at a time would be in it.

The first room of a series of rooms that will be consecrated, each to a special purpose, was the prayer room, for service before the day's work begins. The dressing rooms, near by, are for members who change to white clothes, temple robes, which all must wear in the observance of various sacraments.

Continued on page 38



Seven Beauty Secrets

Are you as beautiful as you should be? Are you interested in developing, improving, and increasing your personal attractions? Do you not owe it to yourself—your family—your friends—all those you love, and who love you, and should love, you—to try to be as beautiful, as attractive, and as lovely and lovable as possible?

Youth's freshness and charm may be extended through intelligent knowledge of the beauty secrets of Monsieur Vivaudou. From Paris, the world's great beauty Capital, he brings you a wealth of beauty lore, and guarantees to prove that, in every woman, are unrealized possibilities of beauty—possibilities you may develop, if you will.

In utilizing this beauty knowledge of Monsieur Vivaudou—"the world's greatest beauty scientist"—you but follow the lead of those clever, well-groomed women of Paris, New York, and other world capitals who, at all times, look so youthful that no one dares guess their ages.

You should become acquainted with Vivaudou's beauty secrets at once. Ask for them at the toilet counters in the department stores—and in the best drug stores. All the sales people know them well—and recommend them highly.

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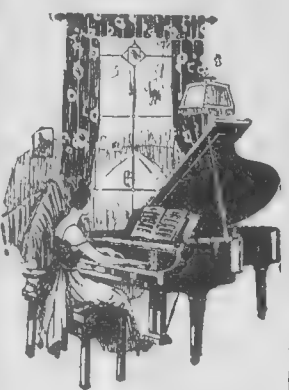
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MUSIC AND THE HOME

The Value of the Organ in the Picture Theatre

THE organ in the motion picture theatre has come to stay. In the future it will play an integral part in musical programmes in picture houses and even in theatres where legitimate attractions are staged. Of course it will never supplant the orchestra, but it will have its place among the musical features because the public has developed appreciation of it.

The organ in the modern theatre, and especially in the motion picture house, offers the musician who thoroughly understands it an opportunity that no other instrument can equal, for from it he can draw musical coloring that will fit every situation. The organ can supply very fine shadings and it will give the tempo and even the musical tints that are so essential to the successful presentation of a picture.

The competent motion picture organist always secures his best results without premeditation. He uses very little manuscript and usually builds up his organ accompaniment for a picture by observing every scene and then providing his own musical setting. He does not, moreover, use stereotyped programmes made up of excerpts from various numbers suitable for specified scenes and strung together. Neither does he use cue music written expressly for picture playing. In a word, he improvises.

In playing for motion pictures one is largely governed by public taste. The movie organist must always study the audience. To play for pictures successfully a musician must know something about the emotions of men and women, their sense of humor and the things that stir them. To interpret pictures properly from a musical standpoint a musician must feel them.

Mother Organizes Boys' Orchestra to Counteract Misuse of Leisure

From an Address by Mrs. J. A. C. Hogan

THE value of music as a means of improving the mind is now beginning to be realized. Music has the same mind-training value as Latin, Greek and the higher forms of mathematics, with the added advantage that it can be taught in the lower grades and need not be discarded when the student has completed his education.

Authorities have gone far into the comparison of the absolute mental concentration required in the study of mathematics and of musical art, and the consensus of opinion seems to be in favor of music in about the ratio of 3 to 1. That is, one hour of intensive application in the study of music is equal to three hours (some authorities place it as high as four hours) of intensive application in calculus or higher mathematics.

This does not apply to the mere playing for amusement or in a perfunctory way, but to real reconstructive mechanical and artistic work such as would be required in the study of solos or etudes upon the piano, violin, etc., or in orchestral or band organizations, when studying works by eminent composers.

In such musical application certain rules must be carried out and followed, the same order of application, the same creative power and creative ideas exercised which are used in the study of higher mathematics.

The foregoing facts are illuminating, but it is as a mother and a club woman rather than as a musician that I wish to make my chief plea for full academic credit for orchestral work in our public schools.

For six years, beginning with pupils in the seventh and eighth grades, I have carried on an experiment in orchestral work in our schools. The original orchestra was formed as a possible solution of the problem, "How should we mothers use or occupy our boys' time during vacation, when the sole available form of amusement seemed to be 'movies' or baseball?"

Enthusiasm was manifested from the first, and it was soon proven that a hidden chord in boy nature was touched by giving him an instrument to blow, a violin to play or a drum to beat—some instrument with which to work off the surplus energy of the adolescent period and at the same time produce beautiful harmonies in concert.

By fall, when school opened, interest had increased to such an extent that the boys did not want to drop their orchestral work. But here was where the mothers met their first difficulty. The principal of the school was afraid that outside music would take too much time from the children's studies.

Finally an agreement was reached by which the children were allowed to give their orchestra a trial until Christmas, provided their school average did not fall below 85 per cent. to 95 per cent. In addition, the teachers reported that the orchestra members had improved greatly in mental alertness, that they apparently thought more clearly, were more courteous and showed greater power of concentration. Ever since the first try-out the orchestra has had the heartiest co-operation of the local board of education, the principals and teachers, with school credits for this musical study to all pupils taking part in it. Also the support of our Chamber of Commerce, Rotary Club, women's clubs, the parents, and of the town.

The first orchestra proved so successful that a junior orchestra was formed, composed of younger pupils. Both orchestras are still playing.



High River Petunias

Advent of Player Piano, Phonograph and Radio has Helped Music Teachers Not Hurt Them

WHEN the phonograph and player piano came into existence and began to make friends with the public, there were those music teachers who said there would be a falling-off of music students. Their dictum was wrong. There are a far greater number of successful music teachers in the world today than when the sound-reproducing instruments first came. In other words, the player-piano and phonograph have helped the cause of the music teacher.

Now a few doubting Thomases are concerned about the radio craze. This is totally unnecessary. Radio has torn down the walls of the concert hall and admitted the masses. The pianist can play to a hundred thousand now, instead of to five thousand. Every time he plays there are hundreds listening who would like to own an instrument like his, like to play as well, and eventually will employ teachers to teach them.

In fact, the player piano, phonograph and radio are important spokes in the wheel of our present great musical prosperity.

True to Life

Photographer (to young man)—It will make a better picture if you put your hand on your father's shoulder.

Father—H'm! It would make a more natural picture if he put his hand into my pocket.

Good Hunting

A young Swede appeared at the county judge's office, says "Everybody's Magazine," and asked for a license.

"What kind of a license?" asked the judge. "A hunting license?"

"No," was the answer. "Aye tank Aye bane hunting long enough. Aye want marriage license."

Rural Strategy

An English cyclist was peddling through mud and falling rain when he spied a figure walking toward him through the twilight. He sprang off his machine, says "Answers," and asked the native how far it was to the village of Poppleton.

"Just ten miles the other way, sir," was the reply.

"The other way!" exclaimed the cyclist. "But the last signpost I passed said it was in this direction."

"Ah," said the native, with a knowing grin, "but, you see, we turned that their post round so as to fog those 'ere Zeppylings!"

MORMON TEMPLE

Continued from page 37

The Baptismal room contains the huge font of marble, supported on 12 carved oxen, life size, the work of the sculptor, Canapas, of Salt Lake City. The twelve pillars, three in each corner, are emblematic of the twelve tribes of Israel. The pictures are typical of their setting—Moses leading Israel, The Baptism of Christ and Divine Authority restored, while the decorations of gold and rare inlaid woods impress the dignity and solemnity of the place.

The Creation room where the ladies sit on one side and the men on the other, is in soft oak tones, inlaid with 27 different kinds of wood, including ebony and rosewood. The paintings depict the story of the six days old creation and after the story is told in its proper setting, the audience retire to "The Garden of Eden" room where the pictures in pastelle tones are all of peace and beauty, nature at its best. The artist depicted a September morn with all the verdure and glory of mellow autumn. Bird's eye maple in natural wood tones blends into the pictures.

Walnut, in rich tones, is used in the next room where there is depicted the condition of the world after the fall of man when war and strife came upon Eden and the animals turned against each other. Local scenery is used as the background—the "Old Chief" of Glacier and scenes on the Belly River, are interwoven.

All the richness of woods, paintings, tapestries, carpets, reach a climax in the Terrestrial room, depicting life after death. One is permeated with atmosphere here, as it is emblematic of Heaven. The ceremony of this room is short and impressive. Mahogany from South Africa with rare inlays, is the basic decoration with Utah onyx around the floors. The offices are adjacent to this room where rare circassian walnut pannelled walls, rich, blue carpets and rare furniture impress the dignity of office.

The Mormon policy of expansion led a small band of ten families to leave Utah about 30 years ago, under the leadership of an experienced pioneer, Joseph Card who still resides in Cardston. Some fifteen miles from the international Boundary, this advance guard staked out their prairie homes in Canada, the first farmers to invade what had hitherto been regarded as only a stockmen's paradise. There are now several thousand Mormons in Canada and a number of thriving centres.

Joseph Card is a son-in-law of Brigham Young and an ex-president of this Canadian State of Zion. The church is divided into a number of districts, called "Stakes" and J. E. Wood is president of the Cardston "stakes."

A majority of the "saints" live in village communities for the sake of the social life and educational and religious privileges for church and school constitute an important part in the ceremony of the sect. The Cardston school, a handsome brick building, vine-covered and set in lovely gardens, would be a pride in any centre.

Patricia, the Second

By Lydia Hammersmith Heath

PATRICIA, the first, had just reached that appalling meridian of wholly engrossed motherhood, when the dread consciousness that Patricia, the second, had slipped suddenly from babyhood into a really very much grown up young lady of eighteen years, was abruptly thrust upon her by a very charming and very much elated girlish voice over the telephone confiding that "John would be over to dinner, and please to use grandmother Dawson's sprigged Dresden china, and that she and John had had 'the wonderfulest day' at Scenic Park where there weren't many people, and the flowers and the artificial lake were simply heavenly, and she had the 'wonderfulest secret' to tell her, she was so happy, she could hardly wait till she got home, it was for her ears, the first, even before her bestest friend should know. She knew mumsie'd be delighted—John was such a dear! He was just going to do the biggest things—maybe go to Congress some day or run a cannery—it really didn't matter—they were so deliciously happy." The girlish confidences had ended with a "Put on your very best frills, mother dear, because John—" but here the laughing voice had trailed off into some bantering retort of John's. With bated breath and fast beating heart, she heard their joint laughter followed by the metallic click of the receiver.

Patricia, the first, became a huddled heap in the old rocker that had been her wedding gift. Times untold she had rocked the tiny babe to dreamland in its comfortable embrace. With a great sob those days of enchantment stalked before her. Somehow it had never occurred to her that her day of sacrifice might needs come when the tiny dependent bundle in her arms that clung so fearfully to her breast might some day flee of its own accord.

Patricia, the first, crept like an old woman to the dainty blue and white bed chamber that had always been hers and Patricia, the second's. In one corner stood the tiny crib with its dainty coverlet of snowy embroidered linen, and against the beruffled pillow, reposed the ragged stuffed doll that had been the child's most cherished toy.

Patricia, the mother, gave a little gasping sob as her arms stretched out to the ghost of a yesterday that now was but the phantom of something that had been. In the mirror above the dressing table, the face that looked back at her was old and worn. A great horror stood out from the gentle hazel eyes. Deep furrows lined the sensitive mouth. With a cry as though an anchor had suddenly shot out from the engulfing waters that enveloped her, she took from the dressing-table—where it had stood since he had been taken from them years ago, and the burden of a great responsibility had been hers to shoulder alone—the likeness of her John, the babe's father. Passionately she pressed it with a great convulsive sob to her heaving breast, longing as never before for the shelter of his arms to which she might flee. Never before had it crowded on her so—what it would mean with Patricia, the second, away—Patricia in a home of her own—the coming of night with Patricia gone, with no goodnight kiss and soft arms about her.

She chafed rebelliously against an unjust fate that would rob her and leave her alone. All her life she had lived for her, the babe of her heart's love, twice precious because it was all she had, because her eyes blue as a summer sky, were John's, because the mouth tender with a certain firmness reminded her of the will of her John when he had swayed her youthful wilfulness to her sterner sense.

Back of a mist of unshed tears her blurred vision saw in the clean-cut features of the picture in her hand the

Patricia who had chosen someone else in place of her.

The little garments with the pains-taking stitches looked back at her from lavender scented drawers where she had carefully laid them, that time might not mar their immaculateness. Here and there, she fingered them lovingly with a pitious reverence as though some priceless gem had suddenly withered and in its place the ashes of a yesterday that had gone.

On the walls Patricia, the second, smiled back at her in different stages of babyhood to idealistic, laughing girlhood.

Seeking, yet not knowing exactly what, her fingers fumbled on. Keepsakes, relics of her own girl-days, peeped out of old boxes, pressed blossoms that brought back John and the scent of clover fields, fell from between yellowed leaves. Again she was sixteen and John was twining buttercup wreaths to crown her queen. Recollections brought with it smiles and the scent of roses when John had taken her away to their new home and mother smilingly had kissed her and wished her God-speed. It was the first time her thought had reverted to her own mother. It came to her with something of a shock. Mother—it was universal after all—the mother lore, old as the hills like love, and yet ever new—its joys, its sorrows, the same yesterday and today.

For the first time what her mother might have felt at their parting on that day when with her hand in his she had followed John to their own little home, swept her consciousness. It had never occurred to her before that she too might have cared and yet she was sure she must have, and how it would have spoiled hers and John's untouched joy had they known. How brave mothers were after all! She paused to dash away a tear that slid down the point of her nose and splashed to her folded hands.

With a sudden longing for the closer contact of the mother comfort that seemed to draw her closer and closer, her hands trembled in search of tokens long hidden away to bury by their absence the sorrow of the inevitable that had been hers—as comes to us all—in the giving up of the little mother long since at rest.

An old journal yellowed with years opened before her, and her own name in the cherished familiar hieroglyphics was well sprinkled upon the page. She read, "It was a happy day when you came to me, my cherished Patricia. Heaven seemed to have opened a canopy over my head, and angel hands carried you on a bed of wondrous flowers and laid you at my side. It was the closest I expect to come to heaven till I meet my mother. You were the only babe in the neighborhood. I was the favored one, and the rest were your aunts. It was like the arrival of a princess to her own." She comes—Patricia—was the word that ran the circle, and mother—your grandmother—dried her tears.

Mothers always cry those times, dear—you see, they've been there. They all did their bit to spoil you. There was Mrs. Van Worth. She'd had a child and lost it. She brought the loveliest baptismal robe, all lace and silk, and a tiny diamond. She's earned it all, bless her heart. Then Mrs. Warren would mother you, and Mrs. Farrel—she hadn't any and the mother love showed in her face as she bent and touched your dimpled baby hands and laid some dainty robes done in stitches so fine you couldn't see them. Then grandma! Oh, how she fluttered over you and called you her princess, and washed such heaps of snowy clothes each day. Father had just died, and I've often thought it filled the emptiness in her heart. "I never enjoyed

Continued on page 41

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Victoria's Crown of Gold

By Donald A. Fraser

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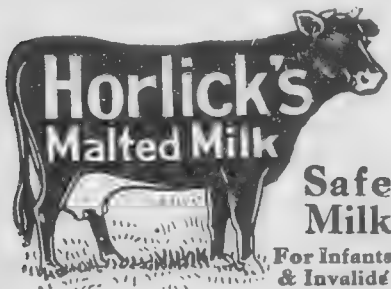
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EVERY year in the month of May, the city of Victoria, the charming capital of our Pacific Province, is coronated by Mother Nature with a crown of living gold. It is then that the humble, dark-green, prosy-looking broom plant bursts forth into a marvel of aureate radiance, which, if its species be at all common in the neighborhood, charms all the landscape into a golden dream. One would think that King Midas, famed of old for his golden touch, had run riot in the region, turning with the frenzy of his magic fingers, all the mazy masses of this most dull and commonplace of shrubs into bushes blazing with the dazzling yellow lustre of fairy wealth. Here indeed is the Sinai bush that burns, but is not consumed. Like Moses, the beholder would fain cast off his shoes and stand in awe, for verily the Great and Mighty Creator is showing forth a wonder, and the place whereon he stands is holy ground!

In all sections of the city of Victoria, and for many square miles in its environs, the broom plant is ubiquitous. No part of the North American continent, other than this southern extremity of Vancouver Island, possesses such a quantity of it. If one motors along the country roads in May or early June, its glowing fires can be seen on every hand. In some places its golden billows roll over areas acres in extent, and in others, single bushes send up a solitary flame that stands out with great vividness against the dark-green background of other foliage. In the Sooke district, about twenty miles southwest of the city, where the plant got its first start on the island, it runs back on the hills for miles, and if one ascends a mountain in that locality, its bright blossoms can be seen in great masses on almost every hillside, or winding in gleaming golden veins among the gloomy green of the Douglas firs in the valleys.

In the city itself its chief habitat is Beacon Hill Park. All around and over the hill are great clumps of this plant, and here, probably, the most charming views of it can be had. On a fine day, (and the weather is usually superb at that time) the huge, wide-spread masses of brilliant yellow broom flowers in the foreground, standing out against the blue background furnished by the waters of the Juan de Fuca Straits, the Olympic Mountains, and the eternal sky, form with them a study in blue and gold that cannot fail to arrest the attention of even the most ordinary of every-day mortals; while the more gifted of soul pass into ecstasies of delight. Verily it is a vision of Nature's artistry, that once beheld can never be forgotten. It is Victoria's chief attraction at this season, and many travellers time their trips so as to be in Victoria, "When the broom bush fires the hill with blazing gold."

The broom plant is not a native of Vancouver Island. It was imported into the country from Scotland somewhere about 1850, and the manner of its advent was on this wise.

About seventy-five years ago, in Scotland, a young captain of the Scots Greys named William Grant lost his fortune in a bank failure. His money gone, he could not hope to maintain his position in the army, so he decided to emigrate to Vancouver Island, which at that time was the property of the Hudson's Bay Company. Before leaving England he got permission from the Company to take up land in any part of the island not already appropriated. Taking with him eight men, he went by way of Mexico, and arrived in Victoria in 1849. After looking around, he decided to locate in Sooke. Here he took up quite a large tract of land, and started farming, by this adventure becoming the first bona fide farmer of British Columbia, that is, the first independent settler having no connection with the Great Company. He called his place Achaineach, which is said to be Gaelic for

Ravensfield. After some two years' residence at Sooke, he went on a visit to the Sandwich Islands, and while there, the British Consul, a Mr. Wylie, gave him some pods of broom seed which he had just received from Scotland. On his return to Sooke, he planted the seeds before his little cottage, and eventually three plants appeared. The California Gold Excitement broke out, and in 1853 Grant caught it, and set off for the southern mines. Luck was against him, however, and he returned to Sooke to sell his place and try again. He succeeded in disposing of it to the Muir Family, who had come out to do coal mining for the Company, but had left its service, and wished to go farming. Then Grant left again for San Francisco. While there, he was offered a position in the Mexican army, and was about to accept, when the Crimean war broke out, and he decided to return to the Old Country and enlist. He fought all through the war, but contracted a fever towards its close, from the effects of which he never fully recovered, and

resemble clover leaves, while the flowers resemble the pea in size and shape. They are of brilliant golden yellow color in the common variety, but another species has a dash of red in it; and there is a white-flowered broom, also. The perfume is faint, and rather heavy, suggestive of hay or dried clover. People with hay fever do not love it at all. The seeds are like small flattened sweet peas, and the pods when ripe, split suddenly, and curl up spirally, scattering the seed in all directions. It is these hard little seeds that give the plant its character of a pest, for they seem to lie dormant in the ground for years after the mother plant has been destroyed; some springing up each time the ground is plowed.

The broom has not been put to much practical use in this country. It is possessed of medicinal properties; infusions of its leaves and twigs being supposed to be beneficial in dropsical cases. The wood of the larger specimens is used in cabinet work. It is as a cover for game that it proves most useful. In the autumn its scattering seeds



A Broom Bush in Victoria

he died some few years after peace was declared.

When the Muir Family took possession of the Sooke farm, there were the three little broom bushes in front of the cottage at Springside, as the Muirs now called the farm. The male members of the family voted for their destruction, as they feared the plant might grow to be a pest, but Mother Muir coaxed them to leave the bushes alone, saying they would serve to remind them of Bonnie Scotland their old homeland. This was done, and the result is what has been described. It has become something of a pest to the farmer, but it is a glorious delight to the artist and the tourist, to say nothing of the plain lovers of the beautiful things of nature.

People from the Old Country say that the broom flowers far more luxuriantly in Victoria than in its original home. Certainly no plant could blossom more freely. Bushes only a few inches high, and others displaying twelve or fifteen feet of growth, are covered from ground to tip with a glow of yellow fire.

Broom, or *Sarothamnus Scoparius*, as it is known to botanists, is a leguminous plant. It is a member of that large family that includes the Clover, Pea, Laburnum, etc. The branches are long and withy, and covered with a ridged green bark, that gives them a square appearance in section, and the whole bush, when not in flower, and even when leafless, has a sombre green color. The slender branches were used for making coarse brooms, so it is from this plant that our familiar domestic utensil gets its name. The leaves are small, and

attract birds of all kinds in large flocks.

But the great glory of the plant is the magic it works on the landscape in the month of May. Not only lavish of its treasure, the broom excels most plants in the duration of its favors. It continues in full flower for a month, giving the beholder plenty of time to drink in its beauties e'er they fade before the ardent suns of advancing summer.

Lament!

Dear Brother of her heart
There are no eyes to see
How that you mourn apart
Your broken minstrelsy;

You that were wont to bring
The wild things from the brake.
Now hush their rioting
As surely for her sake

The reeds your fingers bent
To music at a touch,—
Oh, but her feet are spent
From dancing over much!

Still in her garden grows
A blue forget-me-not,
And one September rose
September hath forgot!

Somewhere beneath the grass
The gods have laid her bed
The long, white winds that pass
Shall leave her comforted.

The wild birds stay their flight,—
Pan, may you learn of them,
Tune ye your pipes aright
To chant her requiem!

—Frances Beatrice Taylor.

PATRICIA, THE SECOND—Continued from page 38

you half so much, Jane," she used to say, "not but what I loved you dear," she'd add thinking I'd be hurt. "But I was so busy those days," and I knew it was because her arms were so empty now that you filled her heart so now. She needn't have apologized, just as if I didn't want them to love you best!"

There were records of the baptism, and how they had all been there, those who'd welcomed her, and mention of the old pastor's name who had married them, and afterwards christened her Patricia. Then followed dates of the worries of measles, and teething, and the day when in starched frock she had started proudly to school with mother tears at the first parting. "I began to realize I had lost my baby," it ran and then there was a lapse of years and her sixteenth birthday and John. The letters were uneven here as if an unsteady hand or tear had blinded the writer's hand to the lines upon the page.

"I see before me the inevitable," it ran, "as on the first day I so reluctantly unclasped your little fingers from my arms and bid you run to school. So now I bid you go to John, your heart's lover, and even as my own selfishness would feign hold you back both times, yet not for the world would I call you back, my cherished Patricia, my heart's love. To you shall come the joy of home, the love of motherhood, the greatest crown of all. It is a mother's portion, the giving of her life, her all and laying upon the altar her cherished lamb that the world might go on, and yet why should I grieve? You are still mine, my Patricia,—mine—mine—mine!"

In the hallway the old fashioned clock struck four. Patricia, the first, sprang

to her feet. "They will be here at five. I've only an hour to prepare to greet them," she announced to the face in the glass.

Reverently the things—mementoes of the past—were tucked away. Not even the scent of old lavender must cling so that Patricia the second might dare even to surmise.

As if the spirit of the little mother had stood beside her but a moment before, so she had gone down into the past—in coming back had been cleansed with the mother purpose. A new mother—Patricia, the first,—a Patricia that looked at oncoming wrinkles with grandmotherly indifference, fluffed her hair in the daintiest fashion and with exquisite care donned her best gown.

There was a rapid flinging open of the door, and a radiant Patricia, the second, was kissing her gaily with arms wound tight about her, and a secret—the sweetest on earth—was whispered in her ear. Crushing back with a mighty will the ache that would rise and refuse to be stilled, Patricia, the first, smiled bravely into the shining girl-face of Patricia, the second.

"God bless you in your new found joy, my dear child—you and your John," she cried out and then to hide the secret pain from happy girl eyes, hid her face in the shining hair and held her close.

"I'm so glad, best of motherkins—so glad," responded Patricia, the second, "and gladdest of all because you know, because you are happy with me—and—John."

And she knew it would come—the benediction that trails along the way of natural events, for already her thoughts were flying ahead in gratifying grandmotherly consolation.

DRUMS

AN ENGLISH RIVER SKETCH

ONE afternoon late in September three big freighters of the Hudson's Bay Company were sailing through the grassy narrows which gives its names to the Indian Reserve of Subsquikang on the English River at Indian Lake. On the left in the far distance a log house appeared, painted white, and with the usual steep roof of the region of heavy snows, sitting back from the shore of the island. The factor of the great Hudson's Bay Company, whose post this was, would reward them richly if they succeeded in getting the supplies to the dock and safely warehoused before the shower broke, which was rising rapidly in the northwest and already sending strong gusts of wind to lash the calm waters of the lake into sudden whitecaps. On the right, along the main shore of the East side of the lake, appeared a series of little, steep-roofed log houses, the hewn sides of which we could already distinguish, the summer homes of the Indians of the neighborhood, when they did not, as so frequently, prefer the tent and the teepee.

Tom and Ansel, my two guides, quickened their stroke as we paddled behind the freighters. We did not wish to stop at the "H.B.C." Post, nor yet at the Indian tent village, but rather to set up our own tent in some sheltered spot far enough away from both to be free from visits from the countless dogs, so useful in the winter but now a nuisance. We knew that we should have gone first to the village and obtained permission to camp from either the chief, if present, or in his absence from one of the councillors. However, the packers for the Company had told us that the Indians of this district welcomed visitors and we had a good excuse in the coming storm; so we decided to camp at the first suitable spot on the deserted East shore and obtain permission later. Tom turned the canoe inshore towards a little rocky point with no big timber but enough small birches to form some protection for the tent, and I gave myself up to enjoying the beauty of the scene as the sun in the

southwest fought the clouds. Possibly it would not rain much after all. As we came closer we could hear from around the point where the main tent village was placed a slow, measured beat of a drum, not mellow, but rivalling the thunder in its angry muttering. Was this due to some atmospheric condition, or did it signify something as to the nature of the occasion? My companions could not tell me, although brought up on an Indian Reserve farther south, a fitting introduction to life on the river.

White folk would have abandoned any festivities if camping in the open in the face of the coming shower. Not so the Indian. In the first place, the shower might pass over without ever reaching them. Then again, plenty of time to get the few things under cover when the rain actually started. The drum continued its measured beating and parties in canoes came and went about the distant point without apparent thought of the rain.

The freighters arrived at the little dock which appeared around a shelving rock and began to discharge their cargoes. Little gusts of rain caused us to hasten our work. A space for the tent was quickly cleared. Pegs were cut. Tom and Ansel moved busily about. They seemed hardly to notice the drum. "We would find out later what it was for." But every blow I struck on the tent pegs seemed to bring me a little closer to its muttering. I was eager to get our things under cover, have some supper, and find out what the drum was for.

The shower, which had seemed to me so threatening, passed with little rain. We had just prepared a supper of mallard boiled with wild rice when visitors began to appear, the first an old man, a short edition of Uncle Sam in his age, bowed a bit, with long goatee, and one of those low-crowned "dice-boxes" which one associates with the comic stage. Behind him walked his canoe boy, a young man who kept his distance and seated himself to one side

Continued on page 42



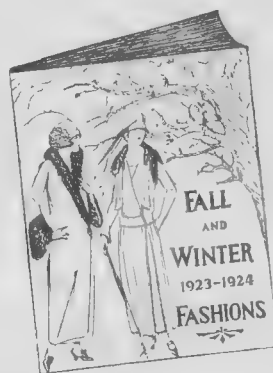
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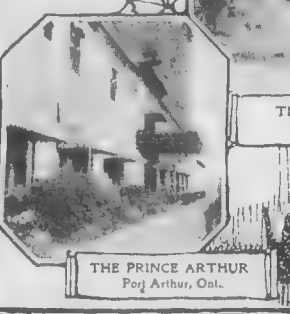
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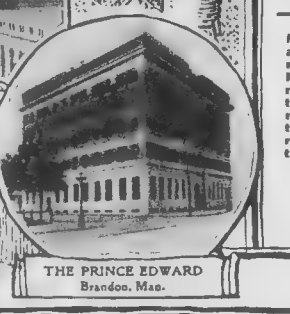
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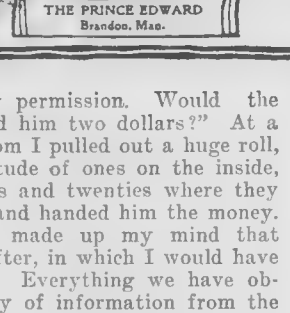
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MINAKI, ONT.	THE MINAKI INN	A	\$5.50 up	160	June 23 to Sept. 3
ORIENT BAY, ONT.	NIPIGON LODGE	A	\$4.00 up	40 Guests	June 15 to Sept. 15
GRAND BEACH, MAN.	GRAND BEACH HOTEL	A	\$4.50 up	50	June 23 to Sept. 3
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DRUMS

Continued from page 41

while Tom and Ansel were welcoming the old fellow.

The Indian wireless had preceded us from the track two days before. Were we government officials or possible traders? These are the only two types of white men the Indians of this region are familiar with. Tom explained that we were on a little tour of investigation. "to see what we could see." His totem? "The cariboo." The old fellow held out his hand. He was also a "cariboo" and welcomed the stranger and his friends. He sat down. Would we explain why we had not come first to camp to get permission before setting up our tent? Tom pointed to receding storm clouds and the old councillor laughed: they seldom had bad storms at this season on the river. Tom and Ansel both belonged to the Fort Frances Reserve and I, so dark-skinned by the summer's sun, was the only white man in the party. An American, a "Long Knife?" He would like to shake my hand. He had heard about us. He pulled out his pipe and looked at it lovingly. I offered my pouch. Tom had been for some years at Fort Alexander? Whom did he know there? What government officials? The chief inspector? Within a few minutes he had put Tom through a fairly exhaustive cross-examination.

In the meantime he had been furnished with plate and cup and was making worthy inroads upon our supper. Between bites: "The chief was absent from camp and did not amount to much anyway. He would be glad to give us

the necessary permission. Would the American lend him two dollars?" At a wink from Tom I pulled out a huge roll, with a multitude of ones on the inside, but some tens and twenties where they would show, and handed him the money. I had about made up my mind that he was a grafter, in which I would have been wrong. Everything we have obtained by way of information from the councillor so far has been worth while and valuable. He does expect small gifts from time to time; but do not his own people give them, and, above all, does not even the great government also specially remember him? As councillor, his duties are not unlike those of a lawyer discussing measures before the chief, the judge, at tribal gatherings; as chief medicine man his influence is more insidious and far more potent. So far as I have been able to observe it has been exerted uniformly in a good direction. Reports of his annual speeches at the time of the great medicine feast remind one of Christian sermons.

The young sternsman supped a little later. Tom and the old councillor continued their conversation, translating from time to time points Tom thought I might be interested in. Ansel busied himself with the dishes. Darkness fell. The sky had cleared. From the time we had landed the drum had continued to beat. Somehow it still seemed to have a sinister sound. Surely not a summons to a dance, I said to myself. One hesitates to ask questions or show curiosity about local customs, but I finally did ask Tom to find out just why the drum was beating. No favorable opportunity offered before another

canoe grated on the sand, and the councillor rose to go and leave the field free to the next comer. This proved to be a tall, broad-shouldered man of fifty, with a huge moustache which made him look like a Mexican bandit stepped out of the movies. He, also, on this visit of ceremony, had his sternsman along. The procedure remained the same: initial greetings; questions; invitation to supper and long conversation. It developed that Alec Cameron was also a medicine man and was now actively engaged in fighting an epidemic of whooping cough among the children, a rather hopeless task, where they all ran about together. The drum was beating for a medicine dance he was staging. He would use his own charms but did the white man have any medicine or charms with him? He knew that the white folk had many good medicines and he was not above using them when obtainable. The Post had exhausted its supply. I fetched out my little case and provided him with a supply of aspirin and camphorated oil and gave him what information was at my disposal as to procedure in treating paroxysms of the little patients. What to the white children is little more than a few days uncomfortable illness is to the Indian children a very serious matter indeed, as they have not established a degree of immunity which helps them fight this and similar illnesses. Their greatest strength comes from living in the fresh air; but like some flowers, they impress one as rather delicate and unable to endure very much. Alec did not explain the part played by the drum, whether it was simply used to call the people together, or whether it was a part

of the treatment. One often runs across traces of the use of the drum in the latter sense, as if the medicine man was using it to call on the Manitou to give his assistance. Tom could not tell me and hesitated to ask. In the early morning, when I awoke, the drum was still booming.

Some weeks later we passed through again; and again the drum was our welcome. This time the great medicine feast of the year was on: the famous Feast of the White Dog, sufficiently indicated by its name, to which Indians come from very considerable distances. This lasts a week after the close of the wild rice making and just before the departure of the families to their winter trapping grounds. In this many heathen elements appear and the presence of a white man at the ceremonies would surely be misunderstood, although anyone is welcome. I kept away. Ansel reported that most of the young men and women remained at so great a distance from the ceremonies that they could see nothing. This was that they might not be thought curious on the one hand, and because of a very real fear on the other. Outside of the medicine men no one enters the magic circle, which is "taboo" like similar circles among all primitive peoples.

In the middle of October, after we had made our permanent camp for the winter, a drum again. About us were gathered a half dozen cabins, forming quite a little settlement, and one of them was inhabited by a lone bachelor who delighted in the name of Charley Nightingale. We found out tonight the reason for the name. An Indian, for some curious reason, has to be paid to sing. The next morning all the men were coming to Tom's post to buy tobacco; while Charley on the other hand had a supply which lasted him over a week. This time the drum had a shrill, high note, and was a match for Charley's voice as it rose above the trees of the hill behind the settlement, where he had gone to sing a plaintive melody, high-pitched but sweet. This drum is a very little affair compared with the great medicine drum, thin like a watch, and a little larger than a plate. It is decorated with symbols in bright blue.

But Charley's was not the only drum in camp: Old William, a third medicine man, Alec's father-in-law, has his own drum hanging at a prominent place on the wall of his cabin. This drum is larger and looks very much like a snare drum. When the Indian summer was well advanced, Old William marked his happiness by beating his drum many a night and sometimes sang with Alec, who came for a visit, to join him. This drum is also, I think, used sometimes for their dances, although, when lacking a drum in any cabin, any pan will serve. Old William is very expert. He changes the speed on different occasions but maintains the frequency with marvellous exactitude.

In January Old William became ill for a short time and called his relatives together with the aid of the drum, gave them his last requests, and then used it further to call on the Manitou for aid. This seemed to fail and he sent for me, with my medicine kit. As it happened, all that troubled him was acute indigestion and I was soon able to bring him around. He remarked with a smile: the Manitou was not ready for him just yet. It might have been the white man's medicine, but he would be on the safe side and beat his drum for the Manitou again anyway.

Towards the end of the month he received from his son-in-law at Oak Lake a beautiful drum shaped like a flower-pot, made of a single piece of white pine and covered at either end with wonderful, white deerskin, exquisitely tanned. Old William was not quite satisfied with it and took it apart and hollowed it out a bit more. He would use it, he said, soon to announce the coming of the middle of the winter. He appears to think that he can tell by the sound of the drum when the time comes. The first trial did not suit him. He had beat it for a short time; the people had left their occupations and were collecting outside his cabin for the "feast" when he suddenly stopped and an-

Continued on page 43

Disappearance of Mystery Island of Pacific is Finally Confirmed

*Home of Prehistoric People was Swallowed up by Great Cataclysm.
Mystery of Easter Island, Partly Explained by Researches
of Two Recent Scientific Expeditions, which
Results are Here Related.*

By Francis Dickie

EVER since the disastrous Chilean earthquake of last November, reports have been reaching the outside world that Easter Island, that most mysterious dot on the Pacific, had been swallowed up in the upheaval. In March the captain of a French trading vessel reported he had sailed over the spot

Easter Island and the people who built them, a people not Polynesian like the present inhabitants, for the Polynesians are not adepts in carving stone.

The following story of the island, with some of very few photographs ever taken there, were obtained recently by your correspondent from one of the scientific gentlemen who had given many years to research work of the mystery of Easter Island. His story and that of another famous scientific worker, Professor MacMillan Brown, are here set

state so peculiar as to lead Professor Brown to his theory that the work came to an abrupt halt when the continent submerged all around.

By a remarkable coincidence, another private investigator, Frank Burnett, of Vancouver, Canada, engaged in searching for a proof of a lost continent theory at the same time, though both investigators were quite unknown to each other, was in South America comparing the stone images there in order to trace up belief that the people of South America



Great stone bust from Easter Island

where Easter Island ought to be. A second report to the same effect was given out from Australia a short time after, and another from Papeete, Tahiti. Now, what is apparently final and reliable confirmation has come that this famous mystery spot has disappeared beneath the waves with its 1200 inhabitants, just as countless centuries ago did the major portion of the "lost continent" of which Easter Island was once a part. The confirmation reached Vancouver, Canada by Cable from Melbourne Australia, on May 18th. at which point it was received by wireless from a steamer on the ground where Easter Island should be.

Easter Island was about fifty miles square in area. It was chiefly famous for the immense stone sculptures, the enormous stone platforms and houses facing the sea. The work of people of vast antiquity, a people who carved wondrous things in stone probably before the time of the great Egyptian civilization. No one knows exactly what happened to take off the first inhabitants of Easter Island, but they were probably killed or died of hunger in one of the great earthquakes of prehistoric times similar in nature to that of last November, which swallowed up the remainder of the mystery island.

Of striking interest, now the mysterious Island has disappeared, is the story of the recent research work done on the island and in South America by men endeavoring to arrive at some logical theory for the mighty images on



One of unfinished images on Easter Island carved by prehistoric race of civilized men, kindred, scientists claim, to ancient people of South America

forth as being of more than usual interest, particularly at this time when the Island has once more come into world prominence through disappearing.

Easter Island Mystery Solved

By cablegram from Sydney, Australia, word reached Canada, in August, 1922, that Professor MacMillan Brown, famous antipodean scientist has returned from extensive research work on Easter Island, where wonderful stone images have engaged scientific interest for 200 years. On his return Professor MacMillan Brown announced that all evidence gained from these images point to the existence in Pacific Ocean long ago of a great continent, which long ages ago submerged during a great cataclysm, except tiny spots left such as Easter Island and other groups to westward. This solves mystery which had occupied men since Roggevean discovered Easter Island on Easter Day, 1772. Easter Island is 2300 miles off the coast of Chili, and was 1500 miles from nearest habited land when discovered.

The Island is covered with great busts carved out of stone, and stone platforms. In a cave a remarkable wooden carving was also discovered. The images are all of grey lava. Many are in an unfinished

previous to Inca Empire were kindred with those who did work on Easter Island. He reached the outside world only shortly in advance of Professor MacMillan Brown, and expressed exactly the same conclusions in a book to be issued in a couple of months, that now come by cable from Professor Brown, in Australia. That this continent existed as part of or near to South America seems proved, say these scientists, by the images on Easter Island. That they were a very highly civilized prehistoric people seems undoubted, though living centuries previous to the splendors of the Inca Empire. For a great many years the theory of a "Lost Atlantis" has been the subject of many books. From the discoveries of Professor MacMillan Brown and Frank Burnett, it now seems undoubted that a continent at least existed in the Pacific Ocean.

A Little Mixed

The same young lady who was overheard to say that she did not believe in domestic science,—if she was sick she would have the doctor!—was again overheard the other day:

"Oh, these Catholics who hate the Protestants, and these Protestants who hate the Catholics! I call it bigamy."

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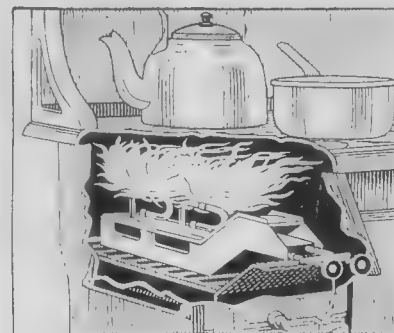
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DRUMS

Continued from page 42

nounced that the middle of the winter was not yet. This was on the 29th of the month. On the night of the 30th he tested the drum again, and then began to beat it vigorously. The middle of the winter had arrived. No feast in our sense of the word. The people either gathered about outside in the cold or went into the cabin. Old William lay on his skins and blankets and beat carefully and continuously. Alec, as another medicine man, was present and would have to remain awake to relieve him if he faltered. Just what would happen in that awful case, one cannot say. No doubt old William would look on it as a great catastrophe and expect the winter to be longer because of it. At times, I am told, the old wife gave him a sup of tea or a bit of bread. An all-night session is required and all night the old man lay in his blankets beating with feeble hand the beautiful drum. Its note was a thin, high tinkle, if one may use the phrase of a drum. It penetrated very clearly in the stillness of the night through the cabin walls. Gradually those not concerned in assisting the old man went home to sleep. Alec and the old wife remained awake. The candle was permitted to die out and no new one was lighted;

the fire in the stove likewise. At midnight through my open window I could still hear the steady tinkle. On timing it I found that it ran about eighty times a minute, with astonishing regularity. At seven in the morning I timed it again: still eighty times a minute. Alec reported the night's occurrences and over a cup of coffee said, "One may safely predict that the expensive violin and gramophone, and the less expensive harmonica will not oust Indian's pleasures today. But they have the drum. All have their place in the plan either a use in religious ceremonies or in medicine dances. The drum, made as it is from materials near at hand, will last as long as the Indian."

Opportunities

WILL the girls who have won prizes at the boys and girls fairs during the past year write us of their experience? Just now there is a growing interest in the care of stock among our girls. This is a work worth while in Western Canada and letters of experience might help others in the country. There are girls who have developed in this way a love for farm life. Others need this information. It would prevent many young girls from going to the city to seek real life as they hope, but who often find only Faint Perfume as Zona Gale says.

I knew a girl one time who took a calf that her father neglected. He was sure

it would not live. She fed it and cared for it until it grew to be a healthy animal. Then her father sold it and kept the money she had worked so hard to earn. (She had planned to buy a winter coat with it.)

But he could not keep the interest and admiration she had developed for animals. Fathers do not do that today. They encourage their girls because there are boys and girls fairs where prizes are offered. Agricultural Colleges encourage boys and girls to get the very best out of farm life.

The girl in this story was a girl of thirty-five years ago when Agricultural Colleges did not value as they do now the girl's work on the farm and her power in the community.

Besides the actual remuneration that comes from the commercial reward of the stock-raising interest, I wonder if among our girls there will come an artist who like Rosa Bonheur of France studied the animals because she loved them for their beauty till it brought fame and honors to herself, her family and her country.

Born in poverty she took long walks on foot to the farms in the country. She would take a piece of bread in her pocket and generally forget to eat it. After painting all day she would come home tired, often drenched with rain and her shoes covered with mud. In the outskirts of Paris she would go to the slaughter pens to study the animals.

Though obliged to mingle with drovers and butchers no indignity was ever offered her. As she sat on a bundle of hay with colors about her, they would crowd around to look at her pictures and regard her with pride and respect. Men soon learn whether a girl is sincere and womanly and treat her accordingly.

Her love for animals made her one of the world's great artists.

I shall never forget the sensation I felt when I saw her "Horse Fair" at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

For the moment I stepped back—so natural were the horses that I felt they would prance out of the picture.

Perhaps in Western Canada a girl artist may paint animals that shall bring fame to her country. Who knows? Of this one thing I am sure—there is talent and there is opportunity here.

The countless stars which gleam athwart the sky,

Speak of Thine eyes which sleep not day nor night;

While at my feet the earth-born flowers reply,

We live our lowly lives within God's sight.

Grant me, dear Lord, to scan Thy works, until

My heart their soothing ministry doth own.

What though Thy might the flesh with awe instil?

The spirit yearns to Thine all-gracious throne.

We have an insight into a secret of the strength of the Icelandic character in the final verse of the song—"Labourers in the Vineyard:"

At night the Lord His workmen

Himself doth homeward lead:

Each wins the self-same wages,

Eternal life the need.

God! 'Tis Thy gift, not our reward!

All merit flows from Christ the Lord.

The Voices of Creation

By Valdimar Briem

How glorious is God's greatness!

How marvellous God's might!

To this the world bears witness

In wonders day and night;

In form of flower and snowflake,

In morn's resplendent birth,

In afterglow at even,

In sky and sea and earth!

Each tiny floweret whispers

The great Life-giver's name;

The mighty mountain masses

His majesty proclaim;

The hollow vales are hymning

God's shelter for His own;

The snow-capped peaks are pointing

To God's almighty throne.

The ocean's vast abysses

In our grand psalm record

The deep mysterious counsels

And mercy of the Lord.

The ice-cold waves of winter

Are thundering on the strand,

E'en grief's chill stream is guided

By God's all-gracious hand

The starry hosts are singing,

Through all the light-strewn sky,

Of God's eternal Temple

And Palace-courts on high.

When, in these outer chambers,

Such glory gilds the gloom,

What the transcendent brightness

Of God's own Presence Room!

God's Book of Nature

This wondrous world, my God, a book I deem,

Wherein the author's heavenly glories shine:

The petals of the wayside flowers meseem

Its pages, pencilled o'er by hand divine.

The sun that soars above the eastern deep

Toward the realms celestial beckoneth me;

The glowing orb, which westering sinks to sleep,

Tells of eternal rest and peace with Thee.

Within my breast fair spring's life-laden wind

Kindles new hope in Thine abounding grace;

The gathering gloom of autumn bids me find

Within Thy sheltering arms my hiding place.

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A Brief Description

Crochecraft is a 112-page book of 414 complete original designs. The book is substantially bound and printed in blue on white paper. Pages measure 9x10 inches. Each design stands out clearly and distinctly, showing every minute detail to best advantage.



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The Picot Insertion	Baby Lace
Fairy Insertion	Leaf Edging
Doilies	Marguerite Lace
Spider Web	Bridge Edging
Sunflower	Flower Edging
The Alisa	Clover Leaf
Ring	Rosette
Square Doily in	Naples Edging
Filet Crochet	The Wheel and Sham-
The Starfish	rock Edging
Hexagon Doily in	The Pilgrim Pattern
Filet Crochet	The Pinner Lace
The Presto	Cornflower Edging
The Roman	Spartan Edging
The Anemone Design	Thistle Lace
The Daisy Design	Borders and Corners
The Pearl Doily	Star Border
The Star Fish Doily	Snowflake Corner
The Seaweed Doily	The Silkeborg
The Lucia Doily	Cyrol Border and
The Rose Spray Doily	Corner
Yokes	The Flimsy Corner and
Early Blouse Yoke	Border
The Olivia Nightdress	Dutchess Corner and
Yoke	Border
The Karina Camisole	Goose Girl Lace and
Yoke	Corner
The Malvern Yoke	The Strathmore Border
The Fedora Camisole	and Corner
Yoke	Clover Lace and Corner
The Floral Pattern	The Everest Border
Chemise	and Corner
Yokes	The Grapevine Corner
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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

COLOR is POWER

Almost unaided, it can solve any problem of House Decoration

By Sylvia Sims

THERE has probably been no time in the history of color, at which it has been given quite the pre-eminence it is enjoying in our day. The painters of old knew all the subtleties of color, and passed down to us the glorious results of that knowledge. Architects, too, those artist builders of the great cathedrals—appreciated the effects they could gain by wonderful adaptation of color to their general purpose. Dyers, dressmakers—a host of people in various walks of life—have made excellent use of color, in their own way and in their own period. But never has color been so universally important, never has so high a value been placed upon it, as in the present period.

And in no one use is so much dependence placed upon color as in house decoration.

What of the colorful clothes of today, you say? Their delightful hues constitute, of course, no small part of their charm; but texture, too, is important and probably more than either, line and cut mark the success of a garment.

The stage, then? Yes, of course, color is tremendously important in certain types of theatrical products and, as a matter of fact, the stage has been one of the factors in the development of a very wide appreciation of certain types of color effect and the uses to which they may be put. Such a product as the *Chauvre Souris*, for instance, is an eye-opener in its dramatic and glorious use of strong color. But color is only one of a number of vital considerations in successful pageantry.

But I have seen many a room, in recent years, in which the clever use of color was the sole claim to loveliness; and they were lovely.

IN the furnishing and beautifying of our homes, fabric can help us a great deal. It is delightful to buy for our drapes and upholsteries, rich or handsome or extraordinarily dainty materials. It is true, too, that the finest tones, the most exquisite shades, of the various colors do not come in the cheaper goods—we must buy higher grade materials to get some of them. But if that isn't possible, let me emphasize this: we can have successful color schemes without them.

Good furniture, too, may lend so much distinction to a room. There is something so satisfying in a table or a chair which has lines that are truly beautiful. But I have seen a thoroughly successful living room that did not contain one piece of furniture made of the finer woods; not a piece which had not weathered the changing fortunes of a large and active family; not an article of any intrinsic value in the room—yet that living room stands out in my mind as one of remarkable comfort and most delightful effectiveness. And it was all due to the very clever use of simple fabrics, fine in color though common in weave; of paint and enamel, applied by the amateur's brush (but there was careful planning and considerable art mixed with the paint); and a fine sense of the suitability of the furniture used—each piece was there because it had something definite to contribute which that particular family could enjoy.

It is impossible to resist giving such details of this room as I remember. The house itself was new; some day much of its furnishings would be renewed. Meantime, to make the best of what was available:

THE unpapered walls were treated to a coat of flat grey tint—not the hard, cold blue-grey, but that warmer shade which combines so sympathetically with richer colorings. These water paints are easy for the amateur to

apply, if he follows the instructions given by all the manufacturers and gives his walls the necessary preparatory coat. (They can also be very successfully applied to a papered wall which needs renewing, if the paper is quite unbroken and first thoroughly sized.)

The woodwork was painted a grey just the merest trifle deeper than the walls. This was done to increase the apparent size of the room, which the owner knew would give an impression of greater space if there were no actual break in the color line.

When a census was taken of the available furniture, it was decided to use a favorite Morris chair—still comfortable, though its leather cushions were sadly scuffed and its oak finish marred in many places; two overstuffed arm chairs, one of them the old-fashioned, platform rocker; two dark "mission-finish" chairs with rush seats; a quaint—though shabby—footstool of the "hour-glass" type, caught in around the middle with a buckled, leather strap; two tables—one a plain walnut table of fairly generous size, with a middle drawer—admirable for a writing table. The other, a small table, rather high, with straight legs and top some twelve or fourteen inches square. The legs of this table we cut down, so that it would be just the right height to reach the arm of a big chair. And finally, there was a carpet, light rose in color, somewhat faded and much the worse for wear in spots, though good in other places where it had been out of the too-literally beaten path.

It was a joy in one of the deep, comfortable chairs and, looking about the delightful room, trace back this and that attractive piece to the humble origin my friend claimed for them.

For humility was far from the finished product!

Pride might well have inflated the arm chairs to Chesterfieldian proportions, and elevated the trim elbow-table to the ranks of a lordly console!

TO sketch the transformation: paint, my hostess had decided, would heal the scars of the little table, the battered Morris chair, the fat ball feet and platform rocker of the old, drawing-room, upholstered chairs and even the walnut table—"Because," said their owner, "I had decided on black paint, and didn't like the idea of a single brown piece; and the paint can always come off when I want to return to the walnut finish."

All the old surfaces—variously stained and varnished—were treated with a preparation to remove the finish and thoroughly sandpapered. Then two coats of flat black paint were applied, with a final one of enamel. The sandpapering had pretty well smoothed out bumps and bruises, and the jetty surface was smooth and finished looking. The black, since sombreness was averted by the brilliance of the enamel, was smart in the extreme.

Blue—a slightly softened Dutch blue, —was chosen as the dominant color. The two overstuffed chairs and the shabby leather cushions of the now shiny-black Morris chair, were covered in a good, stout quality of ordinary cotton corduroy. It is very durable material, and makes a very good effect. The old carpet was recut, the good parts salvaged to make two fair sized rugs, dyed blue (at a cost of about \$4.00), and edged at the ends with blue and black fringe bought from an upholsterer for less than a dollar. The hour-glass footstool was covered with black plush, the buckle being transferred to a belt of the plush. It was an enchanting bit.

SO far, so good. But such a room lacks life. Grey and blue, thus assorted, are characterless. What was needed?



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A note of animation, a deep, warm note in winter, or a clear, sweet note of rest and tranquility in summer.

Both were achieved in this wise: the keen, bright October sunshine and the glory of the Autumn foliage, then at its most generous best, may have been the inspiration; in any event, orange—a warm, pulsing, heartening orange—with a little of the softness of tangerine—was chosen to complete the colour scheme. For side drapes, the colour was only obtainable in an elaborate, high-priced silk goods, so the energetic home-decorator followed a tip long pigeon-holed, purchased unbleached sheeting, yard wide, some dye of the desired colour, and very successfully dyed her drapes herself. The winter sunshine had left their hue quite unchanged when I saw them in March—just when plans were under way to supersede them!

These curtains were hung on a separate rod, so that they might be drawn between the cosy hearth-side and the winter blizzard. A simple hemmed ruffle, mounted with a heading, was tacked to a length of scantling and put in place as a valance—above the curtain rod, and in no wise interfering with it. Temporary curtains of hemmed cheesecloth had done valiant duty for the first season, but were about to be transferred to some other habitat, to be replaced by curtains of scrim with wide bands of crochet inserted—a grateful offering made to the room during the winter evenings it had made so satisfying.

Lamp shades, too, had been fashioned early in the season; over wire frames, thin orange silk had been mounted smoothly, and over that, a jolly, patterned silk, in blues and greens and yellows, the whole finished with guimpe and fringe (after a manner which we intend to detail for you fully, next month).

Blue pottery candlesticks held orange candles—five cent ones which were bought by the dozen and cheerfully

burned. Two blue bowls held flowers or blooming plants—and were at their best when the blossoms were marigolds.

To a quaint old corner what-not (which more people would scorn than could be found to love it!)—odd bits of blue and yellow and orange pottery, china and glass, found their way.

JUST two lacks, the triumphant family declared. A Chesterfield—how that softly-cushioned couch of ease has won its way into our modern affections—and a home for the family's books.

The latter wasn't too difficult; a set of shelves was located in a second-hand furniture shop. It was entirely unadorned, so left nothing to be undone but its dilapidated coat of varnish. This was removed and the same black paint and enamel smartened the old book case, which looked really handsome when the soft-hued books settled down upon its shelves in the homiest way.

But the chesterfield! There was no money for new furniture, just after the new home had been achieved! The very next purchase, it would be, but meantime—

Meantime, an old cot-bed came to memory; the rung kind, with head, foot and two sides of the same height. It was the best part of six feet long, had a spring and mattress—

In the shortest possible time, that cot-bed was in the cellar, being denuded of its scarred finish, to come forth bravely black, too, and with one side gone, a blue corduroy cover for the mattress, some big, puffy cushions of black, with gold tassels, a couple covered with brilliant tangerine voile—and the most fascinating of make-shifts drifted right into the middle of the family life and confidence.

Each summer sees the banishment of all the warm orange furnishings except the lamp shades. Over these, hemstitched squares of apple-green voile are dropped. An apple-green chambray valance—no

Continued on page 47



WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



A Thing Devoutly to be Desired

There is stainless steel. Why doesn't somebody invent rustless wheat?—Medicine Hat News.

Screen Item

The screen drawing the biggest crowds now is the fly screen.—Lloydminster Times.

France

The great need of France is less politics and more twins.—Journal of Commerce.

But Not the Right Mixture

Mixed farming: Mixing wheat and sow thistles.—Saskatoon Star.

Not Yet the Horseless Age

One sight you sometimes see on a country trail is two horsepower pulling 24 out of a hole.—Souris Plaindealer.

A Punch Joke

Professor Saunders asserts that the bagpipes have been played since 8000 B.C. Quite long enough.—London Punch.

An Exhausting Rivalry

The rivalry between jokes about Prohibition and jokes about Ford will soon reach the endurance stage.—Brooklyn Eagle.

It Would Seem So

Would it not be appropriate to speak of the men who are boosting Henry for the Presidency as Ford accessories?—Kansas City Star.

Germany

Germany should be more frank and make a flat statement about the amount of indemnity she is willing to dodge.—Brantford Expositor.

A Plan Worth Trying

Edward Bok has offered a prize of \$100,000 for the best plan for preventing war. What about the Ten Commandments?—Moose Jaw Times.

A Test

A real educational authority is a man who can spell Chautauqua without flinching or stumbling.—Brandon Sun.

Quite So

They say a mosquito can fly ten miles. But it isn't the distance he flies that bothers us. It is what he does when he stops.—The Pas Herald.

The Seat of Authority

A new automobile has been designed, to be driven from the back seat. And lots of husbands will rise to inquire: "What's new about that?"—Vancouver Province.

As to Boys and Girls

The man who says that boys and girls are worse than they used to be, either knows none or knew none.—Manitou Western Canadian.

Naturally Not

They have had an earthquake at Los Angeles. But not one line about it will get into the advertising folders for the tourist.—Seattle Argus.

Sounds Not Unreasonable

We see no way to determine who the ten greatest living American women are without conducting a few tests in the kitchen.—Washington Post.

The Latest about a Has-Been

The ex-Kaiser is now reported to be re-writing the Bible. We are not surprised. The Bible contains some passages that must worry him considerably.—Detroit Journal.

One More Ford Joke

That Roosevelt became President and that Ford is now going strong as a Presidential possibility are facts which prove that the people of the United States love rough-riders.—Nelson News.

He Should be Fairly Knowing

Mr. Grey Silver is one of the leading officials of the American Farm Labor Federation. This fellow has every right to be as cunning as a fox.—Duluth Herald.

A Question

In a single haul of alcohol 125 gallons were seized in Toronto by the Provincial police. What is the use of merely fining lawbreakers who operate on such a scale?—Toronto Star.

The Most Plentiful Commodity

The federal government might take in a few billion dollars by putting small word tax on advice to farmers.—Pilot Mound Journal.

Collapsible Platforms

That fellow who has invented a collapsible platform for trucks is a little late. Political parties have been using something like that.—Buffalo News.

It Would

What we want is a selective immigration policy and an energetic one. The country would soon feel the benefit of it.—Winnipeg Tribune.

World Conditions and the Wheat Price

Those who think there is no relation between conditions on this continent and developments in Europe might keep their eye on the price of wheat.—Regina Leader.

Wilhelm Junior

The former German Crown Prince is throwing out hints that he would like to visit this continent. If Wilhelm Junior is wise he will remain where he is.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Great Britain and the United States

From every quarter of this country and from every section of Great Britain have come, and are coming, proofs of the increasing solidity of the friendship between the two countries.—New York Tribune.

Our Need of Good Settlers

Crying out for immigrants on this side of the Atlantic will not help greatly. We must do our crying out in Britain, in Scandinavia and in the other lands whence we hope to draw settlers.—Red Deer Advocate.

One Among Many Differences

A scientist at Toronto says they had storms in Canada a thousand years ago just as bad as they had now. But there were no crop correspondents in those days.—Calgary Herald.

Nickel Makes Fine Coins

France is minting bronze and aluminum coins in great numbers. Have the merits of Canadian nickel as a metal for coinage been placed before the French Government?—Toronto Telegram.

Flashless and Smokeless Powder

There is nothing remarkable about the announcement of the war department at Washington that a flashless and smokeless powder has been developed. The girls have been using it on their faces for years.—Los Angeles Herald.

Country Before Party

What we want in this country is a good deal more real South Africanism and a lot less partyism. Party loyalty is well enough up to a point. But it should not come before country. Yet it often does in South Africa.—Johannesburg (South Africa) Times.

Vague and Visionary

One phrase used by a Socialist speaker illustrates admirably the nebulous way in which Socialism is being placed before the electorate. He said, "As Socialists, we ask the community to give us an overdraft on the bank of human nature." And on the bank of credulity also.—London Daily Telegraph.

Something That Doesn't Help Any

When a man has to pay a couple of dollars for a few boards it does not cheer him up to tell him that last year millions of dollars worth of potential timber was burned up in Canada for nothing.—Fort William Times-Journal.

We Are All Members of One Body

Letting Europe stew in its own juice, as Lord Beaverbrook proposes, would be an ideal settlement of a difficult problem if only the world could get along without Europe. For we are all members of one body.—Victoria Colonist.

An Immemorial Right

A Brooklyn court has ruled that parents have the right to spank their children. This right has been exercised from time immemorial, and is likely to continue long after the Brooklyn Bridge has crumbled to ruins.—New York Evening Post.

Soviet Doctrine and Soviet Practice

A French oil syndicate has obtained a concession from the Moscow government. This no doubt will be received with tremendous cheering by the Russian peasantry, who have been convinced that they own the country.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Point of View

We see there were five inches of hail fell in a Saskatchewan town while 14 inches of hail fell in an Ontario city. It's hard to compete with those long established Ontario communities.—Lethbridge Herald.

When Will Such "Progress" End?

The all-steel bombing aeroplane is a veritable triumph of civilization. It can carry many tons of bombs and has a flying range of over 1,000 miles. Science must devise something more destructive of human life to save its reputation. There must be no halt to progress.—Montreal Gazette.

The Need of Tree Planting

Tree planting on a considerable scale will be necessary to make good for the next generations of Canadians the losses of the recent fires alone in this Dominion. Nineteen hundred and twenty-three has been particularly destructive to the forests.—Canadian Finance.

The Russian Monarchists Choice

Russian monarchists have elected—in their minds—Grand Duke Nicholas to succeed to the throne of the late Czar Nicholas. But no date has been fixed for the coronation ceremonies at least until the lease of the present occupants of the royal castle terminates.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Statesmanship

The English speaking South Africans are erecting statues to General Botha, who commanded armies which fought the British less than twenty-five years ago. Statesmanship can do marvels. 'Tis a pity that there is so little of it in the world.—Winnipeg Free Press.

A Rather Curious Blunder

The Morning Post, of London, on the day following the referendum here announced that "the State of Manitoba" had voted against prohibition—a rather curious blunder on the part of a journal which regards the dispensing of information about the Empire as one of its chief missions in life.—Ottawa Journal.

Education's Purpose

It does not matter how we sharpen a razor—whether on an expensive strop, or on an old leather belt, or on the side of a shoe. The great thing is to get a good edge on the razor. So it is important in education that the method be used which will put a keen edge on the mind. Anything that dulls the pupil's intellect and deadens the imagination is educationally indefensible.—London Daily Mail.

What Is Needed in Education

The great need of the country is better education for the average run, fair-to-mind, commonplace children who make up the bulk of the population. Special training for geniuses, if you catch them, and special schools for subnormals so far as you can! But for the great body of children an informing, directive, enlarging kind of education that gives them a groundwork for their future life.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

In Regard to Confederation

Every now and then somebody proposes some form of disruption for Confederation. Such suggestions come to nothing and it might safely be predicted they never will—at least, not within this generation. Nevertheless, the question is not one to be dismissed with indifference. It was such exhibitions of indifference that have more than once brought about revolutions or violent ructions of various kinds.—Calgary Albertan.

A British National Characteristic

The ability to "muddle through" is a national characteristic which continues to stand Great Britain in good stead. With no blowing of trumpets or any very clear notion, apparently, of how all the things that need to be are going to be done, the British people and the Government continue to pull themselves out of trouble. The British may have no beautiful and logical "programs," but they have something better—a large store of common sense.—Minneapolis Journal.

Another Swipe at the Senate

W. J. McLaughlin is reconstructing the granolithic frontage to the post-office building. It sloped inwards and conveyed melting snow and rain to the foundation which has been kept in a state of perpetual saturation all summer; so the inspector of public buildings decided that it should slope outwards and carry moisture away instead of to the foundation. Which seems a commendable idea; for if this post-office falls down the Senate might not permit of a new one being built.—Neepawa Press.

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COLOR IS POWER—Continued from page 45

side-curtains—tops each window. Washable green chambray cushion covers are buttoned on. And the whole effect is as cool and refreshing as the tinkle of ice in a glass of lime-juice.

I COULD carry you through every room in that friendly, lovely house, finding everywhere what color—sheer, delightful color,—had achieved with so little else to build upon: the quaintly-shaped furniture of the dining room, the soft tone of walnut beautified by plenty of hand-polishing, against warm buff walls, with side curtains of bricky-red stuff which revealed only upon closest examination, the fact that it was the cheapest of cotton burlap—dyed in this case, too, since it did not come in the desired shades. In summer, these curtains, also, are folded away, and over the brick-red chair seats (upholstered to match), tie-on slips of a cool chintz are drawn. The greatly relied upon to simulate light woodwork is all a smooth ivory tone.

And to bed rooms—one, flooded with light at every season—exquisite in silver and robins-egg blue; another, exposed to the colder northern light, with walls of palest primrose, draped dressing table and one set of curtains of crisp mauve or gandy, with pale blue tie-backs, and furniture painted palest blue; and to a hardier, mannish apartment, with cream colored walls, dark oak furniture after the English fashion, hangings of golden brown, a couple of bright hued prints and rug of brown and yellow stripes, to keep it from being uninteresting.

And I could lead you, too, into the sort of kitchen such a home would have—all bright and cheery, a work-shop, truly, but not a place of bondage an open-hearted, open-shelved affair,—but more, again, about such kitchens. There is so much to be said about them.

SO do I point my statement that color, even without the aid of handsome furnishings, if artfully handled, will work wonders in creating the home that

is a place of peace and pride; a place which reaches out to us, with beauty and comfort in its generous hands; a place which folds us in, as those who belong, with joy in the belonging.

There is a color or a combination, to express any emotion, any effect, we may desire; we therefore should choose the color scheme which we want to dominate in a room, with a full consciousness of its underlying influence. For instance, pale blue is aloof, cool; pale pink is bright, friendly and gay; the two together, as everyone knows, express daintiness before all else. The darker blues are dignified, tranquil, and harmonize in a well bred way with colors of widely varying significance. Red will ever express warmth, hospitality, splendor, perhaps; its cordial sort of greeting makes it admirable for a hall, its rich, warm friendliness commends it strongly for dining-room use (though many psychologists consider it too exciting to aid digestion!). Yellow infuses warmth, cheer, perhaps,

even intimacy and joyousness. It is as sunshine in a dull room—just as blue will tone down the glare in one that tends to be over-bright or warm. Green is restful, calm, cool, but the tones need to be carefully selected. Violet is very dainty in its light shades and runs all the way to grandeur, dignity and effects almost of magnificence, in its dark tones.

So in choosing from this wonderful spectrum, we decide first what our room requires—how nature, architecture and exciting conditions are to be most advantageously abetted or corrected. If we think it out carefully, there is a color-solution for every house-furnishing problem.

Our color chosen, we seek it in fabrics, in furnishings; in the professional decorator's exclusive salon, in the humbler environs of the paint shop and the dye counter. But it is here, there, everywhere, ours to select, with all the wisdom and art we can bring to our choosing, ours to achieve with, ours to enjoy!



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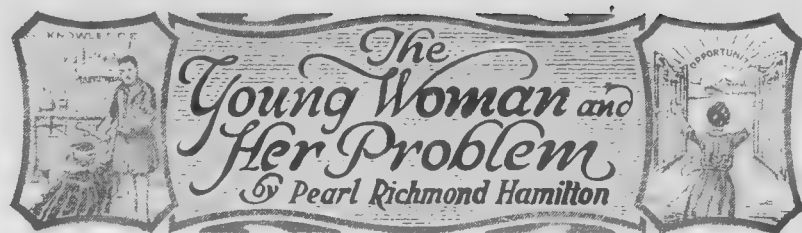
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A Girl's First Year Away From Home

THE fall season is really the beginning of a New Year for our girls, because it is the time when many begin a new work. It is the season of change and I am thinking this month of the girl who is leaving home for the first time. It is the most important testing time of her life. So many letters come to me from girls discontented with their home life, with their community—with everything in general.

This experience comes to most girls at times. I am reminded of the time in my own life. I think it is a period when one reaches out for abnormal ambitions and we feel we are terribly handicapped.

Perhaps we feel no one understands. Sometimes the advice of an outsider, like the President of the Women's Institute or the president of U. F. A. or a teacher, or older friend in the community might help a girl in forming her decision.

Girls are fortunate today that such organizations for community aid are so energetically working for the welfare of others.

I fear so much of deceptive forces that entice girls at this period, like attractive advertisements for positions with big pay and little work. So many are traps. Do not trust strangers, my girl. Trust the woman in your community who is at the head of your Woman's organization. She must be capable else other women of your community would not have placed her in that position of trust. I could tell you story after story of girls placing their faith in the wrong person nearly always a stranger—perhaps he or she is on your farm or in your home town just to bait you for a trap that may ruin you. But it is not the purpose of this page to relate stories of tragedy, though my head is full of them, for girls come to me constantly. Rather always would I hold before you ideal pictures. I want your heads so full of beauty, love and faith that your minds shall always create a shining countenance of constructive strength for, after all, there is so much more beauty in the world than ugliness and so many more splendid men and lovely women than the false that I do not like to emphasize the ugly and dangerous. Nevertheless every girl must be on her guard—danger comes at times to every girl sometimes in the most alluring of pleasures—and she can never afford to sacrifice her dignity for the sting of disgrace when it once touches a girl never loses its poison. A woman gives herself in the belief that it draws a man closer to her; instead it is only the woman who draws closer—from that time the man turns coldly away. The tempter is the very first to betray the tempted—the more smooth his promises the harder of heart is he. I know I have seen into the very depths of the hearts of girls whose lives were crushed and broken—like beautiful flowers whose petals were withered and drooping. Listen to the letter that came to me only this week from a beautiful girl—a mere child in her teens.

"Dear Mrs. Hamilton:—

I am lonesome, I am so blue I could cry—but it is just plain dry-eyed misery. Isn't it terrible how hard you have to fight to keep it all from getting you? Last night when I came home I saw the most beautiful girl in the street car that I have ever seen. She must have been about fifteen or sixteen. Her features may not have been so beautiful, but the expression on her face, so pure and innocent, I really could never describe it, but it made me long to be

able to protect her and keep her so lovely and untouched. Then I realized for the first time what I have lost, something that I can never get back again. I went home and just sat down and cried and it seems to me as if I cried the last bit of my girlhood away—with a sharp piercing pang of anguish I realized then what I had lost and there will always be a steady ache of remorse."

I cannot quote the rest of the letter. Sometimes when I write this page I can hardly refrain from telling some of the stories of wrecked girlhood—but the artist does not paint from imperfect models. He keeps before his eye perfect models. That is my ambition for this page. A horrible magazine is sold on the newstands of Canada. It comes from the other side of the line. Its circulation is increasing rapidly. Every story in it is a story of tragedy. How I pray that our women's organizations will censor magazines for the welfare of our young people. I do not know of a Canadian magazine or newspaper that is not clean. Why do our people buy the dirty stuff when our wholesome constructive Canadian publications are suffering for increased circulation?

The only way to create a desire in the minds of our boys and girls for good reading is to provide plenty of helpful books and magazines and newspapers in the home. Then they will not want the awful stuff that is the greatest crime-breeding poison at work in our country. Every summer I read to my family and some of their friends "The Lady of The Lake." This summer we have enjoyed it more than ever. Yesterday everyone was thrilled with the firm strength and courage of James Fitz James when he exclaimed: "Come one—come all—this rock shall fly from this firm base as soon as I."

"Read on," the young people urged, and I read and read until I was hoarse. "Why," exclaimed one, "that's a peachy story of adventure! It beats Henty and Alger!"

"And that girl, Ellen, she's all right, I'll tell the world!" shouted another in excitement.

It was a treat to watch the expression on the faces of the girls when I read about Ellen surrounded by brutal dissipated men in the guard room—the girl whose lovely purity touched the the coarsest of all the men and he commanded in accents of wonderful admiration of girlhood loveliness after he wiped his iron eye and brow:

"Hear ye, my mates; I go to call
The Captain of our watch to hall;
There lies my halberd on the floor;
And he that steps my halberd o'er
To do the maid injurious part,
My shaft shall quiver in his heart:
Beware, loose speech or getting rough,
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough!"

Just remember, dear girl reader, that the greatest protective aid you can possess is a pure clean character—and remember that men admire this type of girl above everything else in the world—for are not our men in Canada descended from those splendid Scotch ancestors Scott so well describes, and men of England whose manhood was so strong in courage and loyalty that they inspired a Shakespeare—a Browning, a Milton and scores of other writers of the world's best literature?

Men of British ancestry respect clean womanhood, my girl.

JUST what kind of patriotism do we live when we fail to provide a literature in the home that creates in the minds of our youth a desire for the best reading—and instead allow them the dreadful trash that is the most subtle of deadly poisons?

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THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—

Continued from page 48

The Big Reward of Seeing Results

MRS. B. L. STAVERT, who was the Canadian delegate to the great International Suffrage Alliance recently held in Rome writes some interesting personal stories of the women who attended. She says the retiring president, Mrs. Chapman Catt, who was literally buried in roses, carnations and madonna lilies at the close of the convention in her reply remarked: "Although I have given twenty of the best years of my life to this work, I have never made a real sacrifice, because there has always been the big reward of seeing results. Today, with friends all around me, with more beautiful flowers at my feet than I ever had at one time before in all my life, I can hand over my office to my young successor with joy in my heart. I look at women of India, at that sweet young girl from Japan, at my little friends over there from China, at those women of Greece and the women of Egypt, and all you hundreds of others from all corners of the globe, and I say God has been good to me to let me see this great day for a cause that has been so dear to my heart."

The new president, Mrs. Marjorie Corbett Asaby, of England, after addressing the congress in English and French, spoke to it in Italian.

made without new parts. She has sold in six months 300 of these cards. The sale of supplies nets her a nice little sum. She has built up a nice business acquaintance and is also beginning to sell typewriters. Her office was with a firm that sold typewriter supplies. They have recently enrolled her as a regular saleswoman on a commission basis.

Someone says whenever the story is told of a woman who has risen above her fellows in a chosen profession, hard work is usually the pivot on which the story turns.

It is true in the case of Mrs. Anna Moscovitz Kross—who was once a Russian immigrant girl and who has recently been made general counsel to the Building and Allied Trades Compensation Service Bureau in New York City. This position makes her the legal adviser to 70,000 workers.

When she was a girl she struggled through poverty for an education. She was determined to excel.

English women are engaged in civil, in chemical and electrical engineering, and also are completing building contracts with success.

One firm of women electricians has successfully completed several contracts for lighting country houses with electricity. In Hertfordshire three



Many men came and went in her life

SHE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

Yet she was attractive—unusually so. She had beguiling ways. Beautiful hair, radiant skin, exquisite teeth and an intriguing smile. Still there was something about her that made men show only a transient interest.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who *did* know the reason didn't have the heart to tell her.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

This halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Toronto, Canada.



At Victoria Beach, Lake Winnipeg.

Business Women

SHALL I introduce you to some women I have been reading about this month? Women in this and other countries? A young stenographer suddenly found herself out of employment. She had no money and was 1800 miles from home. She was too proud to ask for help from home, so she had an inspiration or shall I say she was resourceful and thought of a new kind of work for women—she named it The Typewriter Engineer. She canvassed offices in the big buildings offering to clean up typewriting machines. With a bottle of cleaning fluid and a bit of chamois skin, brushes and a determination to succeed (the last a very necessary part of the equipment) she started on her new work. The first day she worked from 9.30 to 4.15—the average time she spent on a machine was 50 minutes and she charged \$1 each. At the suggestion of one of her patrons the next day she carried a line of ribbons and other supplies. A firm sold her these on a commission basis. In four days she cleaned nineteen machines besides selling supplies.

She went to a typewriter company and took lessons from a repair man on the adjustment of tensions and springs, so she was able to repair machines. This was two years ago. Today she has an office in the rear of a stationery store and has a young woman working for her. She issues an annual card that covers a typewriting machine for \$5. This card provides for monthly visit at the office, a cleaning of the typewriter and minor repairs that may be

women are lawyers, three are tinsmiths, two are dentists, four are doctors, twelve are moving picture proprietors, one is a wireless operator, three are window-dressing, one is a saddler and one an undertaker. In the valley of the Var, in France, 100,000 acres are planted in roses, tube roses, violets, jasmine and other flowers for the perfume industry. The perfumery business depends largely on woman's caprice. The government of France awards a prize annually to the maker of the best perfume—but it is woman's judgment that determines the sale of that perfume. This slogan has been adopted by women leaders in the States: "Down with rouge and lipstick; hoist the good old washrag."

Miss Ada Mae Cromwell, one of the leaders says: "When women are ambitious to look like the demimonde, then they begin to act like them."

Landscape gardening is another profession for women. A course is offered at Owtorpe school, Grolan, near Boston. They learn many things—drafting, designing and surveying as well as botanical work so they can make a working plan of an estate for the architect. There are 178 women preachers in the States, all of whom are members of the International Association of Women Preachers. On and on—up and up—women everywhere are demonstrating the survival of the fittest—girls, we cannot afford to be idle—but let us keep in mind woman's finest profession—her highest calling—her noblest attainment is the art of homemaking.

For
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A Smart New Jacquette Blouse Model in Colored Stripe Effect

Materials required—

16 Spools or 8 Skeins Cream Sweater Twist.

1 Spool Orange

1 Spool Mint Green

1 Spool American Beauty

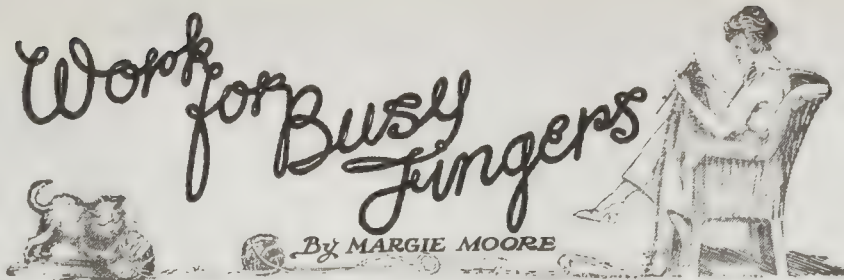
1 Spool Blue Bell

No. 6 Steel Crochet Hook

With Cream Sweater Twist start ch 124.

First Row of Shell Stitch—Sk 3 chs next to hook, 2 dc in next st, sk 2 chs, 1 sc in next ch, * sk 2 ch, 5 dc in next ch, sk 2 chs, 1 sc in next st, repeat from * 18 times more, sk 2 chs, 3 dc in last st.

Second Shell Stitch Row—Ch 1, turn, 1 sc in first dc of previous row, * 5 dc in next sc, then 1 sc in third of next 5



Work without decreasing, following the diagram until the back is complete (there are 8 shell st rows after the colored stripes).

Now work the right shoulder (5 shell sts) for nine rows, then add $4\frac{1}{2}$ shell sts at the neck. Work back and forth in shell st, following the diagram for stripes until there are 10 shell st rows at the front edge.

Then increase one-half shell st in each of the next five rows at the armhole.

Continue following the diagram until there are 23 shell st rows at the front edge.

Next Shell Stitch Row—Ch 3, turn, 2 dc in first sc, then 1 sc in third of next 5 sl sts, sk next sl st, 5 dc in next sl st, 1 sc in next sc, 5 dc in next sl st, sk next sl st, 1 sc in next sl st—thus increasing one shell st between first and second shell st at the front edge.

Continue following diagram, increasing one shell st every eighth row at the front edge until there are 16 shell sts in the row and four shell st rows after stripes.

Last Row—Work in shell st—4 dc for each shell instead of 5 dc.

Now work the left shoulder to correspond with right.

Belt

Start with ch 28.

1st Row—Sk 4 chs next to hook, then work in 1 dc in each of the next 24 chs.

2nd Row—Ch 1, turn, 1 sc in each dc

ning of next row. Work one row, then decrease one-half shell at the end of next row. Work seven rows, then decrease one-half shell at the beginning of next row. Work one row, then decrease one-half shell at the end of next row.

Work 23 rows, then increase one-half shell at the beginning of next row. Work one row, then increase one-half shell at the end of next row. Work seven rows, then increase one-half shell at the beginning of the next row, work one row, then increase one-half shell at the end of next row. Work seven rows, then increase one-half shell at the beginning of next row. Work one row, then increase one-half shell at the end of next row. Work two rows.

Last Row—Work 4 dc for each shell st, instead of 5 dc.

Sew up sleeve seam, then work three rows of sc around the edge as follows: One row in Brown, one row in Orange, one row in Brown, turn and work one row in sl sts. Turn up cuff and tack as illustrated. Attach sleeves to sweater.

Button

Start with ch 2 and work 7 sc in first ch, then 2 sc in each of the 7 sc (14 sts in row). Work three rows without increasing, then decrease 7 sts in next row. Sew over wooden mould.

A Lampshade You Can Make

A colorful lampshade is a charming acquisition to any room, but many of us do not feel disposed to pay the price of the beautiful ones displayed in the shops. Really lovely ones can be made at home for very small cost, and the work is most fascinating. The one illustrated on this page was made in flame color and brown, which gives a rich sunset shade. You can choose any color combination that will harmonize with your room. Dark blue and rose gives a lovely mulberry tint, rose and brown gives a warmer shade

the silk on top and wind down, then fasten the end with a few stitches over lower wire.

The length of the ribbon or silk must be twice the length of the wire to be covered and a little more. The wires should be well covered and wound so tight that the silk or ribbon cannot be moved between the fingers. It should be smooth and even.

Cover all vertical wires first, then horizontal, top and bottom wires last.

Start to wind at top where the vertical wire joins the horizontal wire. Hold the frame with the left hand, with the end of the ribbon placed under the thumb at the top of the vertical wire, then with the right hand wind the ribbon around the top wire and back over the end of ribbon held under the thumb, then wind down and fasten the end to lower wire.

Cover the top, then bottom horizontal wires, turn in the end of ribbon or silk and sew to frame.

Any additional information regarding the wire frames will be furnished upon request.

Materials required—

Wire frame, 18 x 18 inches.

Flame Color Taffeta, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard cut in half; $\frac{1}{4}$ yard more to cover top of frame, if desired.

Brown Georgette, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard cut in half, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard more to cover frame if desired.

Flame Color China Silk, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard cut in half for piece in back of fringe.

Flame Color seam binding, 9 yards.

10 spools or 5 hanks of brown sweater twist.

With Brown Sweater Twist work the large Arabian Medallion, following instructions of motif used for table runner, on page 53 using No. 6 hook.

Picot Braid

Make a chain for the required length.

1st Row—Sk 1 ch next to hook, then work 1 sc in each st of the foundation ch. on both sides of ch, thus making a braid of two rows of sc.

2nd Row—Ch 1, turn, then work 1 sc in each of the first 4 sc of previous row, * 1 p, then 1 sc in each of next 4 sc, repeat from * around both sides of braid.

Fringe

With Brown silk (single thread) make a chain 64 inches long.

1st Row—With three threads (3



New Jacquette Model in Colored Stripe Effect

dc, repeat from * across (20 shell sts in row). The second row is repeated throughout entire sweater for shell st.

Work two more shell st. rows, leave the thread, but do not turn work.

5th Row—Indicated on diagram by Black line—With Orange Sweater Twist work 1 sc into the first dc of second last row over sc of previous row, * then 1 sl st in each of the next 5 dc, taking up the top thread only, then 1 sc over next sc into third dc of second last row, repeat from * across, break the thread and secure ends.

6th Row—Shell st as follows: Ch 3, turn, 2 dc in first sc of previous row, * then 1 sc into the third of the next 5 sl sts, taking up the double thread, 5 ddc in next sc, repeat from * across.

7th Row—Work in shell st across, leave thread, but do not turn work.

8th Row—Work with Mint Green like 5th Row.

9th and 10th Rows—Like 6th and 7th rows.

11th Row—Work with American Beauty like 5th Row. Two shell st rows.

14th Row—Work with Blue Bell like 5th row. Two shell st rows.

17th Row—Work like 5th row in orange.

Now work ten shell st rows, then repeat the colored stripes (worked in sl sts. and sc).

Work seven shell st. rows to underarm. Now begin to decrease one-half shell st. at the beginning and end of every row until 15 shell sts are left in the row.

across, taking up the double thread of each st.

3rd Row—Ch 3, sk first sc of previous row, then work 1 dc in each sc across, taking up the double thread.

Repeat the last two rows for required length—17 inches across the back and 14 inches for each front.

Collar

Start with 36 chs and work alternately one row of dc and one row of sc (33 sts in row) for $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Attach the collar as illustrated, then work three rows of sc all around the front edge and collar as follows: One row in Brown, one row in Orange, one row in Brown, turn, then work one row of sl sts, taking up the top thread only. Sew up underarm seams and attach to belt.

Sleeve

Start with ch 35.

1st Row—Sk 4 chs next to hook, 4 dc in next st, sk 2 chs, 1 sc in next st, * sk 2 chs, 5 dc in next st, sk 2 chs, 1 sc in next st, repeat from * three times more, sk 2 chs, then work 4 dc and 1 tr c in the last st.

2nd Row—Ch 4, turn, 4 dc in first tr c, sk next dc, 1 sc in next st, then work 5 shell sts, then 4 dc and 1 tr c into the fourth ch at the end—thus increasing one-half shell at the beginning and end of row.

Continue working in this manner, increasing one-half st at the beginning and end of every row until there are 16 shell sts in the row.

Work 5 shell st rows without increasing, then decrease one-half shell at the begin-



A pretty shade for a floor-lamp or table-lamp with decoration in Arabian crochet

chan the flame; be wary of using blue and yellow for you must remember that these two combined give a greenish tint. All one color may be used if preferred.

These wire frames may be purchased at almost any department store in many shapes and sizes.

The covering or winding the wire frame is the first step in the making of the lampshade.

Silk seam binding, or binding ribbon which harmonizes with the material used for the outside covering, is the best or the most convenient to use for winding the wires. Jap silk of the same color cut into one-inch strips may also be used for winding the wires. Keep double edge of

spools of silk) work 1 sc in first ch, * insert hook in next ch, then wind the three threads (with the left hand) around an 8-inch deep piece of cardboard, throw thread over hook and draw through ch, throw threads over and draw through the two loops on the hook, thus making 1 sc, repeat from * to end of row.

Making

Wind the wire frame with the Flame Color seam binding.

Stretch and pin the Flame Color Taffeta Silk to top and bottom wire, making six seams on the six vertical wires, sew

Continued on page 53

MADE IN CANADA



Before you buy yarn for a Sweater—

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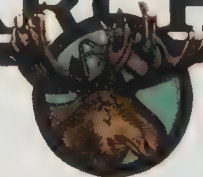
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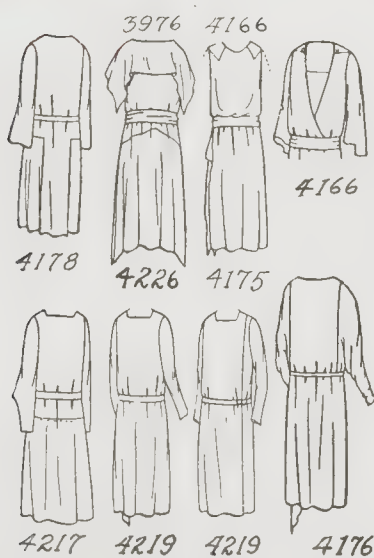
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OUR FASHION PAGE



When ordering any patterns illustrated in this section, address Pattern Dept., The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

A new and Simple "Draped" Style, 4176.—Long and graceful lines mark this style, and the new leg o' mutton sleeve is an outstanding feature. This design is fine for the new crepe weaves, and for crepe de chine, It will also lend itself very well to velvet, and kasha. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5½ yards of 40 inch material. The width at the foot is 2½ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A New Frock with Pleasing Style Features, 4217.—Circular skirt sections are set low over a panel front and long waist sections, on this desirable model. The square-cut neck is especially becoming to stout figures. The sleeve is new and attractive. Broadcloth, with bands braided with soutache was used in this instance. Panné velvet, or serge would be equally pleasing. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3¾ yards of 54 inch material. The width at the foot is 3¾ yards (with plaits extended). Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Good Style for the Woman of Mature Figure, 4178.—Broadcloth or serge with braiding, or with flat braid will be attractive for this model. The long waist is a good feature. The lines are graceful. Comfortable plait fullness adds to the width of the skirt. This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3¾ yards of 54 inch material. The width of the dress at the foot is 2¾ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Frock with New Features, 4219.—Broadcloth or satin could be used for this model, with braiding or embroidery for decoration. The cascade drapery may be omitted. The sleeve is a new close fitting model in two pieces. This pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 3¾ yards of 54 inch material. The width at the foot without lapped part of front is 2¾ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Gown, 3976-4226.—Here we have the uneven hem and long full skirt, and a pretty waist, with the new bertha. The waist is sleeveless, the bertha forming sleeve sections over the arms. This model is good for figured and plain material in combination, also for bordered materials, lace and satin together, and for the pretty crepe weaves. The waist pattern 3976 is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern 4226, in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, and 37 inches waist measure. The width of the skirt at the foot is 3¾ yards. To make this dress for a medium size, of one material will require 5½ yards of 40 inch material. Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c, for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for Afternoon and Evening, 4166-4175.—Brocaded canton crepe is here shown, with vest and facings of white georgette. This model is pretty for satin crepe, crepe de chine or chiffon velvet. The waist pattern 4166, may be developed without the sleeves or the bretelles. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt, 4175, is cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. The width at the foot is 2¾ yards. To make the dress with sleeves for a 38 inch size requires 6¾ yards of 40 inch material. For vest, girle and panel facing of contrasting material, 1½ yard will be required. The dress requires ¾ yard less without sleeves. Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c, for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—Continued from page 50

securely. Turn silk back on right side and sew again, trim edge close to wire. Now stretch and sew on the Brown Georgette in the same manner.

Have the China silk picoted at the bottom edge and sew on straight to bottom wire. Cover the top shade, if desired, with the 7½ x 40 inch piece of silk and Georgette joined together in sewing on straight to top of wire, gather to centre.

Sew on the fringe and the picot braid and attach the Arabian motifs, as illustrated.

TABLE-RUNNER IN ARABIAN MOTIF DESIGN

Material required—
3 Balls Ecru Crochet Cotton, No. 1010
Steel Crochet Hook, No. 5
Belgian Linen, 15 x 54 inches.

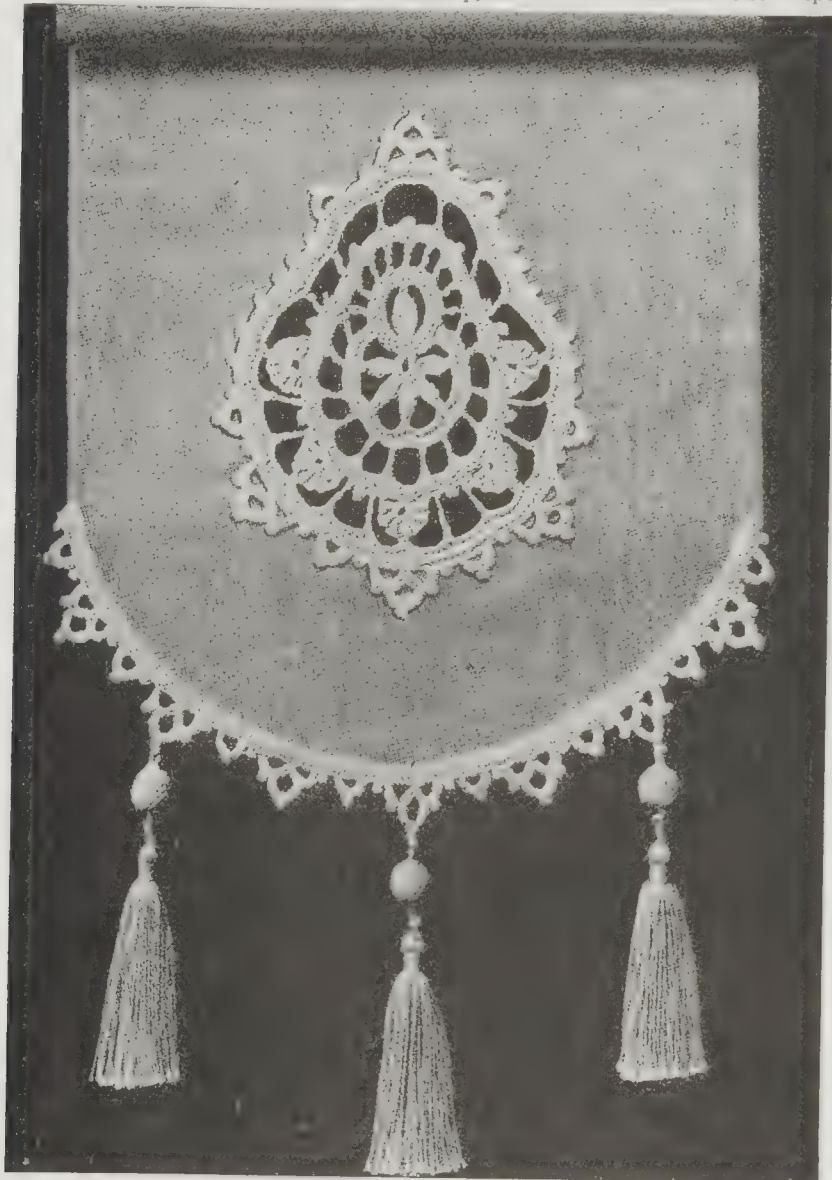
Medallion

Start with ch 9, sk 1 next to hook, then work in next eight chs as follows: 1 sc, 1 h dc, 1 dc, 2 tr c, 1 dc, 1 h dc, 1 sc, thus forming the large petal. Ch 12, 1 sc in point of petal, ch 12, 1 sl st in the two loops of the sc opposite point, ch 1, turn, 1 sc in sl st just made, then 15 sc around next 12 chs, 1 sl st in next sc, ch 1, turn, 1 sc in sl st just made, then 1 sc

the next st, Ch 6, sk 3 sc, 1 trc into the next st. Repeat from * four times more. Ch 4, sk 2 sc, 1 trc in next sc, then 1 sl st in fourth of first seven chs.

2nd Row—Ch 1, 1 sc in same fourth ch, then 3 sc in each of the next eight meshes and 1 sc in each of the nine tr c, * 4 sc in next mesh, 1 sc in next trc, 7 sc in next mesh, 1 sc in next tr c. Repeat from * four times more, then 4 sc in next mesh, 1 sc in next trc, 1 sl st in first sc.

3rd Row—Ch 1, turn, 1 sc in each of the first ten sc of the previous row, taking up the back thread only, * ch 5, 1 sl st into the two loops of the sc to form a little ch. loop, 1 sc in each of the next 13 sc. Repeat



in each of the next 31 sc taking up the back thread only to form a rib, 1 sl st in next sc, ch 7, turn, 1 sl st into the first of the seven chs to form a ch loop, turn, then work 1 sc into ch loop, * ch, 6 sk 1 ch next to hook, then work in next five chs as follows: 1 sc, 1 h dc, 1 dc, 1 h dc, 1 sc, then 1 sc in ch loop. Repeat from * four times more. 1 sl st into the same sc under ch loop, then 1 sl st in each of the next three sc, turn, ch 4, 1 sc into the point of first petal, then work four times ch 6, 1 sc into the point of the next petal, ch 4, sk the next three sc, 1 sl st in next sc, turn, then work 5 sc around next four chs and 1 sc in next sc, then 7 sc around each of the next four 6 ch loops and 1 sc into each of the four sc worked in point of petals, 5 sc around next four chs, 1 sl st in each of the next two sc, turn, then work 1 sc in each of the next 43 sc, taking up the back thread only to form a rib, then 1 sl st in each of the next three sc, thus forming the centre of the medallion.

First Row Around Centre—Ch 7, sk 1 sc, 1 tr c in next sc, taking up the double thread, ch 3, sk 1 sc, 1 tr c in next st to form a mesh. Work six more meshes like the previous one, sk the next two sc and the first two of the 43 sc, 1 tr c into the next st, * ch 4, sk next two sc, 1 tr c into

from * three times more, one little ch loop, then 1 sc in each of the next nine sc, ch 3, 1 sl st into the two loops of the last sc to form a p, 1 sc in each of the next nine sc, 1 p, then 1 sc in each of the next eight sc, 1 p, 8 sc, 1 p, 8 sc, 1 p, then sl st in first sc to close row.

4th Row—1 sl st in each of the next three sc, ch 4, 1 sl st in first ch to form a p, then 1 sl st in each of the next three sc, * ch 1, then work 7 roll sts into the little ch loop. (To make this roll st throw the thread eight times over hook, insert hook into ch loop and draw a loop through, throw thread over hook and draw through coil on hook, keeping roll straight, thread over, draw through one loop). Repeat this for each st, sk next two sc of the previous row, 1 sl st in each of the next four sc, 1 p, 1 sl st in each of the next four sc. Repeat from * three times more. Ch 1, 7 roll sts into the next ch loop, sk 2 sc, 1 sl st in each of the next three sc, 1 p, 1 sl st in each of the next two sts.

5th Row—Ch 10, 1 trc into the fifth of the next nine sc, ch 10, 1 trc into the fourth of the next eight sc to form a large mesh. Work two more large meshes, then ch 6, 1 trc into the third of the next five slsts, ch 10, 1 sc into the fourth of the next seven roll sts, * ch 6, 1 d tr c in the third

The Dread Shadow of Age— Is it Reaching Out to Your Hair?

It is natural to shrink from the thought of age. Woman's first instinct is to preserve youth and beauty. And rightly. Premature gray hair takes from her the natural joys, the happy companionship of men, the pleasant associations with women of her own age which are her birthright. Why endure the handicap of grey hair? Meet the situation bravely—wisely. In fairness to your husband, to your children, to yourself, restore those falsifying locks to their natural color.

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of the next four sl sts, ch 6, 1 d tr c into the third of the next four sl sts, ch 6, 1 sc into the fourth of the next seven roll sts. Repeat from * three times more. Ch 10, 1 sl st into the fourth ch to close row.

6th Row—Ch 1, 1 sc in same fourth ch, 6 sc around next six chs, 1 sc in next tr c, then work 11 sc around each of the next three 10 chs and 1 sc in each of the next three tr c, 6 sc around next six chs, 1 sc in next tr c, 1 sc around next 10 chs, 1 sc in next sc, * 6 sc around each of the next three 6 chs and 1 sc in each of the two d tr c and the one sc. Repeat from * three times more. 10 sc around next ten chs, close with sl st (156 sc in row).

7th Row—Ch 1, turn, 1 sc in each st of the previous row, taking up the back thread only to form a rib, close with a sl st.

8th Row—Ch 1, turn, 1 sc in each of the first four sc, taking up back thread only, ch 3, 1 sl st, in the two loops of the sc to form a p, 1 sc in each of the next four sc, 1 p, then 1 sc in each of the next eight sc, turn, ch 6, sk 3 sc, 1 sl st in next sc, turn, 4 sc in ch loop, 1 p, 4 sc in same ch loop, 1 sc in each of the next four sc, 1 p, 1 sc in each of the next nine sc, ch 6, turn, sk 3 sc, 1 sl st in next st, ch 6, sk 3 sc, 1 sl st in next st, turn, 3 sc in ch loop, 1 p, 5 sc in same ch loop, 3 sc in next ch loop, ch 6, turn, 1 sl st into the fourth sc of the previous little scallop, turn, then work 4 sc in ch loop, 1 p, 4 sc in same ch loop, 2 sc in next ch loop, 1 p, 3 sc in same ch loop, 1 sc in each of the next two sc, 1 p. Repeat from * to end of row.

Edging
Make a ch for the required length (22 inches).

1st Row—Work 1 sc in each st of previous row.

2nd Row—Ch 1, turn, 1 sc in each of the first two sc of the previous row, taking up the back thread only to form rib, 1 p, * 1 sc in each of the next 6 sc, ch 6, turn, 1 sl st in fourth st, turn, then work 4 sc in ch loop, 1 p, 4 sc in same ch loop, 1 sc in each of the next two sc, 1 p, 1 sc in each of the next ten sc, ch 6, turn, 1 sl st in fourth sc, ch 6, 1 sl st in fourth sc, turn, 3 sc in ch loop, 1 p, 5 sc in same ch loop, 3 sc in next ch loop, ch 6, turn, 1 sl st in fourth sc of the previous little scallop, turn, then work 4 sc in ch loop, 1 p, 4 sc in same ch loop, 2 sc in next ch loop, 1 p, 3 sc in same ch loop, 1 sc in each of the next two sc, 1 p. Repeat from * to end of row.

Sew on medallions and edging as illustrated and cut away material underneath. The ends of the runner may be decorated with three tassels.

Tassel—Wind crochet thread 55 times around a five-inch cardboard, cut and tie about ¾ inch from top.

Courage!

Faint hearts who weep beside the early dead,
Who cry despairingly that the Christ has fled;
Who fearful scan the fogs and fens for-lorn—
The world with all its beauties bruised and torn:
O foolish souls, why fear? Where is your faith?
Look off to Galilee unto Him who sayeth:
"I am the Way, the Truth, the Life,
The Prince of Peace, the Enemy of Strife."

Brave hearts, and free, stand firmly at your gates,
The Christ shall visit Him who patient waits;
O, slaves of fear, forsake your barren prison—
Rise! Hail the Morn! Christ the Lord is Risen.

—Frank C. Steele.

Free Bottle

I have a
message for the

Gray Haired

It is based on actual experience, for I too have been gray. I perfected my famous Restorer to bring back the original color to my own prematurely gray hair. It is a tried and tested scientific preparation which assures satisfactory results.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid—nothing to wash or rub off. It is easily applied, with restored color perfectly natural in all lights. Will also restore hair disfigured by bleaching or discoloration.

Mail coupon for Free Trial package containing trial bottle of Restorer. Sent absolutely free with full explanation and directions.

Mail Coupon Today

Send today for the patented Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Please print your name and address—

MARY T. GOLDMAN

79-J Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

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A Neat Apron for Many Occasions, 4479—Lawn, batiste, dotted Swiss or silk could be used for this style. It is also attractive for cretonne, or chintz.

The Pattern is cut in one Size: Medium, and requires 1½ yard of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style for a Boys' Shirt—Pattern 3676 is here illustrated. It is cut in 5 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 3¾ yards of 27 inch material.

Madras, soisette, cambrie, silk, flannel, percale, and khaki could be used for this design.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Jaunty Frock for the "Young Miss," 4207—Checked woollen and serge would combine well in this model. It is also good for wool knit fabrics, and for velveteen. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 3½ yards of 32 inch material. To trim as illustrated will require ¾ yard of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Charming Frock for the Growing Girl, 4478—White Swiss dotted in yellow is here combined with white organdy and finished at the free edges with picot edge ribbon. This model is nice for printed voile, for batiste, embroidered materials or bordered goods. Simple and effective would be a development in white batiste or handkerchief linen, with hemstitching for a finish.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 3¾ yards of one material 36 inches wide. To make as illustrated requires 1½ yard for the waist, and 2¼ yards for the skirt and plastron.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Slenderizing Style for Women of Mature Figure, 4456—Satin was used for this model. The revers collar, cuffs and panel fronts are braided in fine soutache. This style would be attractive in white or colored linen, with braiding or embroidery in a matched or contrasting color.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 40 inch material. The width at the foot of the dress is 2½ yards. To trim with contrasting material as illustrated, requires 1½ yard 40 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Nightgown, 4461—This is a very attractive model, that lends itself well to a development in batiste, voile, crepe, crepe de chine, silk or satin. The yoke could be of lace or embroidery. Hemstitching or drawnwork would be attractive for decoration on plain material.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 3¾ yards of 36 inch material. For yoke and sleeves of contrasting material, ½ yard 36 inches wide is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Serviceable Model, 4469—One could make this apron of rubberized cretonne, sanitas, chambray, linen, toweling or terry cloth. The pockets will delight the tiny wearer. Blue linen with pockets and binding of white linen would be pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years. To make the apron either size will require ¾ yard of 24 or 27 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Popular Apron Model, 4130—A neat and comfortable apron, with ample skirt sections to protect the dress beneath. Gingham, percale or sateen, also muslin and lawn may be used for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 3¾ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Smart Style for the Growing Girl, 4206—The girl who likes something different will be pleased with the style lines of this model. The long waist and side closing are youthful and becoming. Plaid suiting in brown tones, with bands of red broad cloth developed this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 3¾ yards of 44 inch material. One could have this in blue homespun with pipings in henna or orange. Or in black panne velvet with pass stitchery in green or white.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Top Garment, 4451—Heather mixture, caracul and other pile fabrics, polo cloth, bolivia, and fur are good for this style. The model shows the popular side closing, and a new collar.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4½ yards of 54 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Unique and Stylish Gown, 4455—This is a splendid model for taffeta for Canton crepe or satin. It is also good for combinations of figured and plain silk or jersey weaves, or twill with braid braiding for decoration.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5¾ yards of 40 inch material. For panel and insert of contrasting material ¼ yard of material (cut crosswise) is required. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2¼ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Frock for Home or Porch, 4261—Gingham, percale, linen, drill or crepe, could be used for this. A trimming of wash or rick rack braid, or bias banding will be a pleasing finish.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 4¾ yards of 32 inch material. The width at the foot is 2¼ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style for the Growing Girl, 4470—Tissue gingham in blue and white is here combined with white batiste. The binding is of blue batiste. This design may be finished in short or long sleeve style. Its loose comfortable lines are especially attractive to active girls of slender figure.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8 year size requires 2¾ yards of 32 inch material. For sleeve portions of contrasting material ½ yard 40 inches wide is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable, Practical Style, 4462—This is a good model for nainsook, crepe, crepe de chine or silk.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Pretty House or Porch Frock, 4270—Checked gingham in brown and white is here illustrated. It is trimmed with white pique. Figured voile or percale will also be good for this model. Taffeta or tub silk would be very pleasing, with stitching or embroidery for trimming.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5¾ yards of 32 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2½ yards. To trim as illustrated requires ¾ yard of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

Gossard

Corsets and Brassieres



Keep the figure YOUTHFUL

YOUTH demands straight lines. The "teens" blend into the twenties, and the twenties merge gracefully into the thirties with women who keep themselves wisely corseted.

There are many well poised women sending their daughters off to school this year, whose figures are as youthful as their daughters', thanks to Gossard Corsets and Brassieres.

These wonderful garments were first to introduce front lacing, and first to acknowledge, not one figure type, but nine. They were first to follow the principle that correct corsetry must give support without discomfort, and slender lines without restricting breathing and movement. Gossard Corsets and Brassieres, fitted by trained corsetiers, keep the figures of women youthful through changing cycles of style.

The beautiful Gossard back line and the straight front are not possible with any other garment.

Good stores everywhere have Gossards

THE Gossard line includes a full range of sizes and prices in each of the nine ideal figure types. Ask your own corsetiere for the Mary Reid booklet: "The Gentle Art of Looking Your Best." If your store is out of copies write The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited, 372-378 W. Adelaide St., Toronto, Ontario.

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GOSSARD CORSETS AND BRASSIERES ARE MOST APPRECIATED BY WOMEN WHO HAVE MOST PRIDE IN THEIR APPEARANCE



GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE CARRY GOSSARD CORSETS AND BRASSIERES



Make Your Jellies "Jell"

HOW often do we hear the wail that "my jelly just will not jell!" If one understands the fundamental principles of jelly making, there should be no difficulty whatever in having perfect jelly.

Three substances must be present in the right proportion. They are acid, pectin and sugar. Pectin, a carbohydrate, is the substance in fruit which makes the jelly harden. It is much more plentiful in some fruits than in others, which is the cause of some of the uncertainty in jelly making. It is more abundant in under ripe fruit, as it gradually changes to fruit sugar as the ripening process continues. Heat helps to develop it. It is wise to use part under ripe fruit with the ripe fruit. Such fruits as sour apples, currants, crabapples, grapes, cranberries, green gooseberries, sour plums, oranges, lemons and grape fruit are very rich in pectin, and acid, another of the essentials for good jelly making. Certain fruits such as rhubarb, pine apples, cherries, strawberries, are very rich in acid, but low in pectin, which must be added from some other source if good jelly is to be produced. Quinces are very rich in pectin, but low in acid. Peaches, pears, raspberries and apricots have very little of either acid or pectin, but if these are supplied, make delicious jelly.

Lemon juice is, perhaps, the best acid to add to the fruits requiring it. Pectin may be extracted from the inner white skin of oranges or lemons, or from apples, or may be purchased in a commercial form from all up-to-date grocers.

The Right Amount of Sugar

Probably more failures in jelly-making are due to using too much sugar than to any other cause. The amount of sugar to be used may be determined by testing the amount of pectin. To one tablespoon of cooked and cooled fruit juice add 1 tablespoon of grain or denatured alcohol, mix and let stand for half an hour. If a firm jelly which holds its form when lifted with a spoon is produced, pectin is present in large amount, and one cup of sugar may be used to one cup of juice. If it forms a jelly soft enough to break apart when lifted with a spoon or shaken, less pectin is present, and only three quarters of a cup of sugar should be used to each cup of juice. If a jelly is not formed pectin must be added, or the juice boiled down and tested again. Another simple household test for pectin is to mix together one teaspoon of cooked fruit juice, one half tea spoon of sugar and one fourth tea spoon of Epsom salts. The result will be the same as when using the alcohol test. Alcohol and Epsom salts are only used in the test, not in the jelly itself.

The Acid Content

The amount of acid present in fruit is determined by the flavor. It should be as sour as a tart apple, or may be compared with a mixture of one tea-spoon of lemon juice, nine teaspoons of water and one half teaspoon of sugar.

If the fruit juice is not tart enough, lemon juice may be added.

Good jelly should retain its shape when turned from the glass, but not be so stiff that it does not quiver. When cut, it should be tender, not syrupy, stringy, nor tough. It should sparkle, and be free from crystals or cloudiness.

Why Jelly Fails

1. Jelly is tough or stringy if too little sugar was used, or it was boiled after the jellifying point was reached.
2. If it is soft, too much sugar was used, or it was not boiled long enough after the sugar was added, to drive off the excess water.
3. If it contains crystals, it either has too much sugar, was stored in too warm a place, was boiled too rapidly, or had the sugar added either at the beginning or the end of the cooking.
4. Gummy jelly had the fruit juice and sugar cooked too long together.
5. Jelly which is moldy has not been properly covered, or was stored in a damp, poorly ventilated place.
6. Too dark a color may have been caused by cooking the jelly in a tin dish, or by overcooking it.



7. Cloudy jelly is caused by using fruit not properly washed, boiling it vigorously instead of simmering when preparing the juice, stirring when simmering, pressing the jelly bag when straining the juice, or allowing the strained juice to simmer instead of boiling it rapidly.

Only a few glasses of jelly should be made at a time. An acid proof kettle with a capacity of about four times the amount of juice to be boiled, should be chosen.

The Jelly Making Process

1. Select and prepare the fruit, which should be partly under-ripe. Juicy small fruits such as berries, are picked over, washed, and stemmed. Large fruits are washed and the blossom and stem ends removed, and the fruit cut in small pieces.

2. Extract the juice. Place the fruit in the kettle, with water. For juicy berries use just enough water to keep the fruit from sticking, about 1 cup of water to 5 cups of fruit. For harder fruits such as apples, use just enough water to cover. Mash the berries with a wooden spoon to permit the juice to

escape. Simmer till soft, lifting the fruit occasionally to prevent burning, but do not stir, or the jelly will be cloudy.

3. Strain the juice. A bag may be made of heavy cotton, or flannel. It should be sterilized before using and the fruit poured into the wet bag and left to drip without being pressed from the bag.

4. Test for pectin, as explained before.

5. To make a second extraction of jelly, remove the fruit pulp from the bag, place in the preserving kettle, add enough water to cover, stir, bring slowly to a boil and strain through the bag.

6. While the second extraction is draining, put the first supply of juice extracted on the stove to cook, using a shallow saucepan, which gives considerable surface for evaporation. The juice will have been measured when it was put in the kettle.

7. After the juice has been boiled a few minutes and skimmed, the sugar is added. If it is warmed before being put in the juice, the boiling process will not be stopped.

15. Label and store in a cool, dark place. Light tends to fade fruits, vegetables, and jellies.

How Much Sugar Should be Used

The rule formerly followed, was "a cup of sugar to a cup of juice." Now, we know that in very many cases, less sugar should be used. A safe amount to use is $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{7}{8}$ cup of sugar to 1 cup of juice. If the amount of pectin in the juice is very low, the juice must be boiled down to a small amount, which is extravagant, and frequently yields a product of inferior flavor.

How Pectin May be Added

For many years, the custom of adding apple juice to doubtful fruits has been followed, though the housewife may not know she has been adding pectin. Apples are cheaper than most other fruits, and the flavor is so mild that it does not interfere with the flavor of the other fruit used.

There is now on the market a prepared pectin which is flavorless, and may be used with very satisfactory results. It makes jellies, jams and marmalades cheaper, as a much larger quantity is obtained from a given amount of fruit, and a better flavor is secured than is possible with the very long boiling otherwise necessary. Commercial pectin is not at all like preservatives and other similar harmful products.

Apple Pectin

Apple pulp $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Lemon juice 4 tb.
Water 8 c.

Wash the apples, remove the stem and blossom ends, and cut in pieces, not discarding the cores and skins. Add the lemon juice and water, and simmer till tender. Pour into a wet jelly bag to drain, and press out all the juice possible. Drain again through a clean jelly bag, with pressing.

Orange Pectin

White portion of orange peel 1 c.
Lemon juice 3 tb. Water 6 c.

Cut the white portion from orange peel and put through a food chopper. Measure after chopping. Mix with half of the cold water, and let stand several hours in an acid proof vessel. Boil 10 minutes, then cool. Add the remaining three cups of cold water, bring to the boiling point, cool, and let stand over night. Next day boil 10 minutes, strain, through a jelly bag, pressing to extract all the juice. Strain again through a clean jelly bag, without pressing.

Rhubarb Jelly

Rhubarb juice 2 c. Apple Pectin 1 c.
Sugar $2\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Use tender red rhubarb stalks. Wash and cut in small pieces but do not peel them. Add enough water to prevent sticking to the bottom of the saucepan, and simmer till soft. Drain through a jelly bag. Combine the rhubarb juice and apple pectin, bring to the boiling point; skim, boil a few minutes, add the sugar and boil rapidly till the jellifying point is reached. Pour into hot sterilized glasses.

8. Stir till the sugar is dissolved and boil the mixture rapidly to prevent the pectin breaking down, and to produce a brighter, more sparkling jelly.

9. Test for the jellifying point. A thermometer is the one sure, reliable means of determining this. When the thermometer reads 221° the jelly is done. If one has no candy or cooking thermometer, there are one or two other tests. If the jelly threads when a silver fork is dipped in it, it is ready to remove from the fire. Or a silver spoon may be used. When the jelly is done it breaks from the side of the spoon in two drops, or it will fall from the spoon in a flake. Before the jellifying stage is reached, it runs from the spoon like syrup. Testing on a cool saucer sometimes means that the syrup is over cooked while one waits for it to stiffen on the saucer.

10. Remove from the fire and skim carefully.

11. Pour at once into hot, sterilized glasses, which may be filled to the top, as it shrinks on cooling.

12. Cool, and add hot melted paraffin.

14. Cover with a tin lid or a piece of paper cut round and tied over the top.



Raspberry Jelly

Raspberry juice 2 c. Orange pectin 2 c.
Sugar 2 c.

Mix the orange pectin and raspberry juice, and bring to the boiling point. Skim. Add the sugar; boil rapidly till the jelling point is reached, and pour into hot sterilized glasses.

Grape Jelly

Apple or orange pectin 2 c.
Grape juice 2 c. Sugar 2 c.

Bottled grape juice may be used. Combine the pectin and grape juice, bring to the boiling point, skim. Add the sugar, and when the jelling point is reached, seal in hot sterilized glasses.

Cherry Jelly

Cherry juice 2 c. Apple or orange pectin 2 c.
Sugar 2 c.

Combine the juices and proceed as in making the other jellies.

Strawberry Jelly

Strawberry juice 2 c. Apple or orange pectin 2 c.
Sugar 2 c.

Combine the juices and make as the other jellies.

Apple Jelly

Wash and cut up the apples after removing the stem and blossom ends. Add enough water to barely cover. Simmer till soft, and drain.

Carefully measure and allow $\frac{3}{4}$ c sugar to each cup of juice. Boil the juice a few minutes, and skim. Add the heated sugar slowly. When the jelling point is reached, pour into sterilized glasses.

Mint Jelly

To the above jelly add a very few drops of oil of peppermint when it has been removed from the fire after the jelling point is reached, and a tiny bit of green color paste or liquid, if desired, or place a few sprigs of washed fresh mint leaves in the kettle during the last few minutes of cooking.

Rose Geranium Jelly

Put a washed, scented geranium leaf in each jelly glass before pouring in the hot jelly. The leaf will rise to the top and may be removed before putting paraffin on top of the jelly or when turning the jelly from the glass to serve.

Pineapple Conserve

Shredded pineapple 2 c. Apple pectin 2 c.
Sugar 2 c

Heat the apple pectin to boiling point, skim, add the shredded pineapple, boil a few moments, add the sugar slowly and cook to the jelling point. Pour into hot sterilized glasses.

Grape Jam

Cooked grapes 4 c. Sugar 7 c.
Pectin $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle

Separate the skins of 3 pounds grapes from the pulp. Simmer the pulp a few minutes, rub through a sieve to remove the seeds. Add the crushed skins to the juice. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ c. water, bring to the boiling point and simmer for one half hour in a covered saucepan. Measure to have the right quantity of juice. Add the sugar and mix well. Stir while boiling vigorously for 1 minute, remove from fire and add the pectin. Stir. Skim and pour into sterilized glasses.

Tomato Conserve

Ripe tomatoes $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Lemon grated
Sugar 6 c. rind and juice of 1.
Pectin 1 bottle

Scald, peel and crush the tomatoes. Boil about 10 minutes to concentrate the juice. Add the lemon juice and measure 3 cups of the liquid into a kettle. Add the sugar, mix and stir while boiling hard for 2 minutes. Remove from the fire, add the pectin, skim and pour into the hot sterilized glasses.

Pickles

Spiced Peaches

Peaches 8 pounds Vinegar 1 quart
Sugar 4 pounds Cloves 2 t.
Cinnamon 2 t. Root ginger $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.

To the vinegar add the sugar and the spices tied in a bag. Boil 10 minutes. Add the peaches which have been washed and had the bloom rubbed off with a soft cloth. Let them stand in the vinegar a few minutes. Put in a scalded crock. A week later rescale the vinegar, and pour it over the peaches, after removing the bag of spices. Over the top of the crock put several thicknesses of cheesecloth dipped in melted paraffin, and place the lid on top. Store in a cool, dry place.

Chili Sauce

18 ripe tomatoes 1 cup sugar
2 large onions 1 t cinnamon
4 sweet green peppers 1 t. cloves
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. vinegar 1 t. nutmeg

Wash the peppers and remove the stems and seeds. Scald and peel the tomatoes, and peel the onions. Put the onions and peppers through the food chopper. Add the tomatoes, sugar, vinegar and spices. Bring to the boiling point and cook till it thickens, stirring frequently. Seal in sterilized bottles or jars.

Piccalilli

Green tomatoes 1 peck Red pepper 1
Medium onions 6 Vinegar
Salt $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Sugar 2 c.
Cloves 2 t. Cinnamon 2 t.

Wipe the tomatoes and peel the onions. Put through a food chopper, using a rather coarse knife. Sprinkle with salt and let stand overnight. Drain in a cheesecloth bag and put the chopped mixture into a preserving kettle, add the chopped red pepper, cover with vinegar, and add the sugar and spices. Mix well, and simmer till thick, stirring frequently. Seal in sterilized jars.

Pepper Relish I

Green peppers 6 Mustard seed 2 lbs.
Sweet red pepper 1 Salt $2\frac{1}{2}$ tb.
Onions 3 Brown sugar 4 tb.
Cabbage large, 1 Vinegar 1 qt.
Celery $\frac{1}{2}$ bunch

Wash the peppers and remove the stems and seeds. Peel the onions. Remove the outside leaves and the hard centres of the cabbage. Wash the celery and remove the coarse leaves. Put all the vegetables through the meat chopper. Mix with them the mustard seed, salt, vinegar and sugar, the salt and sugar having been dissolved in the vinegar. Mix thoroughly and seal in sterilized jars.

Pepper Relish II

Sweet red peppers 6 Sugar 1 c.
Green peppers 6 Salt 2 tb.
Onions 6 Vinegar $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Peel the onions, and wash the peppers and remove the stems and seeds. Put the onions and peppers through a food chopper, using a coarse knife. Cover

Continued on page 58



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Pure food insures good health. Magic Baking Powder insures pure food.



BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 57

with boiling water and let stand a few minutes. Drain, discarding the water. Put in a saucepan, add sugar, salt and vinegar, stir well, boil twenty minutes. Seal in sterilized jars.

Chopped Pickle

Green tomatoes 3 Ripe cucumber, qts. large, 1
Ripe tomatoes 1 Small green cucumbers 1 qt.
Celery 3 bunches Water 4 qts.
Onions, large 3 Vinegar 6 cups
Red peppers, Brown sugar 4 c.
sweet, 3 Mustard 1 t.
Green peppers 3 Pepper 1 t.
Salt 1 c.

Cinnamon 1 t.

Wipe and stem the tomatoes, wash the celery and remove the coarse green leaves, peel the onions, and put all the vegetables through a food chopper. Cover with salt and water and let stand overnight. Drain. Add vinegar, salt and spices. Mix well and seal in sterilized jars.

Cucumber Mustard Pickle

Small green cucumbers
Salt 1 c. Sugar 1 c.
Mustard $\frac{7}{8}$ c. Vinegar 1 gallon

Wash the cucumbers and place in stone crocks or glass jars. Sift together the salt, sugar and mustard. Add slowly while stirring, part of the vinegar (about 1 qt.) when quite smooth, add the remaining vinegar. Pour over the cucumbers. When using stone crocks, a plate and weight should be used to keep the cucumbers from the air. More cucumbers may be added to those in the jar, as one finds it convenient.

Watermelon Rind, Pickled

Rind of 1 watermelon Vinegar 2 c.
Brown sugar 4 c. Mixed spices 2 oz.

Pare the rind, removing the pink portion and the green skin. Cut in small pieces and let stand in salted water overnight, using 1 t. salt to 2 pts. water. Drain. Put in a kettle. Cover with cold water and cook till tender. Make a syrup of the vinegar and sugar, add the spices, tied in a bag. Put in the pieces of rind, drained from the hot water, and simmer 30 minutes. Put the fruit in sterilized jars. Fill the jars with the syrup and seal.

In making pickles, instead of using spices one may add a few drops of oil of the spices to taste.

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TRY THESE CARNATION RECIPES

Scalloped Potatoes.—1 tablespoonful salt, 4 medium-sized potatoes, 1 $\frac{1}{3}$ cups water, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup Carnation Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful butter. Wash, pare and cut potatoes in thin slices. Put a layer in buttered baking dish, sprinkle with salt and dredge with a small amount of flour. Add milk mixed with the water and butter and bake until potatoes are soft. This recipe serves six people.

Cream of Macaroni Soup.—1 teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup macaroni, broken in $\frac{1}{2}$ inch pieces, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, 3 cups water, 1 cup Carnation Milk. Cook macaroni in boiling salted water about twenty minutes or until soft, drain and melt butter, add flour, add salt, then milk and cook five minutes. Combine with macaroni. This recipe serves six people.

Oyster Stew.—1 pint oysters, 3 cups water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls butter. Clean and drain oysters. Add butter and seasonings to scalded milk. Bring to the boiling point. Add oysters and serve. This recipe serves six people.

In the Carnation Cook Book you'll find recipes for eight delicious soups, as well as other good things to eat. Write the Carnation Milk Products Co., Limited, Aylmer, Ont., for a free copy.

The History of Tea

WHILE tea as an article of commerce first became known to the world as a product of China, the best authorities are agreed that the plant was not indigenous to China, but was imported there at a very early date from India. Its introduction to China is placed as far back as the time of Confucius. Various more or less obscure references to tea are to be found in the writings of Chinese authors from about 2700 B.C. down to the commencement of the Christian era.

A later Chinese writer named Cha Pu tells us that tea was used for medicinal purposes only, down to the sixth century, A.D., but after that it began to be used as a beverage. A legend has been preserved among the Chinese of how the tea plant was first discovered, and it is interesting enough to be worth narrating. An Indian Prince named Djarma, the legend runs, visited China about the beginning of the sixth century A.D., for the purpose of converting the inhabitants to the Buddhist faith. This missionary was famed far and wide for his great piety and severe asceticism of his life. Among other penances which he laid upon himself was that of foregoing sleep. One day, however, nature proved too strong for him, and his eyes involuntarily closed during one of his lengthy vigils. Awakening, he was overcome with remorse, and, resolving to make it impossible to be again ensnared by the weakness of the flesh, he cut off his eyelashes and cast them away. Happening the next day to pass the same place, his attention was arrested by the appearance of a new plant in exactly the same spot where his eyelashes had fallen. His piety interpreted this wonderful phenomenon as a miraculous gift from Heaven. He plucked some of the leaves of the shrub and ate them, and finding himself much refreshed and invigorated thereby, he extolled the virtues of the plant and recommended its use to all his followers.

Tea in Europe

TEA did not find its way to Europe until the middle of the sixteenth century. In 1657 the first tea house was established in London, and from that time onward the popularity of tea grew steadily among the well-to-do classes. That it was a decided luxury is sufficiently evident from the fact that at that time the price of tea ranged from £5 to £10 per pound and it was a hundred years before it could be bought for less than twenty shillings per pound.

The Chinese (to return) did not realize the magnitude of the blessing that the pious missionary had bestowed upon them. Had they done so, China might have remained to this day the premier tea-growing country. Instead, however, of studying the nature and habits of the plant and ascertaining by way of experiment what soils were best adapted to its cultivation they left it pretty much to take care of itself, and the result of these centuries of neglect is that the tea plant of China has gradually become stunted in

appearance, and has deteriorated in quality. This decay was not confined to the tea gardens of China alone. Owing to the transplanting of Chinese shrubs in the Indian gardens, the latter were more or less infected, and the problem that engaged the energies of the Indian planters for many years was how to eradicate the Chinese varieties.

In India

THE history of tea in India is a comparatively modern affair. The earliest mention of it being grown there is in 1780, and about that time the famous Indian Viceroy, Warren Hastings, was instrumental in introducing some varieties of the Chinese plants into India.

Many years elapsed, however, before any serious effort was made at cultivating it on a large scale, and it was only when the tea plant was discovered (about 1823) to be an indigenous growth in certain parts of India that any energy was displayed in regard to its cultivation. Shortly after that, the Burmese war broke out, and this, together with the other troubles of the British Government in Britain's great dependency, militated against any progress being made in the new industry. It was not, in fact, till near the middle of the century that tea-growing in India was placed on a sound footing.

Marvellous Progress in Ceylon

IT IS in Ceylon, however, that we find the tea plant reaching its full perfection. The climate of that beautiful island, owing to the heavy rainfall, is pre-eminently suited to the cultivation of the plant. After a number of experiments had been successfully conducted, the first plantation was opened up in 1867. In that year there were ten acres placed under cultivation. Thirty years later (1897) the acreage under tea, was over 40,000, and about 100 million pounds were exported, while ever since the distinctive quality of Ceylon tea has been gaining further popularity. This will give some idea of the extraordinary success of the tea industry in Ceylon.

Cultivation and Manufacture

A FEW explanatory words of the methods of cultivation and manufacture of tea in India and Ceylon should not be devoid of interest. It is to its climate, much more than to its soil, that Ceylon owes its proud position as a tea-growing country. This is well illustrated by the fact that at the higher altitudes the tea plant may be seen almost growing out of rocks itself. The plant in its wild state grows to a height of twenty feet, and over, and bears a leaf as large as a man's hand, but the planter by scientific pruning keeps it down to a height of three feet. From two to four years are required to elapse before the young shrub is fit for plucking, the longer period applying to higher altitudes. Once the plant has matured, it is regularly plucked week by week for a year, or perhaps two. By that time it naturally begins to languish,

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Dip in boiling water, drain and peel. Pack whole or in sections in PERFECT SEAL, CROWN or IMPROVED GEM jars filling with boiling syrup made of 1 pint of sugar to each $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of water. Sterilize for 16 to 25 minutes and seal according to directions in our FREE recipe book.

Canning Tomatoes

Blanch, cold dip, core and peel tomatoes. Boil until thick. Pour into PERFECT SEAL, IMPROVED GEM or CROWN jars while hot, adding a little salt. Put on rubbers and tops and sterilize for 25 minutes. Seal according to directions on page 8 of our FREE recipe book.

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HISTORY OF TEA—Continued from page 58

and the treatment accorded to it is drastic. Every branch is lopped off, and the unhappy plant appears to be in the last stage of ruin. Not so, however, for so great is the recuperative effect of the matchless climate of Ceylon that in a few weeks' time the plant has shot forth new limbs more abundantly than ever, and is ready for another year's constant plucking. In India plucking does not begin till about two weeks after the commencement of the rainy season in March, and ends in December, but in Ceylon plucking goes on all the year round. The operation of plucking is done by women, who carry large baskets slung over their shoulders, into which the shoots are cast as they are plucked.

From eighteen to twenty hours in Ceylon and from six to nine hours in India are required for the leaf to wither. Should the weather be unpropitious the withering is done by artificial means. The leaf having been thoroughly withered, it is transported to the rolling machines. The operation of rolling has the effect of

arresting the fermentation, and the leaf is at the same time dried to the extent of 50 to 65 per cent. Meanwhile it has gradually changed color to a blackish hue. It is now put through another automatic drier, which advances the "drying" or "firing" another stage, and a third machine completes it.

Government Standards

THERE is a standard of purity maintained by the Government, and the law against the admission of tea that is adjudged to be unfit for consumption is strictly maintained. Of course, there is a wide gulf between the tea that is "fit for consumption" and good tea. The goodness of a tea is a matter of flavour and the flavour depends upon two things.—(1) the elevation at which the plant has been grown and (2) the care exercised in manufacture. Experience has shown that the higher the elevation of the gardens, the richer is the leaf in essential oil, and it is the essential oil of the leaf that constitutes its goodness and flavour. So far as



Scene on land taken over near Kamloops, B.C. which has been established as a Royal Irish Constabulary settlement. In the photo, from left to right, are Captain G. Mackay, Lieut. Commander Cunningham, R. N. (retired) R. I. C. Divisional Commander, R. F. Cruise and several modern Eves.

liberating the juices secreted in the cells of the leaf.

After the leaf has undergone the process of rolling it is transported to the fermenting tables, where it is spread out in a long bed and covered with strips of thin cotton which have been soaked in cold water. It is this process of fermentation that determines whether the finished product will be black or green tea. When the leaf is to be manufactured into green tea it is emptied from the plucker's baskets into a revolving steel cylinder. A jet of superheated steam is then turned on the leaf, and the woody fibre in the leaf is thoroughly softened in two minutes, while the leaf itself has been rendered incapable of fermentation; after this it is ready for the next operation. It may be remarked in passing that the natural color of the finished green tea is a dark brown. When black tea is desired, however, the fermentation is allowed to proceed until the leaf gradually assumes a bright coppery hue. The length of time required for the result varies from two to six hours. After fermentation, the leaf usually receives a second rolling and it is then ready for the "firing" or "drying." The drying process, which is performed by automatic machines, has the effect of instantly

appearances go, one garden's leaf is exactly like another's and the goodness of the leaf can only be determined by the flavour of the infusion. Then again so much depends upon the process of manufacture that an inferior leaf carefully treated will often yield a better cup than a fine leaf badly handled in the factory.

Tea, the Beverage

WHAT is indisputable about tea drinking is that it forms an agreeable means of imparting the proportions of water necessary for human nutrition, which, being taken hot, communicates to the system a beneficial warm glow. Further, it is the means of taking considerable real nutriment. Its properties have been nowhere better described than by the earliest Chinese writer on the subject. Lo Yu, who says—"Tea tempers the spirit, awakens thought, prevents drowsiness, lightens and refreshes the body and clears the perceptive faculty."

Members of the medical profession have been warning their patients for years against the various injurious effects accruing from the use of coffee and alcoholic drinks, but have sanctioned the use of tea, especially in sickness when little else could be taken.

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With the Women's Institutes in Manitoba. Report of the Annual Convention at Winnipeg 1923.

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THE Thirteenth Annual Convention of the Manitoba Federation of Women's Institutes was formally opened Tuesday morning, July 26, with the singing of the National Anthem and O Canada. The President, Mrs. D. Watt, presided. In her address, Mrs. Watt commented on the success of the change in date from February to June as evidenced by the large and representative gathering of delegates. Giving a brief history of the movement, she described it as being born in the need of rural homes. Homes are studied to bring an improved standard of rural life. Although the activities of the Institutes are countless, the main features of the year's work had been the splendid part played in the Temperance campaign, child welfare work, and supplying clothing to Soldier Settlers. For the coming year Mrs. Watt advised the steady patronage of Home Industries and a united effort on the part of the convention in planning a program for the coming year.

The Convention was pleased to welcome Mrs. Elizabeth Price of Calgary, who stopped off on her way home from the Federal Convention. Mrs. Price gave a few cardinal rules for publicity. First find out what the editor wants, get it in on time, write names plainly, with initials, and report regularly. She made an appeal to the W. I. members to make a permanent record of the stories and experiences of our pioneers before it is too late. For illustration, she then related a fascinating story of early Winnipeg

days, as told by a pioneer now living in Calgary.

Mrs. Speechly, as convener of Child Welfare, recommended that each W. I. send an account of this work to the convener. Some activities along this line included in monthly reports to the Director were Hot School Lunches, Equipment for playgrounds, Boys' and Girls' Clubs, Demonstration Teams, Drinking Fountains installed and sanitation, studied support of the Public Health Nurses and Junior Red Cross Work which means Service by children to children. Of the forty-one Health conferences held during the year, thirty-eight were under the auspices of the Women's Institutes.

Mrs. Leslie, Melita, reported on Agriculture. Agriculture to women means sidelines and these dairy and poultry products amounted to \$16,000,000 in Manitoba in 1921. Mrs. Leslie told of the co-operative poultry marketing in S. W. Manitoba and commented on the cream and egg grading and the short course on Bees.

The convener of Education, Mrs. R. A. Johnston, Deloraine, also mentioned the fact that each Institute should send in reports of work along this line to the convener. The efforts of the W. I. were directed toward securing suitable buildings, capable and efficient teachers, interested school boards, and sympathetic parents. In many places things were improved by having a woman on the School Board.

At 1:30 the Convention again assem-

bled to hear the reports of the district Conventions, after which Mrs. J. South led in community singing.

Mrs. John Bracken welcomed the delegates wishing them a happy stay at the College. She congratulated Mrs. Watt and Mrs. Speechly on becoming President and Secretary respectively of the Federal organization.

Those elected to the Advisory Board were Mrs. H. M. Speechly, Winnipeg, Mrs. R. A. Johnston, Deloraine, Mrs. D. Watt, Birtle, and Mrs. C. Spicer, Minnetonka.

The nominating committee brought in the report that the following be convenors for the coming year:—

Education—Mrs. R. A. Johnston, Deloraine.

Child Welfare—Mrs. H. M. Speechly, 232 Home St., Winnipeg.

Agriculture—Mrs. Clarke, Virden.

Social Service—Mrs. Rachael Parsons, Pilot Mound.

Immigration—Mrs. G. T. Armstrong, Manitou.

National Industries—Miss A. F. Playfair, 315 Mountain Ave., Winnipeg.

Home Economics—Miss Gertrude Dutton, Winnipeg.

Publicity—Director of W. I.

Legislation—Mrs. Arthur Rogers, 64 Nassau St., Winnipeg.

W. I. Technique—Mrs. Masterton, Emerson.

The representatives to the Federal Convention in 1925 will be Mrs. G. T. Armstrong and Miss A. F. Playfair.

Reports from some Manitoba Institutes.

District Conventions

Community singing was a cheerful feature of each of the district conventions held at Melita, Roland, Souris, Boissevain, La Riviere, Grandview, Gladstone, Decker, Swan River and Winnipeg. Invitations were accepted from Waskada, Carman, Pilot Mound, Makaroff, Langruth, Russell and Winnipeg for next year's district conferences.

The individual societies gave some truly wonderful reports of what the Institutes are doing to build up our magnificent country and make it a better place in which to live.

The various short courses conducted by the Extension Service are as popular as ever, especially the millinery and dress-making classes, while many good words were spoken in favor of the travelling libraries in outlying districts. In fact the W. I. can get behind many helpful activities, but the co-operation of the district is needed to have a really successful society.

Among those who gave addresses should be mentioned Prof. C. H. Lee, M.A.C.; Prof. R. W. Murchie, M.A.C.; Mrs. H. M. Speechly, Prof. R. C. Wallace, Manitoba University; Mrs. R. F. McWilliams and Dr. Heatherington.

In her address on "Reading of Newspapers," Mrs. McWilliams made the point that newspapers should be read with regularity, discretion and discernment. She went on to say that the outstanding facts can be obtained from the first, second, or third paragraphs of an article, that the rest is made up of amplified details. With fifteen minutes daily devoted to newspaper reading, one need not read the society page, or stories of crime, but the editorial, commercial and sporting pages should be read. Also one should allow for the political view of the paper and judge its articles accordingly.

Her address on "Great Days" was inspirational, showing the wonder of the present time. She mentioned as the one of the two greatest periods in history, that time about the 15th or 16th century, when Christopher Columbus and Cartier with incredible courage voyaged to the unknown, and when Martin Luther discussed the relationship of men to God until the Reformation resulted. It is open to argument whether that age or the present time is the greater. Think

of the things that were unknown 30 years ago—electric lights, telephones, motor transport, wireless and the difference they make in our lives. Children take these things as a matter of course, and do not realize they are wonderful. The romance of achievement is seen in the world of medicine, as well as in science. Few of us appreciate the wonder of the things that are part of our every day lives.

At the Narrows

A cake three storeys high and decorated with four candles, symbolized the fourth anniversary of the organization of the Ellenville Institute. This cake, with other delectable goodies, was eaten at the "Narrows" of Shoal Lake, where the ladies assembled to celebrate the birthday of the W. I.

Social Service

The Arrow River W. I. voted \$30.00 to their Red Cross committee. This money will be spent for clothing for three small children who lost their mother this year.

Rosser arranged for the members to take turns visiting and taking some home cooking to a member who has been ill since New Year.

Summer Places

With the hope of interesting more people in the real work of the Institute, Makaroff will hold the summer meetings at the homes of the members. The session will open promptly at 2.30 and close at the hour of 5.30. The hostess will serve a ten cent tea consisting of "two things to eat, and something to drink."

A Little Hospital

"Just a sort of little hospital of our own," writes Mrs. Cosgrove, in describing the clinic to be held under the auspices of the Tilson Women's Institute the last of July. Dr. Buchanan of Deloraine and Dr. McIntyre have been engaged for the day, one to perform the operations for the removal of adenoids and diseased tonsils, and the other to administer the anesthetic. The clinic will be held in the primary room of the school, which has a good light and a supply of soft water. As many as twenty-five patients can be cared for during the day; the cost will be divided among the patients which will reduce the expense to a very reasonable fee.

Picnics

Who doesn't enjoy an afternoon spent under green trees or on the bank of a river, especially when the company is congenial and the supper is delicious? Among the Institutes that will hold a picnic in lieu of the regular July or August meeting are: Mayfeld, Benito, Shortdale and Plum Coulee.

The United Farmers of Edrans held their picnic in July, and asked the W. I. to take charge of the lunch booth. The ladies responded and as a result added a tidy sum to the treasury funds.

Local Improvement

Elphinstone W. I. asked the mayor of the town to declare a half holiday some time in July for a decoration day at the cemetery. A hedge has been planted around the burying ground at Medora, and Beulah has made arrangements to have five hundred trees planted in the cemetery. Plum Coulee has voted \$40.00 to go towards the same good work. Hamiota held the third annual cemetery day on June 7th, under the auspices of the Women's Institute in co-operation with the rural council. The trees were trimmed, the grass mowed, the gravel walks were repaired, and Virginia Creeper was planted around the tool house. The cemetery is fast becoming a beauty spot, rather than a deserted church yard, and the citizens consider themselves well repaid for the work done at the last two gatherings, by the pleasing appearance of the blooming lilacs and other shrubs.

Deloraine reports a bee held at the cemetery which resulted in much improvement to the grounds. Many interested people went early to work on individual plots, that they might be in better condition before the general work began.

Eventide

Hushed is the voice of day; the sun is gone,
Naught heard but silvery chorus of the stream;
The toiler from the field has moved along,
And soon the heavens are set with ruby gleam.
List to the night wind tuning o'er the pines,
When silver-dust of twilight fills the sky
And shadows flit to sanctum forest shrines;
Great silent hour; when birds have ceased to fly.

—Harold F. Cruickshank.

Slippery Places

By P. W. Luce

JOHN FLEETER was nearer forty than thirty, businesslike, quietly dressed, with just a suspicion of a frown above his cold grey eyes; not at all the dapper man-about-town type Mr. Peter Grimble had expected to meet.

Mr. Grimble hesitated a moment, but he was not to be turned from his purpose because of the stranger's appearance. In any event, Mr. Fleeter was smoking a cigarette.

"I strongly disapprove of cigarettes, sir!" remarked Mr. Grimble, by way of opening the conversation.

Mr. Fleeter looked at him in surprise:

"You are welcome to your opinion, sir," he answered, "but as I was not urging you to smoke, your views are hardly pertinent. I am old enough to know better than to indulge in cigarettes, and yet I do It's not my only bad habit, either! There is something else to which I owe the honor of this visit?"

"There is," Mr. Grimble. "Permit me, my card 'Peter Grimble, Manager, Carpets and Rugs; Bayville Department Store.'"

He read the words aloud before handing over the bit of pasteboard in his most impressive manner.

"Grimble—Grimble," murmured Mr. Fleeter. "Er—, Miss Grimble's father, perhaps?"

"Exactly! Mr. Peter Grimble! Father of Miss Ethel Grimble, to whom you wrote trying to make an appointment to meet her this afternoon. I saw that letter— I came instead! Here I am!"

"So I notice," remarked Mr. Fleeter, dryly. "When I met Miss Grimble a couple of weeks ago in Hemsley, I was rather impressed by her. She struck me as a young lady who was quite capable of looking after herself."

"I heard all about those meetings," broke in Mr. Grimble. "That's why I came here this afternoon. I wanted to see what kind of a man you were, Mr. Flitter. And I find you smoking a cigarette!"

"In a perfectly respectable environment, though," remarked the younger man. "At least give me credit for indulging in my vices in a modern business office, surrounded by flat top desks, swivel chairs, filing cabinets, and all the rest of it. And I can assure you that Henry Marshall, who placed this room at my disposal for a few days, is a staid and solid manufacturers' agent. You seem to have jumped at conclusions, Mr. Grimble."

"A father of a daughter cannot be too careful. I do not like these out-of-town meetings. I have lived in Bayville twenty-seven years, Mr. Flitter, and, even if I do say it myself, I have always been eminently respectable."

"Respectable, but careless!"

"Careless? How careless?"

"You persist in calling me 'Flitter, when you know very well my name is 'Fleeter.'"

"Fleeter—Flitter, there isn't very much difference."

"You may please yourself about that, Mr. Grumble."

Mr. Grimble snorted in disgust. It was not the first time such a liberty had been taken with his name, but no one had yet dared to affront him to his face. What made it worse was that he had brought it on himself. He took refuge in dignity.

"Without inquiring into the prospects, Mr. Fleeter, or concerning myself further with your intentions, I may say there will be no necessity for you making any further appointments with my daughter. I have decided!"

FLEETER inclined his head, trying hard to look like a man who was received with a staggering blow.

"Be sure your sin will find you out," he quoted aloud. "My hopes go up in smoke—cigarette smoke You might as well know the worst while you are here, Mr. Grimble. I also drink!"

"I am quite prepared to believe that," said the older man, "and I would not be at all surprised to find out that you also gamble."

"In a small way, I do. To be perfectly candid, I lost \$1,500 by picking losers at the race track this year."

Continued on page 65



Twelve Pure Silk Threads

—twisted into one master thread, from which **REAL SILK GUARANTEED** Hosiery is knit—that is the secret of the unusual satisfaction Real Silk gives;

—not 10 threads

—not 11 threads (as is commonly used in good pure thread silk hosiery)

—but 12 threads of 100% pure silk.

Mill Prices

Box of Four Pairs \$7.75

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This Gold Button
Identifies the Real Silk
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REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS OF CANADA, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Dept. A

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Enclosed is _____ (set down amount; \$7.75 for each Box of 4 pairs of ladies'; \$7.00 for each Box of 5 pairs of men's) for which please send me by return mail _____ box(es) of Real Silk Guaranteed Hosiery, assorted according to the colors I have written on this coupon.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

COLORS _____

(Write colors you want plainly; 4 colors assorted to the box if desired)



Ankle Fit

**A real delight
to the appetite.**

**Satisfy
the Hunger.**

MCCORMICK'S

JERSEY CREAM SODA BISCUITS

"I Had Bilious Attacks and Stomach Weakness"



Mrs. Wm. Robinson, Yorker, Sask., writes:

"I suffered from stomach and liver trouble, and used to have bilious attacks so bad that I could do nothing for weeks at a time. My stomach would be so weak that not even a drink of water would stay on it. On my sister's advice, I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and must say that they have made me feel like a new woman."

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

One pill a dose, 25 Cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Yes Mother
LACTACOL WILL INCREASE AND ENRICH THE
SUPPLY OF BREAST MILK—STRENGTHEN MOTHER
you will be able to
AND ENABLE HER TO BREAST FEED BABY
WITHOUT FATIGUE OR OVERSTRAIN
Nurse Baby
WHEN MOTHER TAKES LACTACOL RECOVERY
FROM HER CONFINEMENT IS MUCH QUICKER
if you take
LACTACOL IS USED IN OVER
1000 HOSPITALS ETC.
Lactagol
SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE
or by post from the Canadian Agent,
R. J. OLD, 416 Parliament St., Toronto, Canada.



Comfortable, Healthful Nights for Baby

and restful nights for Mother, are assured when Baby's delicate stomach and intestinal organs are kept normally healthy and active by adding to each feeding a few drops of

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator

This finest combination of purely vegetable ingredients is a specific relief for colic, flatulency, constipation, diarrhoea, etc. Non-alcoholic, non-narcotic—guaranteed harmless. Formula on every label.

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MOTHER'S SECTION

THE STING OF A WASP

By D. A. S.

THANKS to the Child Welfare Movement and the School Nurse, children today are wide awake to the injury done to humanity by the germ-carrying fly. Everywhere now, people are fighting to keep their homes free of these pests. It is not so generally known the harm that a bee sting may cause. Bees as a rule are not germ-carriers, but their stings may be very distressing and even dangerous.

The ordinary flesh sting can be relieved by an application of carbonate of soda, soil, or washing blue. These give relief to the stinging, but should anyone be unfortunate enough to get stung on a vein, then the symptoms are truly alarming. The poison has entered directly into the blood and great distress is soon apparent.

Last summer I was visiting my sister. Their farm is six miles from town, and unless one is the happy possessor of a car, a remedy for wasp sting seems a long way off to those living on a farm. One day my nephew came in looking wild-eyed and in great pain. While ploughing, he had been stung right between the eyes on a vein. My sister cried out in alarm, for he could scarcely speak, his eyes were mere pin points, so swollen were his eye-lids: his throat too was swelling rapidly. The poison had gone right through his system by blood circulation. The itching was terrible.

Luckily for him, I had had to deal with wasp stings on a vein twice before. I administered a strong dose of Epsom Salts along with another aperient. This cools the blood. Then we prepared a warm bath and placed him in it

rubbing him down with carbonate of soda. Vinegar may be added to the water. It also allays the itching. For an hour we worked, and then the itching began to subside and the wild look in the eye gradually wore away. The patient then was put to rest on the lounge. The heart is greatly affected by the poisonous sting of the wasp and rest is imperative.

When the doctor arrived two hours later, he was glad to find the patient so comfortable. In that district the sting of the wasp on a vein had not come before the medical eye and it was alarming the doctors to know how to deal with it. My nephew was the third case in a week's time.

With regard to diet after a sting on a vein, keep the patient on soft food for a few days—warm milk, egg-nogg, custards and light foods, keeping the bowels active. A few days rest should be observed.

The doctor asked me what I had done to the patient to give him such quick relief. I gave him the directions I have written here, and my sister urged me to write and explain them for the benefit of others. I hope they may prove helpful to anyone who is unfortunate enough to be stung on a vein. Always get in touch with a doctor, but commence to counteract the terrible itching. Keep on working until the skin looks red and warm and active. A quick perspiration is a great help. Remember that a wasp sting is a great shock to the nervous system, and take care of the body's wonderful mainspring—the heart.

STUTTERING AND STAMMERING

STUTTERING is an affliction suffered by many people, and needlessly, as a little care and patience in childhood might have saved them this condition which is not only embarrassing to themselves and others, but may also prove a serious handicap in the social, business or professional life they wish to pursue.

A great many children stutter when they are just learning to talk, but by the time they have reached the age of six they have usually grown out of it. If your child is past this age and still stutters, he should be watched carefully. When he starts to stutter through a sentence, stop him gently and have him repeat the words slowly and distinctly. You will need patience, but just remember that it is much easier to break him of the habit when a child than it will be later on. Never startle such a child by a sudden, sharply-spoken question, as this is liable to upset every idea he may have had on the subject referred to, and he will probably commence to stutter and stammer nervously. Indeed, no child should be spoken to in this manner, as it often begins the habit of stuttering in a child of high-strung temperament.

Stammering is a very similar condition to stuttering, except that certain sounds seem difficult to make, and can usually be accounted for in some defect of the tongue, teeth, lips or palate. Such defects should be corrected as far as any child under your care.

possible, and the child carefully trained in speech. Lipping is also a defect of the organs of speech, and is treated in the same manner as stammering.

Older children who stutter and stammer should be placed in the hands of a competent teacher who teaches the correct way to breathe, to use the voice, tongue, and lips in speaking. If such a teacher is not available to you, the child may be trained at home. Try to interest him in overcoming the difficulty, teach him to recite and read aloud, and listen carefully to everything he says. Do not bore him to death with endless nagging, but persevere, be gentle and firm, and you will soon be rewarded for your efforts. If possible, have a talk with his school teachers, and secure their co-operation. These "tongue-twisters"—sentences with all the words commencing with one sound—may also prove helpful.

Demosthenes, the great Greek philosopher, had an impediment in his speech, and, determined to overcome it, he would recite aloud while climbing a steep hill, and battle against the waves with his mouth full of pebbles, in order to strengthen his lungs and make him the speaker he wanted to be. A clear voice, with distinct articulation and a ready command of words is a great asset in any walk of life, and it is worth any amount of effort either for yourself, or

WIVES OF OUR VILLAGE—Jane Snooker

By Kate B. Greene

JANESNOOKER is a model wife. Each morn betimes she rises. Above all other things on earth her scrubbing brush she prizes. Upon the attic first she starts and scrubs it to a finish; then to the cellar she proceeds, nor does her zeal diminish. She scrubs the dog, she scours the cat, she holystones the chickens; the barn, the shed, the rooster-house, she cleans them like the dickens. And folks exclaim as they pass by "Oh, isn't Jane a wonder! The way she cleans beats everything! It surely does, by thunder!" Yet, Henry Snooker, patient man! He sadly strokes his whiskers, and wishes many a time and

oft, he'd wed one of the friskers. He wishes off a lazy wife, like Martha Plunk, he'd married; and then some peace and rest he'd had, while on this earth he'd tarried. Upon a bench outside he sits; he dare not cross the threshold for fear a speck he'd leave and Jane would have to take a fresh hold; and if perchance he ventures in, with much alarm Jane views him. She tracks his footsteps with a mop and with a broom pursues him. And soon his Jane will have him scrubbed and scoured in all completeness; and on his tomb we'll sadly read, "He died of pizen neatness."

Goddard's Plate Powder

For polishing Silver



SIX GOLD MEDALS
Sold in boxes—25 cents.
Sample on receipt of 5 cents, in stamps
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45 St. Alexander Street, Montreal



MENNEN BORATED TALCUM

The Safe Powder for Baby
-at least buy the BEST for baby
MENNEN is his right!

MOTHER'S SECTION—Continued from page 62

CARE OF THE TEETH

ALTHOUGH people are steadily realizing more and more the importance of the proper care of the teeth, there is still a great deal of carelessness in this matter. It is not fair to the child to let him neglect his teeth, for decayed teeth not only lead to an ugly mouth, but to all sorts of illnesses. Decayed teeth mean an unpleasant breath, inflamed and bleeding gums, abscesses. The pus which forms underneath the decayed tooth spreads through the system during mastication, and results in pus-poisoning and headache, and frequently anemia.

From the time the first tooth appears it should be brushed with a soft brush after every feeding, and as soon as the child is old enough, he should be taught to brush his teeth properly and regularly. Above all, the teeth should be brushed before retiring, for think of all the particles of food that will otherwise remain in the mouth, fermenting and forming acids which cause tooth decay. There are many excellent tooth-pastes and powders on the market which aid materially in polishing the teeth, keeping them white and in counteracting fermentation and pyorrhea conditions. Many dentists advocate the use of such a preparation once a day and thorough cleansings with an alkaline solution at other times. A half-teaspoonful of salt or bicarbonate of soda in a glass of lukewarm water is best for this purpose. Thorough mastication of coarse foods will give the teeth the exercise they need, and help to keep them in good condition.

The Tooth-Brush

The tooth-brush should be selected with care. The bristles should be of uneven lengths so that every part of the tooth may be reached. A small brush is better than a large one as it may be worked around the corners more easily and thoroughly. It should be of medium stiffness, not too hard to scratch the enamel, nor so soft as to be ineffective. The teeth should be brushed from the gums to the points, to remove particles from between the teeth, and then with a rotary motion to polish them. This method may be found a trifle awkward at first, but practice will soon remove any difficulty. The tooth-brush should be dipped in boiling-hot water daily to destroy germs.

Milk-teeth

Many people neglect their children's first teeth, or milk-teeth, because they are not permanent. Remember that the permanent teeth are slowly forming underneath, and decay of the milk-teeth

may spread to the underlying teeth and do them serious harm. Decayed teeth are usually the cause of diseased tonsils with the resulting operation and removal. The milk-teeth should not be removed too early. When they become loose it means that the new teeth are pushing them out, but until this signal appears they should be left alone. The first permanent teeth appear at about the age of six, four molars, and must not be confused with the milk-teeth, for if they are removed, no others will ever take their places. The second teeth which appear at about the seventh year, should be watched carefully, and if they are coming in irregularly, a dentist should be consulted at once. Such teeth may be braced and straightened with the resulting improvement in appearance and usefulness.

Protuding Teeth

Protuding teeth are usually caused by the habit of thumb-sucking in small children, or the use of a "comfort." The tender gum is constantly pressed outward until it is formed that way, so that when the teeth grow in, they naturally slant outward. Children should never be allowed to have a comfort, not only for the sake of their teeth, but because it is a most unsanitary practice. It is bound to fall out of the mouth, and fall on the floor, or become the landing place of the germ-carrying fly. To break an infant of thumb-sucking, the arms may be tied down in such a way that the hands will be left free but cannot be raised sufficiently to reach the mouth.

Toothache

Toothache is caused by decay. As soon as a tooth begins to ache, have a dentist attend to it, that the tooth may be filled and saved, and prevent the decay from spreading. In the meantime, the pain may be relieved by placing a tiny bit of absorbent cotton soaked in oil of cloves in the cavity. If oil of cloves is not available, alcohol or chloroform may be used. If a tooth pains after it has been filled, rinse the mouth with salt and water every fifteen minutes. The pain of a gum-boil may be relieved by the application of a warm raisin poultice, which is made by splitting open raisins, removing the seeds, adding a little water, and heating. A mustard foot-bath will also be helpful.

But as always, prevention is better than cure. Do not wait for teeth to ache before going to the dentist. A visit to the dentist every six months will give him a chance to fill the little cavities before they become serious.

APOLOGIA

By Vera V. Robertson

WE can love the sinner, though we may despise his sin, for the way of the transgressor is hard, hard enough without bearing the extra burden of condemnation. It is often difficult to understand why certain sins are committed, as the same temptations that appeal to one temperament have no effect upon another. Nevertheless, most of us have been victims of those strange invisible forces which govern wrongly our conduct if not held in great subordination to the higher instincts. If, through a feat of will power, we have been able to fight and overcome base and degrading impulses, that should not breed a reason to withhold forbearance, and condemn and turn away from the transgressor. To deny tolerance and compassion room within us, is to make our souls tenantless of an immeasurable need. Shall we leave the transgressor to search for sympathy like some lost and starving beast searches for a blade of green grass on sun-scorched land?

We have yet to realize that "we are punished by our sins, not for them," and that the agonies of remorse are not only a Judgment Day measure, but sometimes are felt by the transgressor each and every hour of his life.

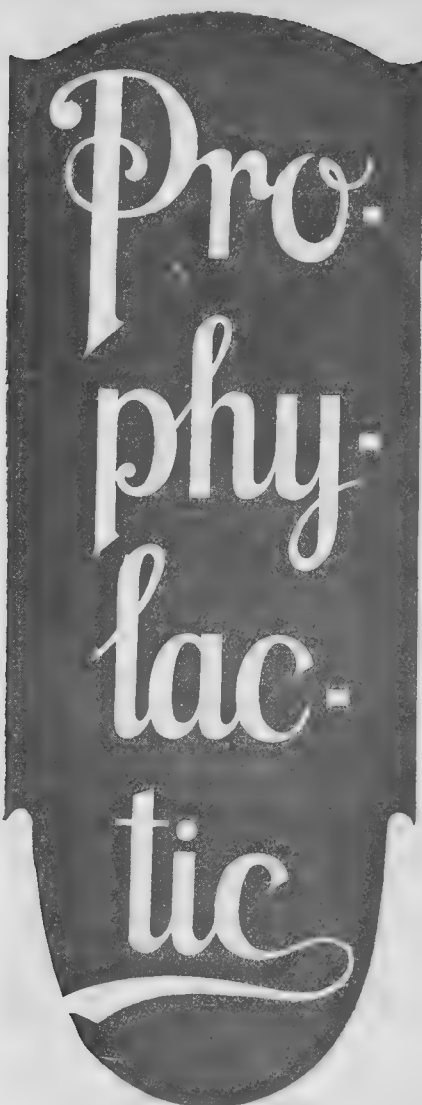
"I made the cross myself whose weight Was later laid on me.

This thought is torture as I toil

Up Life's steep Calvary.
To think mine own hands drove the nails,
I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To make it firm and strong.
If I had guessed—if I had dreamed
Its weight was meant for me,
I should have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary."

To him who has carried the self-made cross has come no mere vision of retribution—he has seen the reality. Thus it is that "the way of the transgressor is hard enough without bearing the extra burden of condemnation."

Oh, let us in the name of a loving and compassionate Father open the floodgate of sympathy that its soothing waters may flow over the poor wounded breast of humanity! Let us, in the name of a loving and compassionate Father, if it lies within our power to do so, build beneath the feet of the man who has strayed a new pavement that he may walk once more in confidence and with firm tread. And in the name of a loving and compassionate Father let us lift the drooping head of the woman who has fallen, and direct her sight upwards that she may behold bending down from Heaven towards her the sweet Angel of Mercy, who is waiting to place on her sighing lips a kiss of forgiveness.



Tooth Brush

THE Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is packed in the sanitary yellow box for your protection. Your brush comes to you clean and sanitary. Look for the name Pro-phy-lac-tic on the handle. Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes come in three sizes—adults', youths', and children's; and in three degrees of stiffness—hard, medium, and soft. For sale by all dealers in Canada.

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Brush Your
Upper Teeth
Downward
and
Your Lower
Teeth Upward



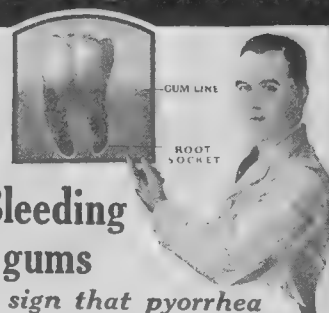
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WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN
\$8.00 WORTH OF ANY
STICKY FLY CATCHER

Clean to handle. Sold by all
Druggists, Grocers and
General Stores

Cuticura Soap
—AND OINTMENT—
Clear the Skin

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. each. Sold every where.
Can. Depot: Lyman's, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal.

**PYORRHOCIDE
POWDER**
keeps the gums healthy



**Bleeding
gums**

*A sign that pyorrhea
threatens the root sockets*

PYORRHEA works under the gum line where you cannot see it. From the gum tissue, the infection spreads to the root sockets which hold your teeth in place. Then the teeth loosen and fall out—or must be pulled—because their support is weakened.

Dental clinics since 1908 have proved the effectiveness of Pyorrhocide Powder as an aid in correcting, as well as in preventing, pyorrhea. It is medicated with Dentinol, a gum-tissue healing agent used by the dental profession in the treatment of pyorrhea at the dentist's chair.

Pyorrhocide Powder keeps the teeth white and clean. It has a tonic and healing effect upon the gums. It corrects bleeding gums—strengthens tender gums—hardens soft gums. It helps healthy gums to keep healthy.

Use this dentifrice daily—see your dentist regularly—and you can avoid pyorrhea. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. Sold by all Canadian druggists.

**Buy a
package
today**



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Thomas Russell, First Prize Baby, Class E,
Canadian National Exhibition, 1922.
A Telfer Arrowroot Boy.

**TELFER ARROWROOT BISCUITS
ARE SCIENTIFICALLY MADE**

1 Biscuit equals 23 Calories
1 Biscuit equals 1 1/4 ounces Milk

Write for 10-page booklet on the Story of
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Just use soap and hot water to clean SMP Enameled Ware. It is so clean and so pure. As smooth as china and as strong as steel. And no metal touches the food. Be sure you get

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Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearly grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining; Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal blue edging.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Our Red Friends

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have noticed in your magazine and elsewhere, articles on phases in the lives of our American Indians. These articles and the accompanying illustrations usually deal with the older people and the most uncivilized tribes. This of course is possibly the most interesting side, certainly the most spectacular, and least like ourselves. Yet it seems to me that it gives us a one sided view and that we do not see the Indian of the present day in a true light. We gain the impression of an antiquated race living as they have lived for the last 50 years, in dirty shacks, wearing cast off clothing, the more brilliant the better, an easy-going shiftless people. I admit that there are such, but they are of the old order and "The old order changeth yielding place to the new."

I have taught in an Indian Day School and have become intimately acquainted with the young people. I find that with the aid of Christianity and education there is being evolved a race of young people who are ambitious for better

Winnipeg, and think the farm is just lovely in summer. I am helping to make hay at present. Just as so many others will be at this time of the year.

I like all kinds of outdoor sports such as skating, baseball, picnicing, boating, swimming, motoring. I also like dancing. I know the words of three or four square dances if anybody cares to have them. I also have the words of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." If "Ben" will drop me a line I will send them to him.

I agree with "Farmerette" in regard to bachelors being lonely. I do not see why bachelors should be lonely. I am sure there is something to read or look at, somewhere to go or someone to write to besides your daily chores. All the same I am sorry for them.

I wish The Western Home Monthly every success in the future and hope to gain a few correspondents.

Agnes.

The Ideal Garden

Hello Everyone,

Will you allow a stranger to enter your friendly circle? I hope you will



The Chinese attach great importance to the marriage vow and celebrate with elaborate ceremonies upon that occasion. The bride and groom kneel prostrate before the father and the mother of the bride and the tying of the knot is solemnized by the bride's mother putting a rose in the bride's hair and then transferring it to the husband's. After this the happy couple go home and live happy ever after.

homes and better conditions, and who have pride in their personal appearance.

These young people are not particularly noticed on the streets of our cities as they dress, speak and act very much as we do. They are keenly sensitive of our attitude towards them and of the fact that they are Indians.

I might go on forever but fear my letter will be too long.

This is the first time I have written to a magazine or paper. The incentive to do it this time was the hope of modifying the impression that I know some people have of the Indian, and also the fact that one of my Indian pupils was married last month. I obtained a picture of the wedding group which I am enclosing in the hope that it may be reproduced in this magazine and may prove of interest to the readers. The bride was tendered a shower before her marriage at the home of one of her girl friends. After the wedding a reception was held at the home of the bride's grandparents as she is an orphan.

Should this letter be reproduced I thank you.

Yours truly,
Soangetaha.

The Farm Just Lovely

Dear Editor and Readers,

I wish to join the happy crowd of correspondents, I live on a farm in Manitoba, about sixty miles north of

as this is my third attempt and I hope I succeed this time. The other two never went beyond the kitchen range.

Although I am only nineteen years old, I have been married for three years to one of the dearest boys on earth, and I can tell you girls, that this is the only life. I thought I was happy while single, but I have changed my mind now. Our little home is a Garden of Eden and we are so happy.

I see where one boy thinks it is nice that a girl is able to do her own sewing. I agree with him, as nowadays most of the girls can only jazz. Well, I am not much for sewing, but I do love to cook. Cooking and baking are my hobbies and the three years I have been married have given me lots of practice, so that now I can cook and bake most anything. Girls, they say that one way to a man's heart is through his stomach. My hubbie was a bachelor and my little surprises are a great treat to him.

I, like nearly all of you, am very fond of music. I play, and I also sing alto. I have sung in a quartette for nearly four years. My father is bass singer in the same quartette and used to be a choir-leader. My hubbie plays the violin, so you see we are quite a musical family.

Wasn't it "Another Nobody's Darling" that took us on that lovely trip through Stanley Park? I have never been there, but I have been in the big

FALL FASHIONS



OUR New Fall and Winter 1923-24 Catalogue is now ready for mailing. Here you will find the latest styles in gowns and wraps, delightful new designs in lingerie, dainty and practical garments for the

little ones, and all manner of necessary and attractive apparel for all members of the family. It also includes many helpful suggestions for the busy needlewoman—it is a complete and practical fashion book arranged by the publishers of The Western Home Monthly for the women of the Canadian West.

Send twenty cents today and we will gladly forward you a copy. Address:

The Western Home Monthly
STOVEL BUILDING - WINNIPEG, MAN.

Don't Throw Away Your Combings!

Send them to us and we will make them up in a switch for you for \$3.00.

We carry a full line of Hair Goods.

Write for Prices.

Parisian Hairdressing & Beauty Parlors
319 Garry St., Winnipeg, Man.

CORRESPONDENCE—Continued from page 64

Woodland Park in Seattle, Wash., and from her description I presume that they are alike.

Like most of you, I like outdoor sports, also dancing and reading. I was born in North Dakota, raised in Canada, but got most of my schooling in Washington.

Well, I must be going for I see the editor coming to put me out, so I will go before I wear out my welcome. I would like to call again and would like correspondents.

Best wishes to all,
Hubbie's Sweetheart.

Exchange of Opinions

Dear Editor,

I have been a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly for over twelve years. I have enjoyed its editorials which invariably are of an intellectual and high moral tone. The Young Woman and Her Problem, The Young Man and His Problem, The Philosopher, the interesting stories, and not least the Correspondence Columns, I have read with pleasure and profit. I venture to believe however, that the Correspondence has not improved to the extent the other parts of your excellent paper have done, and could be made very helpful to all of us by exchange of opinions and discussion. "Hullite's" letter was timely and to the point. My experience in the West re Prohibition fully verifies the statements made therein, but we who advocate and vote for Prohibition must show our moral courage by standing up

for enforcing the law before we can expect it to be a success. Punch and Judy seem to have made out a good defence for the modern Flapper. It may be all correct, I do not know as I am only a timid observer, and my observations have not made me an admirer. I am an advocate of all healthful amusements, including dancing if properly conducted, but not to the neglect of the duties we owe to home and society in general. My relations with the fair sex have been very pleasant, but not what might be termed a success. Taking them out to dances, suppers, concerts, etc., seems to be enjoyed and appreciated. I have at all times made studied politeness and kindness my rule of conduct, but so far as I can see, we become just good friends nothing more. My summing up is that fair woman is a mystery, and a failure. Notwithstanding that, I am credited with fair success in the battle of life, now that I am not as young as I used to be. It may be hopeless to strive to solve such problems, but I would be pleased to exchange and discuss views with any who will write me. My address is with the Editor.

B. C. Bob.

There are still letters waiting in our office for Punch and Judy, and Inky. If they will please send in their names and addresses we will be glad to forward them. A letter also arrived this morning for Christiania whose name and address we do not appear to have.

SLIPPERY PLACES—Continued from page 61

"Fifteen hundred dollars! Heavens! Man alive, that's almost a year's salary! I hope that will be a lesson to you to keep away from race meetings in future."

"I'm afraid I won't do that. You see, although I lost \$1,500, I also won \$2,000, so that leaves me \$500 ahead of the game, to say nothing of all the fun I had."

"I strongly disapprove of all forms of gambling," remarked Mr. Grimbale, taking refuge in moralizing when he found economic arguments slipping away from under his feet.

"At your age I will probably be as highly moral as you are," smiled the other.

"At my age," said Mr. Grimbale, shaking his head sadly, "you will be harvesting the wild oats you have sown in your youth, instead of enjoying the deserved esteem of your friends and employers. Because of my respectability, I feel absolutely secure in my business position, although I am no longer young."

"Business positions do not always depend on respectability," said Mr. Fleeter, with a faint chuckle. "There are many unexpected changes in business life. Length of service does not always count as against efficiency By the way, I see by your card you are with the Bayville Department Store."

"Manager, Carpets and Rugs. A very responsible position," supplemented Mr. Grimbale.

"I have heard this Department Store has recently changed hands." There was an amused look on Mr. Fleeter's face that puzzled his caller.

"The change will not affect me," remarked Mr. Grimbale. "I have the assurance of the firm that I shall be highly recommended to the new owners."

"All the same, there is a rumor that there are to be many changes, and that merit rather than recommendations will be the guide of the new proprietor. You have probably heard these rumors?"

Mr. Grimbale admitted that he had heard something of the kind, but had not paid much attention to it. He had not thought it could possibly concern him. But now, as he watched this stranger reach for another cigarette, an uneasy thought took possession of him.

"You seem to be fairly conversant with these vague rumors," he remarked. "Would I be far out in my guess if I supposed you to be one of the new men likely to come in with the new owner?"

"A brilliant guess, Mr. Grimbale! Right the very first time!"

Shame Better than Regret

"Aren't you ashamed, William," exclaimed the indignant minister, "to hit a boy smaller than yourself?"

"Well I don't know," said William, who was a bit of a philosopher. "I guess I'd rather be ashamed to hit a smaller boy than be sorry I hit a bigger one."

What it Would Have Said

"So Miss Banger played for you, did she?" asked the friend of the musician. "You know she claims that she can make the piano talk."

"If that instrument spoke at all," declared the musician peevishly, "I bet it would say: 'Woman, you have played me false.'"



Three times a day—

Dishwashing—bane of all house-keeping—is losing its old-time hardship because of Lux.

With the magic of white bubbling suds, Lux thoroughly cleans your finest dishes and most precious cut-glass, restoring their original sheen and lustre.



Will not redden the hands

And Lux will not redden your hands even though you wash dishes three times a day for months and months. Lux is just as easy on your hands as it is gentle with fine silks and delicate fabrics. One tablespoonful of Lux—hot water—and your dish-pan; and one package will last for 50 washings.

Sold only in sealed dust-proof packets.

LUX

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED,

TORONTO

L318

CARHARTT

"SOLIDLY MADE FOR LONG WEAR
AND ROOMY FOR FREE ACTION"



OVERALLS

Blended for strength and flavor,

Gold
Standard
Tea.

Codville Company Ltd.



37

GAS IN THE STOMACH IS DANGEROUS

Recommends Daily Use of Magnesia To Overcome Trouble Caused by Fermenting Food and Acid Indigestion

Gas and wind in the stomach accompanied by that full, bloated feeling after eating, are almost certain evidence of the presence of excessive hydrochloric acid in the stomach, creating so-called "acid indigestion."

Acid stomachs are dangerous because too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leading to gastritis accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and sours, creating the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to treat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralizing effect on the stomach acids. Instead get from any druggist a few ounces of Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of water right after eating. This will drive the gas, wind and bloat right out of the body, sweeten the stomach, neutralize the excess acid and prevent its formation and there is no sourness or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and the best form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.

NEW LAMP BURNS 94% AIR

Beats Electric or Gas

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U.S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal oil).

The inventor, T. B. Johnson, 579 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg, is offering to send a lamp on 10 day's FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him to-day for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month.

KEATING'S KILLS



BUGS FLEAS FLIES ROACHES

PACKAGES 10¢ 20¢ 40¢

Sprinkle under rugs and in clothes closets to

KILL MOTHS



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke
"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

Something to Learn

I know a little creature
In a green bed,
With the softest wrappings
All round her head.
When she grows old
She is hard and cannot feel.
So they take her to the mill
And grind her into meal.

The Fountain

Into the sunshine
Full of the light
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night;
Into the moonlight
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flowerlike
When the winds blow.

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray
Happy at midnight
Happy by day.
Ever in motion
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward
Never weary.

Glad of all weathers
Still seeming best
Upward or downward
Motion thy rest.
Full of a nature
Nothing can tame.
Changed every moment
Ever the same.

Ceaseless aspiring
Ceaseless content
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element.
Glorious Fountain
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant
Upward like thee!

Lowell.

Arrow River, Man.,
April 25th, 1923

The Children's Cosy Corner,
Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir,

I have been reading the Children's Cosy Corner, in the Western Home Monthly for some time. I am greatly interested in it, especially the part "Something to Do," for the different months. In this last issue it was "Something to do for June." So I thought that I would try it, as the time that I entered in 1921, I met with success then. I shall try to tell you all about as many dogs as I can.

Now to begin with, a dog is the common name of a family of quadrupeds of the genus Canis, which includes, the wolf, fox and jackal.

There are wild dogs which inhabit several parts of the world, such as the "Thole" of India, and the "Dingo" of Australia, but these are thought to have once belonged to the domestic species, but emerged into the wild type.

In size and other respects, dogs differ greatly. There are dogs found in India which have no hair at all, while in Australia some of the dogs do not bark.

There are a great many kinds of dogs, but I shall just tell about those that I can.

Those that I can tell something about are—St. Bernard, Newfoundland, Eskimo, Shepherd (Sable and Black and Tan) Greyhound, Wolfhound, Bloodhound, Terrier, Pointer, Setter, Spaniel and Poodle.

The St. Bernard is a large and very strong dog. This dog was of very great value in the time of the Great War. It was this specie of dog that was used so much in the Red-Cross Work. These dogs were trained to aid the wounded and dying soldiers. They were able to find the wounded soldiers when human aid couldn't. Often the soldiers crawled into some scrub or brush, but the dogs found them. They also took bandages, food, drink and any other supplies to the helpless soldiers.

The Newfoundland is another large dog. It is much more blocky like than the St. Bernard. These dogs make great company and are very fond of children.

The Eskimo dog is also a good sized dog. These are very hardy and strong dogs, as they can stand the terrible cold up in the north and can pull great loads. They travel at a great speed through the snow too.

There are two kinds of Collies. The Black and Tan ones and the Sable, both kinds of which are shepherd dogs. The Black and Tan ones are the best workers amongst flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. The sable are mostly for showing at fairs, but are also good for carrying messages. The sable is the larger of the two.

The Greyhound has no scent, but has the shortest and quickest eyes of any dog. When hunting, as this is what it is used for, if it sees a rabbit or such game as that it needs no scent as they are able to see where it goes and goes so very fast that the prey has hardly time to get out of its way. This dog is about the lightest and fastest on its feet to any other dog. They have a very slender body and long legs.

The Bloodhound is the dog used for tracing any creature, either human or animal that may have escaped from any place. They have the greatest scent of any dog.

The Wolfhound is brownish in color and is used for hunting wolves. They are about the same height and color as a wolf itself.

A terrier is a small dog used for catching rats and vermin.

The Pointer and Setter are much the same. They are used for hunting game. They are about the same size as a Collie and are usually white with brown or dark spots over their body. They hunt the game and then lie flat down when the man with the gun goes to shoot, after he has shot they get the prey for the master.

A Spaniel is a small brown dog with curly hair and large ears which flap at the side of their head. Are used for getting ducks and such things out of the water.

The Poodle Dog is a white curly dog. It is nearly all hair, one can hardly see their face for the curly hair. They must be bathed like a child and kept clean. They are only used as a lap dog.

I shall now tell you about the dog in the snapshot which we had when we lived in Clifford, Ont. The dog's name is "Sport." He is black and tan with a

little white on him. When but a young pup he would always follow the mower, so one day he got into the hay and the right-hind leg and the foot of the left-hind leg were cut off. After this healed up, he was able to run as fast as any dog with four legs.

Another thing that was a fault of his was that he would always run in front of the train. The railway track was not far away so, when he heard the train coming he would run to get in front of it. Many times he would come home with blood all over his face. This was because he had gotten too close to the engine and part of his ear was nipped off.

As these are all accidents, I must now tell you what good he was. Every evening he would get the horses and cows (no matter where they were) and bring them home, right to the stable door.

There were a great many wood-chucks, or ground hogs around the farm, both in the fields and bushes. Any time when going through the field and he saw one, he couldn't come home until he caught it.

One day he caught a skunk. He knew that his scent was not nice so he hid himself under the verandah steps, until most of the smell had gone away.

Any time that pictures are taken he runs and places himself near the person that is getting their picture taken. In (snap 16) you will notice how pleased he is to be with the children and in (No. 15) he placed himself there. He being the best in the picture.

Well, I must close, hoping my letter is not too long to win a prize. Please send the pictures back if possible. Good-bye, wishing the C.C.C. best of luck.

Yours sincerely,

Agnes MacKenzie
Age 14, April 22nd, 1923

We are very sorry that we were not able to reproduce the very interesting pictures that Agnes MacKenzie sent in with her story, as they were not quite clear enough. You see, when a picture is reproduced in a paper or magazine, it loses a little bit of the fine detail, and if the original picture is not already clear, it won't come out very well on paper. However, that is not Agnes' fault. A gold button goes to Agnes MacKenzie and also to Clarice Kennedy for their excellent stories about dogs.

Napinka, Man.,
April 28th, 1923

Dear Bobby Burke,

This is my first letter to your interesting club. So as soon as I saw where you were to write stories about dogs, I thought I would write. I know many different kinds. But usually the most kind of dogs on farms are Collies, or Wolfhounds.

My brother-in-law, who lives near us, has a most interesting Collie. His name is "Sport." He taught him to go after the cows and bring them home, no matter how far away they might be.

Then he can sit up on a chair and beg for meat. He barks for it. Also he can shake hands.

He is a very good watch dog. He will not let any one near the house unless the folks are near. One day he got his leg badly cut and he has been limping for some time.

One of our neighbors has a Fox Terrier whose name is "Florence." She can sit up and beg for things to eat. She is white with some brown and black spots on her. She likes oats to eat after you have taken the skin off. She can go after gophers and bring them up out of the ground.

THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack. Winnipeg



CHILDRENS COSY CORNER—Continued from page 66

Not far from my home lives a man who has some Wolfhounds. They will follow him all over. They are grey and very long and lean. They do not get very fat. They are harmless and would not chase anyone unless they were teasing them.

A man up town has a Bull Dog. She is the usual color of Bull Dog. Grey and brown. I do not happen to know his name.

Another one has two white Poodles. One's name is "Teddy" and the other one's name is "Beauty." Teddy could dance with a stick. He could sit up with spectacles on his nose and read a paper. He could also jump through your arms. They used to bath him every week. But a few days ago he died. "Beauty" is still a pup.

Then there used to be a Water Spaniel up town. The man just kept him to go hunting with. He was black and white. His name was "George." But he also is dead.

There are not many Newfoundlands around here. They are very brave dogs. They usually keep Bird dogs to get ducks for them when they shoot them. These are called Setters. If you go hunting Partridges, etc., they will get them up a tree and watch and bark at them until you come up and shoot them.

The Huskies are dogs which are part Wolf. They are very useful on sleighs or carryalls. They put these in races in the winter time.

The Mastiff dog is a very good watch dog and they have often saved many lives.

rack when it was moving along and go with them.

He never used to follow us to town. He generally stayed at home.

Then a few weeks ago he took sick. We think he had distemper. Just as we were getting ready to doctor him up, he left us, and we have never heard of him. I expect he is dead. We were very sorry to lose him as he was a good dog.

Well, as my letter is long, I will close, wishing the C.C.C. success, also Bobby Burke. I would like correspondence from any girl or boy of my own age. My address is Napinka, Man., No. 131.

I remain,

Clarice Kennedy (14)

Something to Read

"PEOPLE IN SHAGGY COATS"

THE shaggy coat of a Shetland pony, writes Miss Edna S. Knapp, may cover almost any kind of disposition. I think you can tell fairly well what it is if you will look your pony square in the eye. Now, Bumps has a quizzical expression, and Tiddledy meets your gaze wistfully. Princess wants most of all to be loved. When Shag was little we could not tell much about him; but he had the cunningest baby face!

Bumps belongs to the Bradford children. They go to ride every pleasant day; that is, they start; the going is another matter. Sometimes Bumps behaves excellently, but generally he balks. Clarence and Rosella like to drive over our hill to see the Kendalls. Bumps

cried constantly if separated for an instant from his sister. Princess took readily to petting; Shag disdained it.

Outside the barn Princess would follow us like a dog, and Shag would follow her. Princess spent her time watching for us; Shag put in a good many hours trying to eat Selma's geraniums through the kitchen window.

In the spring we introduced Princess to the saddle, putting it where she could see it every day, smell it and taste it with her sensitive lips. After she had thoroughly examined it she made no objection to having it on her back and seemed to think it a game when little Robert, who was put into the saddle, fed her sugar when she turned her head round to find out what the weight was.

Often in the winter Princess would come up on the big stone porch and trot back and forth several times with Shag at her heels, glancing in through the French windows where we were at work in the schoolroom. One day we had a visitor, teacher's sister, who did not stop quite long enough outdoors to pay to her Royal Highness all the attention she thought she deserved. Next we knew Princess had followed the guest up the steps, across the porch and into the library. There she stood in the middle of the Oriental rug and refused to budge till she had had her meed of petting. Shag looked curiously in through the open door.

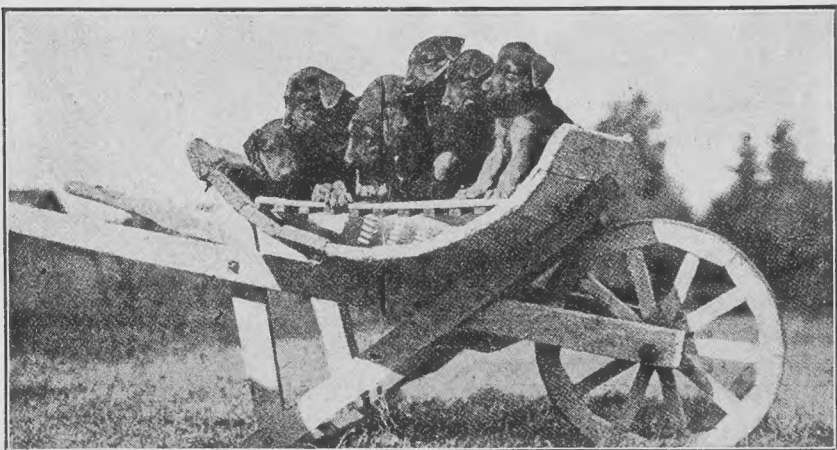
Princess seemed possessed to get into the house. One morning we were eating breakfast in the dining room. During a pause in the conversation a brown head came between father and Robert, and Princess picked up the bowl of lump sugar to help herself. The bowl was slippery, and she dropped it, and so did Selma, our maid, the cup of coffee she was handing to father. Jean jumped up and tried to lead her out; but we had to allow her to go round the table and be greeted by everyone before she would follow Jean and the sugar bowl outdoors. A farm hand had left the back door open.

Princess is an outdoor pet now and will be while she lives; but Shag disdains all our advances and tries to bite at every opportunity. Both are treated exactly alike too.

A Giant Sun

Canopus, the giant of the solar system, is, according to a recent calculation of Prof. W. F. A. Ellison, forty-nine thousand times as bright as the sun. Its diameter is one hundred and thirty-four times that of the sun; it is eighteen thousand times larger in surface, and two million four hundred and twenty thousand times larger in volume. The distance of it from us, according to the same authority, is four hundred and eighty-nine light years.

"Suppose," says Professor Ellison, "that, instead of being at this enormous distance, it were placed in the centre of the solar system, in lieu of the sun? It would then occupy eighty-five hundredths of the space lying within the orbit of Venus, and, as seen from the earth, would subtend an angle of about seventy degrees of arc. Thus, when its lower limb was on our horizon, its upper would be within twenty degrees of the zenith. Needless to say, no life could exist on earth with such a neighbor.



"Innocence Abroad"

We were asked to send a photo of a dog and to tell its life. Mine is about an Airedale dog of ours whose name was "Ted." We lost our dog so when my brother went up town a pup came and got in his wagon and came home with him. We did not know where he came from, but as he was willing to stay, we let him.

He was a good cattle dog. If you saw the cattle into the grain you could sick him on and he would chase them out, no matter how far away they are.

Then he would stand upon his hind legs and when you threw meat up in the air he would catch it.

He always went with me when I went for a walk. He was always good company. If he should see a snake near me, he would grab it up in his teeth and shake it. Many a time he has saved me from stepping on a snake.

When the boys went for hay or straw he would go and jump upon the empty

objects to the hill and nearly always stops in front of our house. Then there is trouble. Bumps expresses "won't" with every hair of him. Just as the children become desperate he trots off, sometimes toward Kendall's and sometimes toward home.

Tiddledy has no naughty tricks and is as gentle as a kitten. Even three-year-old Margaret can hold the reins, and Marcia, aged seven, can drive her anywhere. Her one antipathy is William the Goat, which belongs to Arthur. She even objects to having Arthur drive her after he has been driving William, but a lump of sugar and a few gentle words will overcome the objection.

It was a great day for Roadside when Shag and Princess came. They were brother and sister. Princess was a beauty and knew it. Though she was a year old, she missed her mother. Shag

They say this of

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE MEDICINE

—for hair

WHEREVER you go, you hear men and women whose hair has been falling out, saying—

"The only thing I have ever found that does any good is 'Glover's'. It stops dandruff and helps the hair grow."

Most hair troubles are due to dandruff—a parasite, kin to mange. And Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine kills dandruff and, by gently stimulating, and invigorating, the hair roots, helps your hair grow—rich, glossy, and abundant.

"Glover's" is made from pure vegetable and mineral ingredients, scientifically combined, and its action is always beneficial.

Therefore, if you would have hair in abundance—silky, soft, fresh-looking, and lustrous, go today and get "Glover's"—and Glover's Imperial Kennel Soap (to soften the scalp)—and use both exactly as directed.

Then—watch the improvement in your hair.

In order to get the genuine "Glover's"—sold in all good drug stores—look for the name "Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine", and insist upon having this only.

Made by the H. Clay Glover Company, Inc., 127-129 West 24th Street, New York City.



FREE How to care for your hair and keep it healthy, in a little booklet, mailed FREE. Just a postcard request, with your name and address, mailed today, brings this by early return.

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For sure relief try that famous old remedy



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A Complete Printing Service. Bannatyne Avenue Winnipeg OTHER MAPS FOR ALL PURPOSES Write for price list or further information

THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack, Winnipeg





When Quality and Fine Flavor are desired—

—the careful hostess and discriminating housewife unerringly choose Swift's "Premium"—for this Premium mark has long been an assurance of highest quality—distinctive flavor, and unusual tenderness.

For those occasions when you are more than anxious to have your party a distinct success you may always rely on the unvarying uniformity and sure quality of

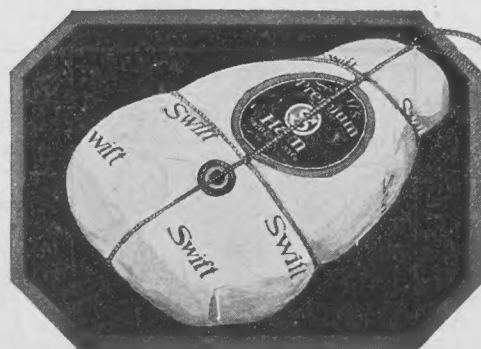
these famous Hams. So careful is the Swift process of selection and method of cure that Swift's Premium Ham is always mild—it is cured so evenly that it has no excess salt. There is no need to parboil it—no need to lose one whit of its most enticing flavor.

To be sure of getting Premium Ham always look for the brand Swift Premium and the blue no-parboiling tag.

Swift's Premium Ham

*Order from your Butcher or
Grocer*

**Swift Canadian Co.
Limited**



It is not
necessary to parboil
Swift's Premium Hams
before broiling
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